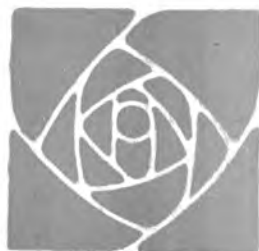


# THE FRA



EXPO<sup>NT</sup> OF  
THE AMERICAN  
PHILOSOPHY



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No. 1



*Photo by Marceau, New York*

ALBERT H. GARY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD  
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.  
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR





## THE BOYS' SCHOOL OF LIFE REACHES THE HEAD THROUGH THE HEART

**F**LOWERS UNFOLD FROM WITHIN OUTWARD. No one ever opened a bud by holding a match under it. ¶ Neither can we force to its full growth one budding trait of manhood. All we try to do here is to supply physical, moral and intellectual sunshine. ¶ We can not compel one noble thought or high ambition, but we can inspire the interest, the enthusiasm, high and vibrant ideals that will nourish these into life. ¶ The Roycroft School has to do with things that are living and growing—horses, cattle, poultry, corn, potatoes, trees—things that really appeal to boys. It gives them tasks to be done, not only to be read about. ¶ It trains heart, head and hand to work together, which is the only work that counts—Emerson's ideal of education "as broad as the man." ¶ The teachers of this School give the boys the best there is in books. But Nature is the Principal. ¶ We grow only through expression, through working ourselves into our acts, thoughts and services. We develop only as we live out loud. ¶ In Youth, unfolding is most rapid, so self-expression should then be greatest, instead of least, as per the old schooling of restriction. ¶ Youth should feel himself a force in Nature, a live and vital part of the scheme of things, necessary, responsible; a free spirit with God-given impulses, and withal God-trained—in the garden, the forest, the workshop, and in the study that helps him to understand and interpret. ¶ This is **REAL** opportunity—what The Roycroft School offers your boy. Its Summer Term commences June Fifteenth, and closes September First. For the rest, write to **THE ROYCROFT SCHOOL OF LIFE**, East Aurora, New York.









JOAQUIN MILLER  
Poet of the Sierras





# BERRY BROTHERS



**G**ENTLE reader, take a good, square look at this illustration. The receptacle here pictured might be an archeological relic, dug up from the forgotten strata of a buried civilization—Tiryns, say, or Mycenae rich in gold.

It might be—but it isn't! It is instead a splendid reproduction of the first kettle in which Berry Brothers' Varnish was made.

Almost without exception, the great business houses which form so integral and inseparable a part of our national life and character rose from very humble beginnings.

Usually, they began life as one-man concerns. Occasionally, two men pooled their enthusiasm, ambitions and slender means. And sometimes these two men were brothers.

Thomas Berry and Joseph H. Berry were brothers.

They started making varnish in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-eight, and their first varnish was made in this old copper kettle.

That it was a mighty good varnish stands to reason.

That is the only kind the Berry Brothers are capable of making.

This varnish was made from fossil gums. It held its luster, and lived to give fame to the "Berry Brothers."

For the past half-century and more, Berry Brothers' Varnishes and Japans have answered every purpose and filled every need.

Ask any unprejudiced dealer or painter in the country, which Varnish goes farthest, looks best and gives the most satisfaction, and it's a hundred to minus one he will say "Berry Brothers'."

Be the need what it may, there is a Berry Varnish, Japan, Shellac, Stain, Enamel or Finish to meet it.



And if perchance there should arise some particular and peculiar situation not already provided for in the Bright Berry Lexicon of Lacquers, just give Berry Brothers your data, and they will quickly evolve a special key to the solution. Their facilities are unsurpassed. Their experience covers the whole range of knowledge as pertaining to varnishes and finishes.

Their trademark symbols guaranteed goods and right dealing.

Berry Brothers vouch for their varnish values. Any reliable dealer or painter will sell you Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes.

Free booklet, *Natural Woods and How to Finish Them*, on request.



# BERRY BROTHERS

## DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BRANCH OFFICES—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

FACTORIES—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

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888126



## BAG AND BAGGAGE — SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE — INDESTRUCTO!

*"What do you make of it, Watso?" inquired Sherlocko nonchalantly, as he applied a Grab Automatic Lighter to his trusty Calabash. "Absolutely nothing," sighed the Doctor hopelessly. "Ssssh, Watso!" said the Baker Street Detective, in a hoarse stage-whisper — "It's an INDESTRUCTO!" "Maarvelous, Holmes, Maarvelous!" gasped Doctor Watson in open-mouthed amaze.*



TRANSPORTATION facilities are such nowadays that nearly everybody travels. But whether you are a rolling stone or a stay-at-home, you should provide yourself with luggage that will stand the gaff, and not cave in the first or second time out. Such luggage is made out in Indiana, the State that produces Hoosier Schoolmasters, Best Sellers and Fables in Slang. "INDESTRUCTO" stands for trunks, suitcases, valises, bags, and traveling equipment made so strong, sturdy, substantial, durable and good-looking withal, that traveling becomes a pleasurable pastime. INDESTRUCTO Luggage gives a joy like unto a dress which fits in the neck, or a New York draft shoved under the door. It is absurd to expect that a ten-dollar-a-week baggage-smasher is going to give your trunk any special care in handling, when there are hundreds to be dumped in the course of a day. It is also absurd to suppose that the baggagemen are a malicious bunch, bent on pillage and plunder. They have n't the time to be polite — that's all! Protect yourself by traveling INDESTRUCTO. With baggage INDESTRUCTO made, you travel longer, travel farther and with greater comfort and peace of mind, than with any other brand of baggage known. It's all in the making. Every piece of INDESTRUCTO is made by skilled workmen, using superior materials. INDESTRUCTO Trunks laugh at trouble, take punishment gracefully and bob up again smiling and serene at the end of the Little Journey. Every part is reinforced, strengthened, fortified. There are no danger-points, no "weakest parts." Every part is just as strong as every other part — "and stronger," said Pat. With every INDESTRUCTO Trunk sold, goes a five-year guarantee, to the end that the buyer may be protected against trunk troubles. More than one hundred thousand INDESTRUCTO Trunks are now doing duty in every part of the globe. There are more than three thousand responsible dealers in this country alone, handling INDESTRUCTO Luggage. Write today for detailed statement of fact regarding the famous INDESTRUCTO Registry System, which safeguards INDESTRUCTO travelers against lost and damaged baggage. It will show you how the INDESTRUCTO people protect their patrons. A copy of the *Travel Book* will be sent free to any one directing a request as below.

### NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY

MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

the people have either been lost sight of or by reason of the difficulty of applying the principles they have been ignored to such an extent that they are not getting the benefit of this conservation movement. Those who desire to see the natural resources of the country protected from the old system which at one time prevailed must necessarily find some practical means to apply these principles, or the conservation policy will break down of its own weight. Unless these natural resources can be made beneficial to the people generally, unless they are going to receive some benefit which is substantial in its import, a policy which is bound

As the conservation movement was inaugurated in the first instance, very few people could find fault, and very few people did find fault, with the theory or the principles upon which it was organized. The original purpose of the movement was to protect our natural resources from waste and from monopoly, and certainly to that extent no right-thinking person could object to the policy or purpose of the movement. But in the practical application of those principles

to be expensive will in the end fall of its own weight.

As to power sites, I presume we are all agreed as to the great necessity of holding them under public regulation and control. Few men having regard for the public interest would want for a moment to see them turned over without retaining any direction or control for the benefit of the public. In fact, these power sites constitute a public utility and must necessarily be regulated and controlled by the



public in the public interest. If there is any instrumentality coming from Nature's generous hand which seems peculiarly to belong to the people and peculiarly adapted to be a servant of the people, it is hydroelectric power.—*Hon. W. E. Borah.*

**A**S I look back to the days when I had to decide what my life would be, I realize that my decision to make a business of being a woman is the decision that, sooner or later, all women will make. Just so soon as women appreciate that being women means being the most desired thing in the world, just so soon as they realize that efficiency is the strongest bulwark between

themselves and the world, at that moment will the weak, dawdling women stop playing at being women and work to make themselves women in earnest. They will make a business of being women, just as a man makes a business of being a banker or a tailor. I believe that efficiency will do more to solve the divorce problem than any number of laws.

There is nothing wrong in the desire to charm. Woman has always been the charmer of man from the day of Creation. The desire is born



**Fills  
Itself**

**Like  
This**

You can safely fill the Conklin while wearing your white dress gloves, for the ink can touch only the gold pen which you dip into the inkwell—and it is all done in four seconds. No bother with droppers—no loss of time in unscrewing pen. Just dip the *self-filling Conklin* in any inkwell and press the “Crescent-Filler.”

## Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

Every filling cleans the ink feed, so the self-filling Conklin is also the *self-cleaning* Conklin and always writes smoothly—without a blot or scratch. The Conklin screw-cap pen can never leak no matter how you carry it.

Stationers, Jewelers and Druggists sell the *self-filling Conklin* on 30 days' trial.

Prices: \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up. Write today for catalog and two little books of pen wit—all free.

**THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., 274 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.**  
NEW YORK, 33-35 West 42nd St. BOSTON, 59 Temple Place CHICAGO, 700 N. Amer. Bldg.

when she is ♡. It is as old as marriage, and marriage is as old as time itself. Marriage is but the result of woman's charm on man ♡. The woman of the past was a weakly, inefficient creature; the woman of the future will simply be woman: woman with every grace cultivated, with every charm made the most of—in other words, woman one hundred per cent efficient, instead of woman one hundred per cent inefficient.

—*Gaby Deslys.*



## BORACOL THE BENEFICENT

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



**BORACOL** Righteousness is receiving a lot of attention these days. And this is as it should be. ¶ Right living and well-being are vitally bound up with the care of the mouth and the teeth. ¶ There are two things that raise or lower an individual in my esteem. ¶ One is the hand-grasp. The feeble, flabby, listless, lifeless fish-flap tokens the nonentity, the minim, nine times out of ten. ¶ The other desideratum is a good breath. A sour breath is a poor passport to favor—an ominous letter of introduction. ¶ First impressions are usually lasting. To meet a person for the first time and be greeted with a sanctimonious odor reaching to high Heaven, is to form a disinclination for that person's society, which only a constant and consistent use of **BORACOL** will serve to dispel. ¶ Pin your faith to the men and women with clean, sweet, wholesome breaths. ¶ We owe it to ourselves, and to all with whom we come in daily contact, to keep the oral cavity clean, sweet-smelling, healthsome, pure. ¶ Only people who are healthy are capable of doing the right kind of work, and getting the right kind of satisfaction out of that work. ¶ *Mens sana in corpore sano* wrote the Roman poet, long ago. ¶ The person whose mouth is an incubator for bacteria and the germs of disease and decay is on a greased chute headed for Limbus, and he it is who applied the lubricant. ¶ An indispensable toilet requisite, and one that should find a welcome place in every home, is **BORACOL**. ¶ Into its composition enter Menthol, Thyme and Refined Borax. ¶ The name "**BORACOL**" traces to Borax, found principally in Tibet (the crude material known as Tincal), California and Nevada. ¶ **BORACOL** is sanitary, hygienic, antiseptic, health-giving, refreshing, exhilarating, healing, soothing. ¶ Its uses are many. ¶ As a mouth-wash, there is nothing so cleansing and refreshing as **BORACOL**. ¶ As a deodorizer and disinfectant, especially during the Summer months, I know of nothing so effective. ¶ Bully for the bath is **BORACOL**. ¶ Nor is this all! As a counter-irritant right after shaving, **BORACOL** leaves the skin gratefully soft and smooth. ¶ In short, **BORACOL** gives a joy and a peace of mind such as religion can not lend. ¶ **BORACOL** sells at the low rate of 30 cents a bottle, twelve bottles for \$3.60, delivery charges prepaid. ¶ Your druggist will supply you with **BORACOL**, if he is a live wire. Otherwise write direct to the company, giving his name and stating your needs. ¶ Trial bottle by mail, prepaid, 30 cents.

## BORACOL CHEMICAL COMPANY

DEPARTMENT H-2, PASSAIC, STATE OF NEW JERSEY

took him into a foreignland. Her refusal shook the trembling supports of Herod's throne, for it saved for the world the King he feared, the King of Peace. ¶ Mothers, it is time to know your power—Herod the king trembles upon his wornout throne in fear of your babies. Refuse him and the strong, powerful hosts of the world's builders, your sons, will rise. Then war and the talk of war shall be no more. It is good to love! It is good to live!—*Mary O'Reilly.*

**A**FTER all, elections aren't the only things of importance. Babies and books are more so. From babies and from books the future is to be made, by the way of

the voting-booth and otherwise. Lovely babies—they're all that—kids that play games with imagination in them—books that fan the imagination, feed the mind and free the spirit—what's the difference, *pro tem*, who's elected or defeated, so long as we have these for our faith and hope and love.

—*William Marion Reedy.*

Co-operation, and not Competition, is the life of trade.—*William C. Fitch.*

**C**HILDREN everywhere are being taught that: "It is glorious to die for your country's flag." "It is good to fight. It is good to die." We know it is not.

You remember the story, mothers, of how, in the days of old, the children of the mothers of Israel were demanded by Herod, the king. The mother whose name is remembered through all the years is the mother who would not give her son to the king, but rose in the night and, sheltering him upon her breast,



THE game of all humorists is folly. But the comic spirit hunts the follies of men and women in society: of the intelligent, the urbane, the cultivated, of those who have leisure from pressing physical needs: that leisure, as Voltaire puts it, "in which men, left to themselves, abandon themselves to their characters, and become ridiculous." High comedy deals with high life. This phrase may be taken literally or in the ordinary sense. Debased humanity has nothing to teach us. Disease and crime are for the doctor. Intelligent, clean, respectable men are the subject of comedy. Among the best lies the hope for mankind, and it is there that one finds the foibles and cunning vices that are at once the most diverting and the most instructive.—*Joseph Warren Beach.*

THERE are cases where men are so self-absorbed, so self-centered, that they take the friendship of others, their kindly thoughts and friendly deeds, without return. They classify themselves among the ungrateful men. Well! was this a matter of bargain? Did you give so much love, that so much more

might be paid back to you? No, indeed! It was into the common stock that you paid. It was not this man, one little partner, who was to repay you. It was the good God's work you were carrying forward, not merely A's life or B's. Be sure, then, that you have not failed.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Joe Cole is one of those men who, when you are talking with him, keeps you relighting your cigar.—*Wilbur Nesbitt.*



Sold in every town and hamlet in the United States by over 60,000 dealers or post-paid by us. Booklet free.

Over 31 Million  
Ingersolls  
have been sold

They must go some!

Looks as if Everybody  
will eventually  
buy an Ingersoll—  
The watch that made  
the dollar famous

Selling now fifteen  
thousand a day

These are Models of Ingersoll Watches:

INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH—"The watch that made the dollar famous."

INGERSOLL ECLIPSE—thin model, in solid nickel case \$1.50.

INGERSOLL JUNIOR—thin medium size, solid nickel case \$2.00

INGERSOLL MIDGET—the watch for ladies, girls and small boys. Solid nickel case \$2.00.

INGERSOLL WRIST WATCH—for the man or woman who loves the great outdoors. Wrist strap in pig or seal leather. \$2.50.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Ashland Building, New York



# Big Ben



## For that sleep jinx

*For that thing that tries to chloroform you in the morning—for that other fellow that pulls the covers up around your neck—claims five minutes won't matter, then double-crosses you and lets you sleep twenty:*

*For a pleasant on-time awakening, a velvet-like shaving, a Sunday-like breakfast—for a good hard day's work that will put feathers in any old bed—for a little spare time around*

the evenings and a little play with the little ones:

*Big Ben*—seven inches tall, two good clocks in one. A rattling good alarm to wake up with, a rattling good time-piece to tell time all day by.

*Great easy winding keys* that almost wind themselves—big, bold hands and figures you can see at a glance in the dim morning light—big, jolly, deep toned voice that greets you on the dot on your drowsiest mornings.

Rings just as you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes.—Sold by 18,000 watchmakers globally, \$2.50 anywhere in the States, \$1.00 anywhere in Canada.—Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Waltham—sent by them anywhere, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

**W**OMEN journalists and I have been associated—most happily associated—since my earliest Fleet Street adventures. I have had no more loyal, no more sympathetic, no more courageous comrades than the women who have fought my fights with me. Some of us are fortunate in having taken part in the beginning of one of the greatest economic changes of these latter times—the entrance of women into the sphere of active public life. The individual woman writer is no

new figure, but the last twenty years have seen her almost crowding into Fleet Street.

Let me express an opinion that there is an obvious main reason why women are ideal journalists: Their powers of quick observation greatly excel ours.

Then, though their sympathy with the poor and the suffering may not be greater than ours, it is certainly more often evoked, and we know that much of the great attention that is now being paid to the housing and general condition of the poor has been aroused largely by the pens of women—professional journalists and others.

There is a pertinacity, too, about the sex

which enables them to achieve where men sometimes fail. Women interviewers, for example, are very rarely unsuccessful in their quests. Here, therefore, are a few reasons for their success. Journalism is an ideal profession for women, because it is not necessarily one of the tedious forms of toil demanding long hours away from home. Thus it is that the woman journalist, as I have found her, is as feminine and domestic in private life as she is effective in her work.—*Alfred Harmsworth.*



THE law should be loved a little because it is felt to be just; feared a little because it is severe; hated a little because it is to a certain degree out of sympathy with the prevalent temper of the day; and respected because it is felt to be a necessity.—*Emile Fourget.*

THE colored preacher has told us that every man who goes to hell carries his brimstone with him. Somebody has bettered on that a little by saying that when we go to Heaven, if we do, we carry our happiness with us.

The automobilist carries his rubber pavement with him. We do not complain because constant work is required to keep

a roadway in good order. No good railroadman puts up a kick on account of the necessity of the section-man. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good railroad-track.

Why should we complain that special care is required in maintaining a good rubber roadway for our automobiles?

*The Fra* is the only magazine that I read through, from the first page to the last—advertisements included.—*Luther Burbank.*

Postal Life, N.Y.

## Insurance Economy

Non-agency savings

Interstate savings

Health-conservation

WHAT was sought for at the time of the Hughes Insurance Investigation in 1905 has come to pass, namely, a *decisive reduction in the cost of life insurance.*

Anyone now desiring sound protection can walk into the office of the Postal Life Insurance Company, or write a letter to it and deal direct, thus becoming his own agent and saving for himself the agent's commission each year.

For seven years the doors of the Company have been open for personal applications, and the Government postal facilities have been employed by the public to cut out agency expense.

As a matter of fact, it is this same agency-expense that has burdened and weakened more than one company.

The Postal Life has, indeed, absorbed two such companies and saved their policyholders from serious loss.

MORE than 1,000 people were accepted last year for insurance in the Postal—without agents.

The first year, Postal policyholders receive a guaranteed commission—dividend—over-riding to what other companies pay their agents, less the moderate advertising charge.

In subsequent years policyholders can deduct the entire agent's renewal commission of 7 1/2%, and an office-expense saving of 2%, making up the

Annual Dividend of

9 1/2 %

Guaranteed in the Policy

And, in addition, the Postal pays, every year after the first, contingent dividends that are earned by the policy.

THE Company receives applications from citizens of every State. It is, in truth, an interstate institution, but it is not subject to the expensive exactions of the various States.

To these exactions agency companies are properly subject because they establish branch-offices throughout the country, thus making themselves liable to taxes, licenses and fees imposed by the laws of forty-odd different States.

But any citizen, wherever located, who deals with the Postal Life, exempts his premium, not only from agency-expense but from onerous State requirements.

The Company's Health Bureau also brings about an important insurance economy through the distribution of helpful printed matter on health-preservation. Policyholders may also have one free medical examination each year, so as to detect incipient disease in time to check or cure it, thus materially reducing mortality and increasing savings.



Postal Life Building

Write and find out the exact sum the Company will save you on any standard form of contract—Whole Life, Limited Payment Life or Endowment.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Postal Life dispenses with agents. Call at the office or write for full official information. Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars as per advertisement in

THE FRA

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

### STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: Old-line legal-reserve insurance—not fractional or assessment.

Second: Standard policy reserves now \$10,000,000. Insurance in force \$50,000,000.

Third: Standard policy provisions, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

## Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. B. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street

NEW YORK

HAVE just read a speech by S. A. Lindsey, of Tyler, Texas, subject, *Farm Problems*. It contains a little more genuine phosphorus than I have had the pleasure of seeing lately in any oratorical effort.

What Mr. Lindsey says does not apply alone to Texas; it applies to farmers everywhere all over the world.

A copy of this fine speech will be sent you gratis, if you send a postal card to the Texas Farm Life Commission, Fort Worth, Texas.



## MODELED- LEATHER HAND- BAGS



Afternoon  
Bag for  
Young Girls  
Price, \$3.50



Ladies' Shopping-Bag  
Price, \$12.00



Hand-Bag  
of Modeled English Calf. Mounted on a  
hand-wrought copper frame, set with  
a tiger's-eye. Lining of ooze-morocco.  
Hand-braided handle.  
Price, Thirty Dollars

**P**ersonality is apt to express itself in dress; always it is accentuated by dress.

¶ Dress is the scenery with which personal appearance is staged.

¶ What is held in the hand is even more conspicuous and suggestive than what is worn.

¶ To do you justice, a hand-bag must be substantial, beautiful, practical — attributes of worth in things human and otherwise.

¶ Here we can show only designs, the tone and workmanship of which we must leave for the word "Roycroft" to picture.

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Work Habit and the Study Habit in proper proportions.  
The Roycroft School of Life.



# The Ara

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION  
Exponent of the American Philosophy

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## THE ROYCROFT FRATERNITY

*Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta*  
From *THE FRA* Magazine for April, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 In what respect is this the Age of Steel?                         | 18 Explain Emerson's dictum that all Nature is for symbol and suggestion.     |
| 2 What is a silo?   | 19 What is a Parasite?  |
| 3 What is the basis of all wealth?                                  | 20 Is Truth the new virtue?   |
| 4 Who was Karl Marx?  | 21 What do you understand by the Law of Evolution?                            |
| 5 What is Corporation Law?  | 22 Are women by nature economists? Why?                                       |
| 4 Who was (a) Torquemada? (b) Archbishop Laud?                      | 23 Will the economic independence of women depend on their political freedom? |
| 7 What do you understand by the expression, "The Balance of Power"? | 24 Why must mothers be independent?   |
| 8 What is the European Concert?                                     | 25 To what extent do children belong to the State?                            |
| 9 What is the Law of Pivotal Points?                                | 26 What is a Pension?   |
| 10 What is Patriotism?  | 27 Who was Joaquin Miller, and what is his position in American literature?   |
| 11 What do you understand by the Religion of Humanity?              | 28 Does woman's work differ from man's work, and in what respect?             |
| 12 What are the proportions of the perfect female figure?           | 29 What is the purpose of Government?   |
| 13 Who was (a) Themistocles? (b) Mutsuhito? (c) Lothario?           | 30 Are you in favor of Capital Punishment?                                    |
| 14 What is Shintoism?   | 31 What was the High Commission?  |
| 15 Define the following: (a) Samurai; (b) hara-kiri.                | 32 Who was Lord Lister, and what was his contribution to progress?            |
| 16 Where is the Hermit Kingdom?                                     |   |
| 17 What are the arguments for and against a vegetarian diet?        |   |

Like John Muir, this product of pioneering days in the West, this lover of Nature and repudiator of the haunts of men, this singer of democratic lyrics, has few of the attributes associated with naturalists and poets who originate in academic environments. There is much in common between men of the Muir and Miller type and Thoreau; but pass a certain point and the resemblance ceases. Generations of New England emphasis on phases of life and duty for which the pioneers of the Pacific coast cared less, and a climate making impossible an attitude toward Nature which is easy in California, account in part for the difference.

Moreover,

THE verse-writer whose *Song of the Sierras* as long ago as the Sixties attracted the attention of critics on both sides of the Atlantic, was handicapped in youth with the name of Cincinnatus Heine Miller. In due time, exercising his right in a characteristically unconventional way, he dropped the names bestowed by a hero-worshipping father, and chose the name of Joaquin. No one cared to challenge the act, and the new name clung and ever after proved an asset.

dwellers among the Sierras can not see life as do those who abide by the banks of the Concord and the Charles. The Pacific-bred individualist and cabin-dweller on the hills back of Oakland, of necessity must be of freer, ampler port than the Concord-bred individualist with his shelter on Walden Pond. Miller had traveled over more of the world, fraternized with more kinds of men, known more of the joys and perils of wealth, and adventured more than the pencil-maker and surveyor




of Concord. So that, though never easily adjusting himself to conventions of life and though preferably dwelling apart from men, Miller's sympathy with humanity and his faith in it were strong, and much of his most fervent poetry at the last was given over to depiction of the Utopia that lies ahead when democracy comes to its own. Seldom if ever did he fail to strike the note of optimism. Humanity, Nature and Destiny to him were appareled in good. Much like Tolstoy in some ways, he yet abstained from that note of censoriousness which marred so much of the Russian's preaching of his vision of love. It is not likely

that the peculiar type of Nature-lovers which Muir and Miller have exemplified will appear often, as the region that bred them takes on more domesticated aspects. The type that Emerson and Thoreau stood for is passing in New England.—*Christian Science "Monitor."*

It is not likely that the peculiar type of Nature-lovers which Muir and Miller have exemplified will appear often, as the region that bred them takes on more domesticated aspects. The type that Emerson and Thoreau stood for is passing in New England.—*Christian Science "Monitor."*

To preserve your health and sanity, keep busy, cultivate moderation and learn to love God's Great Green Out-of-Doors.

—Silas Hubbard, M. D.



*"Niagara Maid"*

¶ These words, stamped in the hem of a pair of gloves, or on the label sewn on a piece of dainty lingerie, mean much to women of discernment and discrimination. ¶ But even if the trade-name were unfamiliar, the fabric would speak eloquently for itself. ¶ "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves are double-tipped; that is, there's a double thickness at the finger-tips, insuring sturdy wear and long service. ¶ There's a guarantee ticket in every pair. ¶ And right here I might remark that before the distinguishing "Niagara Maid" mark is placed upon any product, it runs the gauntlet of scrutiny and criticism, and *must* pass muster. "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves are the best on the market. Also, they are the cheapest, quality of fabric and integrity of workmanship considered. ¶ They "serve," they "feel," they "look." ¶ "Niagara Maid" Silk Underwear and Hosiery match up to the exalted standard implied by the "Niagara Maid" hallmark of distinction. ¶ I know no higher praise than that. If I did, I would use it. ¶ Ask your dealer for "Niagara Maid." If he is unable to supply you, the makers will supply you through him. So write

**NIAGARA SILK MILLS**  
 Dept. F. North Tonawanda, N. Y.  
 New York Boston San Francisco Chicago

COLUMBUS, dying in chains, is typical of the tendency of humanity to persecute men who give it worlds. Power repels. To level down is the thing. Away with him! And the newspapers, the supreme corrupters of the people, reflectors of the worst, echo back the ballyhoo. And if the courts, in degree, take up the popular cry, it is merely because they are human.

Joyous are the busy, dissatisfied the idle



## -About Six Cylinder Men



**T** has all happened during the last ten years. Previous to that, business men were principally concerned with their own experience. This was natural, as there was no practical way of capitalizing the experience of others. Success was largely limited and measured by personal experiment and observation.

Of late years, however, such subjects as Accounting, Banking, Insurance, Advertising, Investment, Organization, Finance and many others have been reduced to a most practical science. This science is being taught by a larger and larger number of university schools of commerce; more and more men preparing for business are attending these university classes.

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## { No Clinch } Tires



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

### with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires. So we said to our Engineers: "You must build us a tire with perfect 3-point rim contact."

*They did*—and now we offer you a sane, sensible, No-Clinch tire that will appeal to you, as a hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—a man who insists on easy riding comfort and good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens?

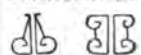
The result is a terrific strain on the tire that will cause rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the "Diamond" because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cabled wire bead holds with a vise-like rim-grip.

This is only one Diamond advantage.

You get additional More Mileage advantage without extra expense in the Diamond *Vitalized Rubber*—a scientific combination of pure, lusty, young rubber and a secret toughening compound—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—the No-Pinch Safety Flap inner tube protector—and, if you desire, the now famous Safety (Squegee) Tread.

The guarantee on Diamond Tires becomes null and void when the tire is used in connection with any substitute for air, fitted to rims not bearing one of these inspection stamps or having had its serial number removed in whole or part.



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12 years in use

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Every business man will be interested in the following record of 14 of our five-ton trucks in use by the City Fuel Company of Chicago for delivering coal during November, one of the busiest months of the year.

Average number of days worked per truck 25      Average number of trips per truck 6.6  
 Average number of miles per day per truck 27.92      Average number of tons per day per truck 35.13  
 Total number of miles 9,893      Total number of tons 12,444

	Total Cost	Average Cost per Truck	Cost per Ton
Gasoline	\$431.76	\$30.84	\$0.0347
Lubricating Oil	54.79	3.91	0.0044
Wages—Helper, Driver	1,247.95	89.14	0.1003
Labor—Loading, Mechanic and Repair Men	245.60	17.54	0.0197
Repair Parts and Material	146.17	10.44	0.0117
Garage	140.00	10.00	0.0112
Light and Power	3.64	0.26	0.0003
Insurance—Fire	58.38	4.17	0.0047
Liability	143.34	10.24	0.0115
Miscellaneous Expense	39.14	2.80	0.0031
Tires	396.52	28.32	0.0319
Depreciation, at 20%	979.81	69.99	0.0789
License	42.00	3.00	0.0033
<b>Totals</b>	<b>\$3,929.10</b>	<b>\$280.65</b>	<b>\$0.3157</b>
Total Allowance for Cartage			\$0.55143
Net Earnings			2,622.33
Net Earnings per Truck per Day			7.40

Records accumulated in 10, 12 and 18 years prove that our trucks earn profits like this year after year.

Capacities: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons

Let us tell you what the right size and body is for your needs and what it can do for you

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 Canadian Sales Agents: The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal

I looked the town up on the map—never having heard of it—and found that it was eleven miles from Cumberland, situated on the famous Cumberland Pike.

I was to speak in Cumberland one night, and arrangements were made so I was to lecture in Frostburg the next evening. Frostburg is a town with neither poverty nor riches, say five thousand people, mostly coalminers, and we all know what coalminers are—at least we do.

In Frostburg coalminers own their homes; they make good wages; they have bank-accounts.

In Frostburg there are a civic club, several Chautauqua circles and a

debating-club; and the Moose have a way of bringing in big questions at their meetings. But at Frostburg I found a oneness of spirit that is very rare. Everybody was boosting for Frostburg.

One worthy coalminer, to whom I was introduced, seemingly had memorized most of my *Little Journeys*. That spoke well of him, all right.

When I went down into a coalmine I found it lighted with electricity, and a lot of miners

**R**OBERT INGERSOLL once said that people who live in a big city usually consider themselves big on that account.

Then he explained that it does n't necessarily follow that a man is small because he lives in a little town. This was very encouraging to me, and it stuck in my Dickson memory reticula.

Not long ago I received an invitation to lecture in Frostburg, Maryland. The name of the town suggested the possible quality of my reception.



who were waiting to go to work were discussing Henry George and Ricardo's *Theory of Rent*. ¶ Don't imagine, because a man's face is black and his hands are smudgy, that his heart and brain are of a similar tint.

At Streeter, Illinois, a coal-mining town, there are men who will discuss with you any theme in the way of art, economics, history, or sociology that you care to present. ¶ It isn't safe to pass out any platitudes either in Frostburg or at Streeter.

The audience at Frostburg listened with the closest attention. They put me on my good oratorical behavior. They brought much with them and they took much away. ¶ The hope of the world lies with the home-owner—with the children brought up to take care of a garden, a flock of chickens, a cow, to fill the woodbox, and who, while not overworked, yet have duties and tasks that must be taken care of. Such a typical town is Frostburg, Maryland. It produces something besides coal—it produces men and women.

Better late than never.—Dionysius.

I HAVE never yet, since I have been a subscriber to THE FRA, read a single number that did not have at least one article which was worth intrinsically a year's subscription, to say nothing of the fact that, typographically, THE FRA is the best-constructed magazine in the world, the most unique and the most interesting.

Joseph Beifeld, Chicago, Ill.



## FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH OR ITALIAN

To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way. You must hear it spoken correctly over and over, till your ear knows it. You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it. You must talk it and write it. All this can be done best by the

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It is a pleasant, fascinating study: no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You simply practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language.

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TO "see ourselves as others see us,"  
Prayed Bobbie Burns.  
Not so pray I;  
These mostly see the faults  
I too descry;  
This is the vision I would pray.  
Nor for myself, but every other,  
To see the good that in each lies,  
But only seen by eyes of Mither.

—Earle Remington Hines

TRUTH gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think. In this age the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bow the knee to custom, is itself a service.—John Stuart Mill.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature.—Emerson.



# A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS

## THE FRA

has long been recognized as "the magazine with the meat." ¶ From its pages thousands of readers derive refreshment and nourishment. ¶ Neither windy verbiage, nor sickly sentimentalism, have a place between its pages. ¶ *THE FRA* is the businessman's breakfast-food, the lunch of the literati, and the supper of the self-culturist. ¶ The next number will be an intellectual treat: so get extra copies for your friends. Here is the

### FRA MENU for MAY

#### Leading Articles

##### Open Road

WARREN HASTINGS AND OTHERS—A great wrong done a public benefactor, with a modern parallel.

EUGENICS—An interesting discussion of a subject rapidly assuming national importance.

AMBASSADOR BRYCE—Some side-lights on the career of the greatest British representative sent across the seas.

TURKEY AND THE BALKANS—A history and a prophecy.

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CHILD SLAVERY—In which Mr. Hubbard presents some startling truths.

THE HIKE TO WASHINGTON—Mr. Hubbard's position on the Equal-Suffrage question is well known; but in this article he says some things you may like—and again you may not.

WOMEN AS CONDUCTORS—"A woman is the equal of man—when she is," says Mrs. Hubbard, concerning which Mr. Hubbard has a few things also to offer.

THE CAMORRA—A discussion of the great trial just ended.

##### Signed Articles

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE—An appreciation by Alice Hubbard.

THREE MAGNA CHARTAS—A masterly essay by Alice Hubbard on the advisability of violence as a means of securing justice.

TO THE MEN OF GOOD-WILL—A beautiful prose-poem by Charles F. Dole.

A VISIT TO ERNST HAECKEL—A wonderfully interesting appreciation of the most wonderful Philosopher and Scientist of the Century, by C. Beadnell.

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With many other timely articles of great interest to Americans and others.

visited by angels, occasionally by creatures less beatific. In spite of the terrible pomps that surrounded the advent of the decalogue, there subsisted for his eternal temptation the furnace of Moloch and Baal's orgiastic nights. These things—in themselves corruptions of Chaldean ceremonies—woman personified. Woman incarnated sin. It was she who had invented it. To Ecclesiasticus, the evil of man excelled her virtue. To Moses, she was dangerously impure. In Leviticus, her very birth was a shame. To Solomon, she was more bitter than death. As a consequence, the attitude of woman generally was as elegiac as that of Jephthah's

IN the deluge, women must have been swept wholly away. If not, then they became beings to whom genealogy was indifferent. The long list of Noah's descendants, which Genesis provides, contains no mention of them. When ultimately they reappear, their consistency is that of silhouettes. It is as though they belonged to an inferior order. Historically they did.

Woman was not honored in Judea. The patriarch was chieftain and priest. His tent was

daughter. When she appeared it was but to vanish. In betrothals there was but a bridegroom that asked and a father that gave. The bride was absent or silent. As a consequence, also, the heroine was rare. Of the great nations of antiquity, Israel produced fewer notable women than any other. Yet that, it may be, was by way of precaution, in order to reserve the strength of a people for the presentation of one who, transcending all, was to reign in heaven to the genuflections of the earth.—*Saltus*.



So long as you keep on your feet it is not easy to change your point of view. The world then looks as it usually does, and the bricks are full of trouble. But lie in the grass and gaze upward, or rest on an elbow and look off, or swing in a tree-top, looking up or down, or sit below a waterfall and watch it crumbling at the edge of the rock, or climb to a place where you command immensities, and your point of view changes with the view itself. There are few medicines better than clouds, and you have not to swallow them or wear them as plasters: only to watch them. Keeping your eyes aloft, your thoughts will shortly clamber

after them, or, if they don't do that, the sun gets into them, and the bad ones go a-doing like bats and owls. When you are vexed, ask this: What will it matter in a hundred years? And when an earthly burden bends you, put it on the ground, use it for a pillow; look up, see how smoothly the white continents float, measure your load against one ten-thousandth part of one of those silver islands, and you find your pack ridiculously small. It becomes easier to carry then.—*Charles M. Skinner.*

## Will You Drive Six Screws To Save \$13.25?

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws. Now, if your time is worth more than \$2.21 a minute, don't read any further. This advertisement is for those who want high grade furniture at rock bottom prices, who love beautiful things in the home, who appreciate choice designs, know solid worth, and approve of a selling plan that saves them fully one-half store prices.

**COME-PACKT Sectional Furniture** is such furniture. Take this table, for example. It is Quarter Sawn White Oak, with rich, deep natural markings, honestly made, beautifully finished to your order, in your choice of eight finishes. Measure out its dimensions with a tape measure—compare it with any piece equally good, at any dealer's. It saves you more than one-half.

How! By coming to you in five sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates. Come-Packt keeps no men on the road, has no stores, no dealers. You save all these big savings—freight, traveling men's and dealers' expenses and profits—a total of one-half or more. With a screw driver and six minutes, you buy a \$25 table for \$11.75.

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*Come-Packt Sectional Furniture is not handled by dealers. You buy at factory prices.*



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306 Library Table  
Dealer's Price, \$25.00  
**Come-Packt price . . \$11.75**  
Height, 30 inches; top, 44 x 28 inches; legs, 2 1/2 inches square. Two drawers, choice of Old Brass or Wood Drawer Knobs. Shipping weight, 150 lbs.

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Honest furniture and an honest selling plan, as thousands have proved. Our free catalog—the most beautiful furniture book ever given away—tells all the details, gives you a choice of more than 400 pieces, and color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstery.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

## LEARN FROM LOVE-LETTERS

**D**OCTOR ARTHUR HOLMES, who advocates the exchange of love-letters between students as a means of acquiring the art of composition, might point to Samuel Richardson as a proof of the efficacy of his method. Richardson began by acting as scribe for a number of young women, for whose correspondence with their sweethearts he frequently supplied not only the words but the sentiments. His reputation for this kind of composition led a firm of printers to propose that he should prepare a "complete letter-writer" for the use of "those country readers who can not indite for themselves." Two or three of the epistles written for this purpose suggested a separate story, "and thence," in Richardson's own phrase, "sprang *Pamela*."

★ **I** AM larger, better, than I thought. I did not know I held so much goodness. From this hour I ordain myself loosed of limits and imaginary lines, going where I list, my own master total and absolute; listening to others, considering well what they say, pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating; gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.—*Whitman.*

Every human heart is human.—*Longfellow.*



MELVILLE  
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Now that you own an Apollo Player Piano, you realize *why* it cost a little more than *ordinary* instruments. And the pride you display in telling your friends that your player piano is an Apollo is justified by the *class* of music you render at your home recital.

And here is something new in a Solo-Apollo—something that will interest you and every other music lover. Think of having in your home a Solo-Apollo which can be played by hand as an ordinary piano—by pedalling as a regular Solo-Apollo—and by electricity as a completely self-operated instrument.

Start the new Solo-Apollo self-operated Player Piano and go in to dinner with the assurance that you are going to enjoy a concert—an infallible reproduction of a pianist's hand playing right down to the minutest detail of expression and technique.

There is so much to say about the Apollo that we can't begin to tell it here. But—even if you are not just "ready to buy," your name sent to us will bring back the whole story.

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*Tone qualities of the Melville Clark Piano are lasting*

Or if you want soft, dreamy music for fifteen minutes after retiring, press the button and the wonderful new Solo-Apollo Electric plays to the end of the roll and silently stops.

It accents the melody and subdues the accompaniment—graduates either to the desired degree or omits altogether. It transposes compositions to any one of *eight* different keys and reproduces all the changes in dynamics and expression just as in hand playing and in the degree you like best. No other player piano in the world has ever succeeded in doing this.



**Safety Habit** ☛ Other railroads have taken up the idea, and there seems to be a very determined effort on the part of the railroads and the big manufacturing companies to cut down accidents and eliminate sickness.

It is realized everywhere that happy people are healthy people. And so the psychology of the case is being considered on every side, and the welfare of the families of workingmen is not forgotten.

Playgrounds, school-gardens, vegetable-gardens for grown-ups, places of amusement, picnic-grounds, libraries, moving pictures, lectures—all have their place in the new regime.

The world is

surely moving, and moving in the right direction. There have been books written, picturing Utopia. Fourier had a wonderful vision of a new and better condition of society. Karl Marx had a similar prophetic outlook. Then came Edward Bellamy with his book, *Looking Backward*, which was really looking forward.

☛ Some day we will awaken and find that the dreams of the prophets and the poets have come true. This through the ministrations of business and the realization that righteousness

**I**N the Santa Fe Railway System, you will find that the employees wear buttons in the lapels of their coats containing the words: "Get the safety habit." And when I admired the button in the lapel of a certain Santa Fe conductor, he graciously took the button off his coat and put it on mine.

There is a Commissioner of Safety who travels over the road and instructs the men at various places by means of stereopticon slides, moving pictures and lectures in the necessity of the



is only a form of commonsense; that we are part and particle of each other, and that we can help ourselves only as we help other people.

Warnings as to safety were of small avail until we bound ourselves into a community of interests whereby we realized that each man is, indeed, his brother's keeper.

THE one-price system has revolutionized and revolutionized our entire business fabric. The one-price system could not have been brought about in A. T. Stewart's time, not necessarily because the merchant wished to "charge all the traffic would bear," but because the buyer wanted the sweet privilege of feeling that

she had gotten the better of the merchant. To allow the buyer to go away jubilant, exultant and proud to think she had purchased goods on which the seller had lost money was good psychology. Our time is too valuable now to spend in these wrangle-jangle methods of booth and bazaar. We want the truth and we want it without parley.—*Joseph Appel.*

Sooner or later every man will shine for all that he is worth.—*Talmage.*

**Rémoh Gems**  
Look and Wear Like Diamonds

**A Marvelous Synthetic Gem Not Imitation**

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Will cut glass—stands tilting, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

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—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Address  
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For the ears that will cause you to

## HEAR

What eye glasses are to failing sight, my invisible ear drums are to lost or failing hearing. Just as simple and common sense and on the same principle, for they magnify sound as glasses magnify sight. They are really tiny telephones of soft, sensitized material, safe and comfortable, which fit into the orifice of the ears and are invisible. They can be removed or inserted in a moment and worn for weeks at a time, for they are skillfully arranged for perfect ventilation and anti-friction. These little wireless 'phones make it easy to hear every sound distinctly, just as correct eye glasses make it easy to read fine print. Among the nearly 400,000 people whom they have enabled to hear perfectly, there has been every condition of deafness or defective hearing. No matter what the cause or how long standing the case, the testimonials sent me show marvelous results.

### Common-Sense Ear Drums

have restored to me my own hearing—that's how I happened to discover the secret of their success in my own desperate endeavors to be relieved of my deafness after physicians had repeatedly failed. It is certainly worth your while to investigate. Before you send any money just drop me a line. I want to send you free of charge my book on deafness and plenty of evidence to prove to you that I am entirely worthy of your confidence. Why not write me today?

**GEORGE H. WILSON, President**  
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"I  
Can  
Teach  
YOU



## How to Speak in Public"

Thousands of professional and business men know that this statement by Grenville Kleiser (former Yale instructor) is true, because they have taken his personal mail course and have proved its value.

Read this from Joseph P. Day

the foremost real estate auctioneer in New York City—a man who annually sells \$25,000,000 worth of property:

"I want to take this occasion to express to you my opinion of the really great educational work you are doing in teaching men public speaking by mail and aiding them to develop their selling force and personal power. You have put into your course your own personal magnetism and enthusiasm, so that men in all parts of the country now have the opportunity of receiving your splendid instruction. Your course has been of great service to me in my business, and I commend it to others in the highest terms."

Remember that this man's SPEECH is his fortune—that he probably makes more money out of SPEECH than any other man and that when he says the "Course has been of great service to me in my business," he conveys a very strong hint to YOU—to every business and professional man—to improve his speech. Will you take this hint?

Give Mr. KLEISER fifteen minutes of your time daily—at home—and he will teach you

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CONFIDENTLY—FLUENTLY—POWERFULLY

HOW TO Make After-Dinner Speeches—

- " Propose Toasts—
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- " Make Political Speeches—
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- " Address Board Meetings—
- " Develop Power and Personality—
- " Improve Your Memory—
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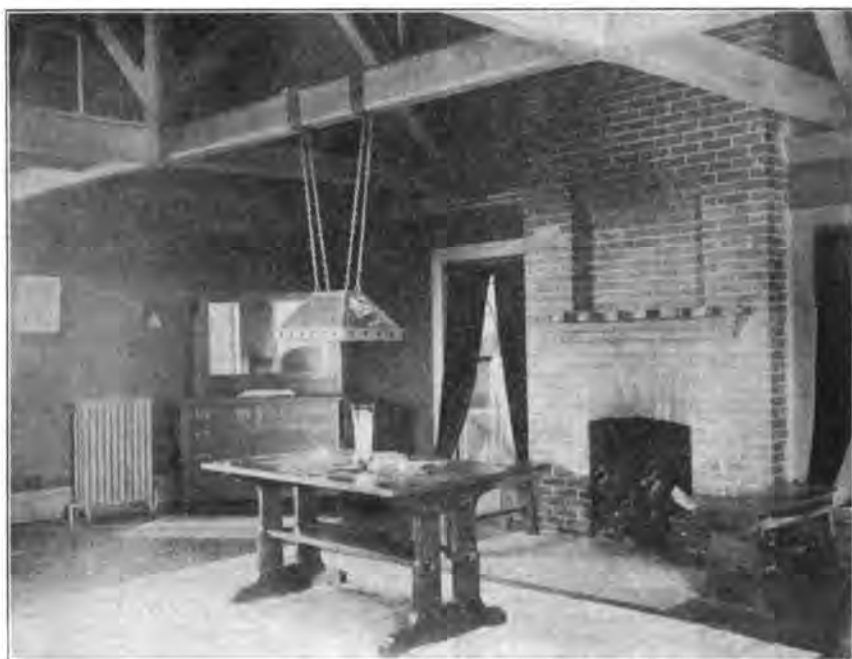
Local Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

MAP of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth glancing at, for it leaves out the country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias.—*Oscar Wilde.*

SALESMANSHIP: First, have the goods; second, believe in them, and your enthusiasm will be contagious.—*Homer McKee.*



# The Roycroft Inn



WILLIAM MORRIS ROOM



O you seek an Inn to idle, to let go of yourself, and to be refreshed by a new environment?

¶ The Roycroft Inn has that rare artistic harmony born of the masterly play of simple lines. In every room is worked

out an ideal, a symphony of form and decoration, of purpose and setting.

¶ Life is illumined by contrast. Your trips are truly re-creative only as you go from the commonplace to the unique, from the old to the gratefully surprising.

¶ At this plain, comfortable little Inn, you have that contrast superlative. At Roycroft an unusual and elemental beauty awaits you.

¶ In the country round about are scenes

appealing to the deep, the reverent, the fundamental in man. There never were woods more soothing, fields and valleys more restful.

¶ The health of the guests is the first consideration. That underlies their appreciation of the beautiful and artistic.

¶ The Inn combines the conveniences of the city hostelry with the good things of the farm. It has steam heat, the purest running water, Ostermoor mattresses, soft, downy blankets, outdoor sleeping-porches, cuisine beyond compare, and music when you wish.

¶ The Roycroft Farm is run for the Inn's delectation. Eggs and poultry, dairy-products and vegetables are brought in fresh each day. The ham and bacon come from our own stock. Milk is supplied from a herd of sixty milch-cows in a sanitary barn that is a wonder.

*Come to our opening, MAY FIRST. American Plan  
RATES: Two and a Half Dollars a day to Five Dollars*

**THE ROYCROFT INN**  
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, STATE OF NEW YORK

A Summer School for your boy—The Roycroft School of Life.  
Write for particulars.



# THE SANITARY LIFE

SOME DUST DEDUCTIONS BY FRA ELBERTUS



DOCTOR JOSEPH S. NEFF, Director of the Department of Health and Charities in Philadelphia, came across the other day with a few forceful facts about Dust, that made the citizens of Sleepy Hollow sit up and take notice.

Says Director Neff: "Dust acts in an indirect way in the causation of diseases of the lungs and air-passages. It acts as a physical irritant to the delicate mucous membrane lining the air-passages, producing a mild inflammation or catarrhal condition in them

which weakens their resistance to the invasion of disease-producing germs. Consumption has been called a 'dust disease,' because it claims the greatest proportion of its victims from those who sweep and work in dust."

Director Neff makes other interesting points. He claims that the dust particles we inhale in the home are more injurious than those that come from the street. This because indoor dust is rarely subjected to the purifying action of light and the sun's rays. ¶ The germ-laden dust in our homes is subject to constant disturbance. It is stirred up and kicked into continual commotion by our dirty shoes. The danger of breathing this infected dust into our lungs is at once apparent.

Also, it is obvious that floors, carpets, walls and furniture should be cleaned with the least possible disturbance of dust. (Keep away from that dust—what do you know about Bacteriology!) Dry sweeping and dry dusting are ineffective and ineffectual methods. ¶ There is just one way in which to drop the everlasting hoodoo on dust. And that is to call in the aid of the Tuec Stationary Cleaner.

The Tuec Sanitary Vacuum Cleaner will do the job more efficiently than any other cleaning device ever invented by the brain of man.

The Tuec is an artificial whirlwind held in leash. The machine itself stands in the cellar. And this cellar may well be called a "cyclone-cellar."

By letting loose this bottled baguio, all particles of dust and dirt, big and little, are whisked instantly out of sight, and into the waste-compartment in the cellar, thence into the open through an exhaust-pipe, all in the twinkling of a ram-lamb's tail.

The Tuec is easier to install than your electric lights or plumbing apparatus. Once in, it is there for all time—an investment that will never cause you an instant's worry—or regret.

The Tuec is easy to operate. The centrifugal fan below-stairs does the real work. ¶ The Tuec is the first aid to clean living. Thus, it makes for right living. The Tuec jumps on germs, muzzles microbes, biffs bugs on the beezer, makes a clean home, and a healthy home, a happy home, and sweet. It lessens labor, lengthens life, promotes peace of mind and adds to the joys of living. ¶ All Hail—Tuec!

For information on the Tuec Stationary Cleaner, address

**THE UNITED ELECTRIC CO.**

33 HURFORD STREET

CANTON, OHIO



Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## GOODNESS GUARANTEED

¶ Savarin, the famous French Epicure, writing about the year Eighteen Hundred, pitied the gastronomes of his day, because, as he put it, they were never to see "the importations to be brought by voyageurs yet unborn, from distant lands still unknown or unexplored." ¶ And lo, the prophecy is now



fulfilled. By "voyageurs" then unborn, and from distant lands then little known, are imported delicious and delectable dainties that



would have graced the festive board of King Solomon himself, Lorblessim!

¶ Special Cresca Connoisseurs girdle the globe in search of palatable and piquant morsels. Also, in any number of foreign countries, are maintained special Cresca Stations, dedicated to the principle that "neither joy nor sorrow is enduring—you go ahead and eat."

¶ The round Cresca mark stands for purity and quality in foods. ¶ Just tell your grocer or delicatessen-dealer that you want to be supplied with Cresca Dainties. If he will not get them for you, send us his name, and mention your needs. ¶ Our illustrated color booklet, *Cresca Delicacies*, containing melting menus and rare recipes of famous chefs, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp. ¶ Let us hear from you

**CRESCA COMPANY, IMPORTERS**

366 GREENWICH STREET

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NEW YORK

## FALSE TEETH—Important Announcement!

**S**EVERAL important results are obtained by my original methods which are patented. First, a new type adhesion that is located all the way around on

the outer circumference of full upper plates, where the surface of mouths are more or less soft. This feature, together with free clearance space over the palate, eliminates hard surfaces, bumps and ridges as disturbing factors, and is the means of obtaining adhesion greatly superior to suction chambers and all other methods heretofore employed to hold full upper plates in place, in mouths that are difficult, including those of persons who, without success, had many sets constructed.

For mouths that are exceptionally difficult, and others, all features above mentioned are obtained with assurance of success, before

the plates are constructed, and also, before the impressions have been filled with plaster.

¶ Where partial upper or lower sets are required, remaining natural teeth are frequently much distorted in their positions, necks of remaining teeth are narrow, the crown larger and bulging, correct impressions of mouths of that character are not possible by methods in vogue up to the present time. Correct impressions are readily obtained by my new methods, which insure firm, comfortable fits.

Teeth broken from plates, and others to replace natural teeth lost, are in a novel manner readily added. Patients wear their plates while the work proceeds, plates are twice surrendered for a short time—first, for certain preparations; second, for completion. My claims are not exaggerated.

**DR. E. TELLE**

Care of **WM. REINERTH & Co.**

209 Decatur Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

*P. S.—Can be personally interviewed from April 1st to April 15th, at the Hotel Martinique, 83rd and Broadway, New York City*

**G**RREAT many people firmly believe that the sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening. Indeed, so fixed are they in this opinion, that it is practically impossible to convince them otherwise.

The mere fact that they entertain such a belief would be of no consequence in itself, were it not generally true that these people, as a rule, are worthy people, and in other respects all right. It is extremely difficult to understand how people otherwise so intelligent

should entertain such opinions. A moment's thought would convince them otherwise.

To assert, for example, that the sun rises in the East would be to imply that there is an East. The term "East," however, is purely relative. It differs with the individual, and is not a fixed quantity. It has no objective value, and proceeds from an illusion of the mind.

The same thing is true of the word "rises." The sun can no more rise than it can set. A hen sets, but the sun never does. A little thought will enable the simplest mind to see this antinomy.

We could easily go on and demonstrate that there is no sun at all.

We are, however, lenient. We are broad and charitable in our views. We do not believe, on general principles, in making even the simplest and crudest minds too uncomfortable. They are happier for having some illusions left.—*Thomas L. Masson.*

**N**O one was ever yet made utterly miserable except by himself. We are—if not the masters—at any rate, almost the creators of ourselves.—*Epictetus.*



**T**HERE are times when the open expression of a father's love would be worth more than church or sermon to a boy; and his father can not utter it, will not show it.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

**T**HE machine is here which Aristotle designated as the emancipator of mankind. It only remains for mankind to emancipate itself from it. Man has harnessed the elements to his will; let him now harness his will to control the giant he has called into life. The machine must no longer be allowed to enslave the largest portion of the human race for the benefit of only a very few. The machine must be collectively

owned. Woman is part of society, and so is entitled to her economic rights. Women and children, as well as men, must no longer be crushed by the machine.—*Olive M. Johnson.*

**H**OUSEKEEPING is woman's work—no man denies that. Government is public housekeeping—practically everybody agrees to that. Isn't it foolish then to keep out of government the very people who have had most training for a large part of its

## BOLD DUST CLEANSER—CHASES DUST!

**D**UST is everywhere. We can no more get away from it than we can hope to get out of this world alive. To begin with, we are made of dust. Reared in the midst of dust.

Our mature years consumed in the hunt for "dust."

And at the last, spent with the fever of it all, or mayhap, done to death by dust, in one or other of its manifold malignant manifestations, we descend again into the dust.

"Wotstheuse!" wrote Omar; "an egg today, and a Dustless Duster tomorrow!—Sick transom glorious Monday!"

In schools, churches, homes, factories, offices—wherever people work, play, eat, sleep and live—are dust particles, invisible to the naked eye, floating in the air—dust that is saturated with the merry microbes of tuberculosis, pneumonia, spinal-meningitis, diphtheria and other dread diseases. This is the air we breathe every day for hours at a stretch, unless perchance the Dustless Duster be on the job.

### HOWARD



The keen-scented Howard collars, nabs, shackles, fetters, gyves, and corrals this disease-drenched dust. The Dustless Duster is made of special fabric, chemically treated, and possessing highly developed adhesive instincts. It can be cleansed and sterilized in a minute or two at any time. Just use soap and boiling water. Eleven styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

**HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.**  
TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



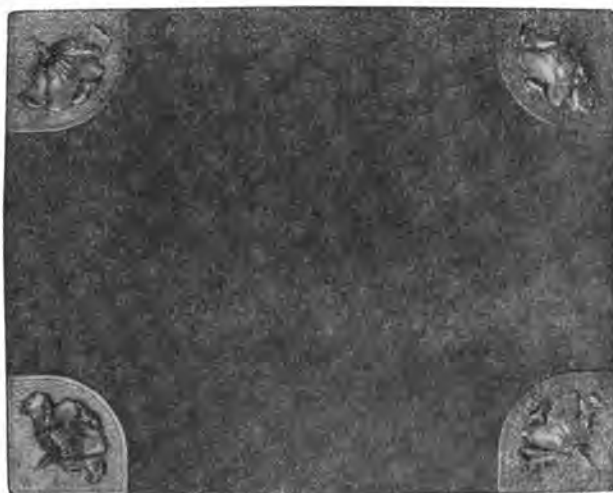
function? Men have never regarded it as unwomanly for women to do the scrubbing and cleaning indoors—even in public places like office-buildings. Why, then, should they think it unwomanly for women to keep the streets clean?—*Woman's Journal.*

Women suffragists stand for sanitation, education, and the uplift of six million working-women in the United States.

—*Doctor Anna Shaw.*



## Copper Service for the Writing-Table



Size, 19 by 24 inches.

Price, \$7.00.

### Poppy Desk-Sets

No longer is the Poppy to hold soothing sway over Celestial Cerebration.

Comatose China, poppy-juice and pipe-dreams were not able to drug the modern spirit of wakefulness before it entered the Flowery Gates.

Man has reached the point where he must live out loud.

Yet the poppy still symbols the stuff that dreams are made on, and by the same token should lend its spell to the writing-table.

¶ Here is a desk-pad, with hand-wrought copper corners, the poppy enshrined thereon.

And here are some things accessory, being wrought right royally by Roycrofters, from copper, which is their delight.



### Inkwell and Tray

Length, 11½ inches. Price, \$6.00.



### Scimitar Paper-Knife

Price, Fifty Cents



### Copper Book-Ends

Poppy design. Price, \$4.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

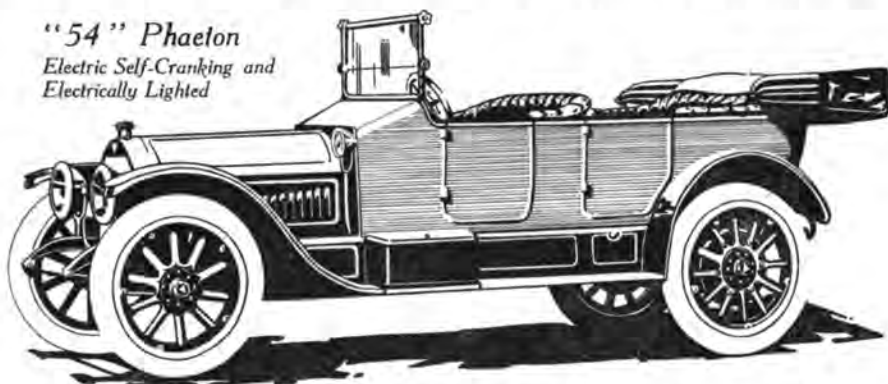
The Work Habit and the Study Habit in proper proportions.  
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**"54" Phaeton**

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Ride in a good Six and it instantly becomes your choice of a motor car.

It gives the sensation to the driver and passenger of ease, safety, comfort, luxury and stability impossible in any other type of car.

Sixes have been in use for many years. Thousands are in service. Ask anyone who ever owned or drove a Six, what he thinks of it as compared to any Four. Everyone will say, no other type of car gives the satisfaction and pleasure in driving and riding that is experienced with a good Six.

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They have not produced a Six by merely adding two cylinders to a good Four. A good Six can't be built that way.

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The "54" HUDSON has electric lights. It is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. Every motor car luxury is included, speedometer, clock, top, curtains, rain-vision windshield, demountable rims, twelve-inch upholstery, etc. Equipped with a five-passenger Phaeton body at \$2450.

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*See the Triangle on the Radiator*

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The Royal Standard Typewriter is the ideal machine for the Author or Journalist, because of its versatility—**added convenience**. A literary man **MUST** be original: he should use the writing machine whose whole keynote is **originality**.

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The mean action mirrors the meager mind. The mind that is broad and open is reflected in a nature that is sympathetic and cosmopolitan.

Joseph Chamberlain once used two words that will go down the ages. They were, "Think Imperially." Our knowledge of men, events, things and methods is obtained by observation, and through companionship and books.

Wisdom is the practical application of this knowledge.

Books are great factors in the formation of character.

From books we cull ideas and ideals. By reading them we

**T**HOUGHT is the genesis of all useful action. Results—really satisfactory results—depend largely upon the intelligent application of thought.

The mind that searches for the solvent of the problematical, that seeks for the reason why, spells efficiency.

But efficiency alone can not bring success. It needs the co-operation and sympathy of others. Indeed, without co-operation, efficiency can not be.

broaden our vision, extend our horizon, and widen our outlook.

We sit down with them as we would with a friend of mature years and judgment—profiting by the events and experiences they record.

Books are the storehouses of knowledge, the literary silos that feed our minds.

"Reading makes a full man," said Bacon; "conference a ready man."

That is undoubtedly true, and it needs no Sherlock Holmes to discover the class of



matter a person reads.

If it be true that a man is known by the company he keeps, it may be said with equal veracity that the mind of man mirrors the quality and extent of the books he has read.

Therefore, we needs must choose our reading wisely.

To be absolutely accurate in all our statements, to be correct in every calculation, to be certain of our ground, every time, is no small task.

No man knows everything ♣ If he thinks he does, he is making a mistake—if he says so, he proves he doesn't.

Socrates admitted that he was a wise man, because he was aware of his ignorance, and realized his intellectual short-

comings. He knew that he knew nothing. And to just that extent was he a wisacre.

We need to be continually verifying our opinions, substantiating our statements.

We need some vital information on subjects outside our ken. With confidence we turn to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It never fails us ♣ The fifteen hundred authorities and experts—scientists, philosophers, historians, economists, divines—give to us the results of their special and devoted investigations.



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Construction Bond is a product of modern economies in both manufacture and distribution. It is sold in large quantities direct to responsible printers and lithographers in the 160 principal cities of the United States. It carries no jobber's profit, no expense of handling small lots, no losses on questionable accounts. You can secure Construction Bond only through the best equipped and most competent manufacturing stationers in America. The result for you is always fine business stationery on a paper of manifest quality and character, all at a moderate, usable price.

As possible suggestions for the improvement of your stationery, let us send you free of charge our collection of 25 handsome specimen letterheads on Construction Bond showing its nine colors and four finishes, with envelopes to match. We will also tell you the firms in your locality who can supply Construction Bond. Please write us on your business stationery.

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**M**APLES of mighty growth drip their life and love into Roycroft Pecan Patties.

Made from the first fresh run of sap after the long Winter's nap, with a rich mingling of pecan-nuts.

Roycroft Pecan Patties are among the rare dainties and delicacies not derived from glucose, at twenty cents the hundred pounds.

The Patties are packed in boxes made especially for this candy. One Dollar the Box, Postpaid.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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**M**OODS form our mental scenery.

Change of mood is as necessary to health of the spirit as change of outlook and surroundings is to the body physical.

Books are to take our minds where our bodies can not go.

When the sameness of the every-day palls on you, don't pine for a flying getaway to the pungent East. Some rare moments with old Omar will give the aroma of Persian gardens.

Printed in two colors, exquisite modeled-leather cover, the price is Seven-Fifty.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



## Modeled-Leather Wastebasket

**T**HE little tragedies of life—the letter cast aside, the broken knick-knack, the outworn odds and ends that once were a help to the hand and delight to the eye—these are swallowed up by the wastebasket.

It hints to us, does the wastebasket, how unlasting are man-made goods, how quickly "all things earthly fade."

This somber song should n't be too conspicuous in our rooms—nothing is more inapt, more inharmonious than a gaudy wastebasket.

It should wear, should the wastebasket, a quiet, and becoming dignity, with serviceableness to match. Here is one that looks right and acts right.

Modeled leather, rare design... Nine inches in diameter by fifteen inches deep. Able to hold things. The price is Ten Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE





"We've got a new player-piano."

"That's nothing, we've got one too."

"Yes, but *ours* is an *Emerson*."

Legitimate pride and satisfaction come from knowing you have a player-piano with an established reputation that is universally appreciated.

Write for catalogue.

Dealers in principal cities and towns.

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**HANDKERCHIEF-CASE**  
of Special Spanish Cowhide, lined with  
ooze-morocco  
Price, Five Dollars

¶ The bride packs her suitcase with the intention of keeping usables where they are handy.

¶ Yet alas, in the neatest-packed outfit, a gentle jostling works confusion.

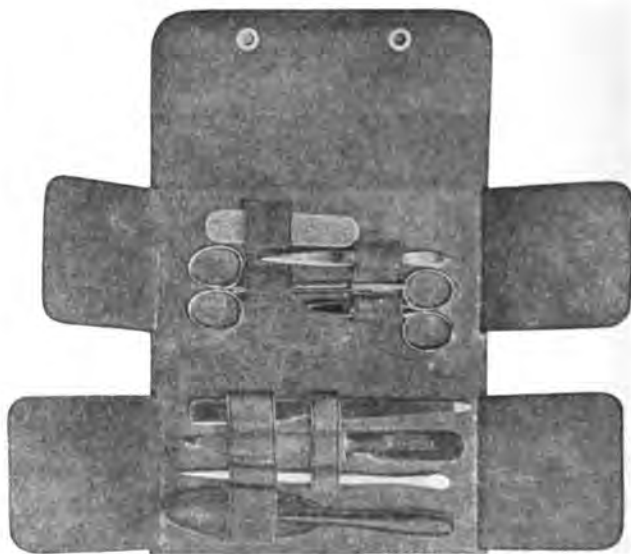
¶ The reopening reveals sundry small articles, as the editors say, "not at present available."

¶ To preserve order, some discipline is needed in the shape of cases for handkerchiefs, gloves, manicure instruments, jewels, stick-pins, cuff-buttons, cards, scissors, etc.

¶ The Roycrofters work out many such ideas in rich and rare modeled leather. But lonely suggestions, these.



**GLOVE-CASE**  
of Modeled English Calf.  
Closed —  $4\frac{1}{2}$  by  $13\frac{3}{8}$  inches  
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of best Spanish Cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco  
Instruments, the finest imported  
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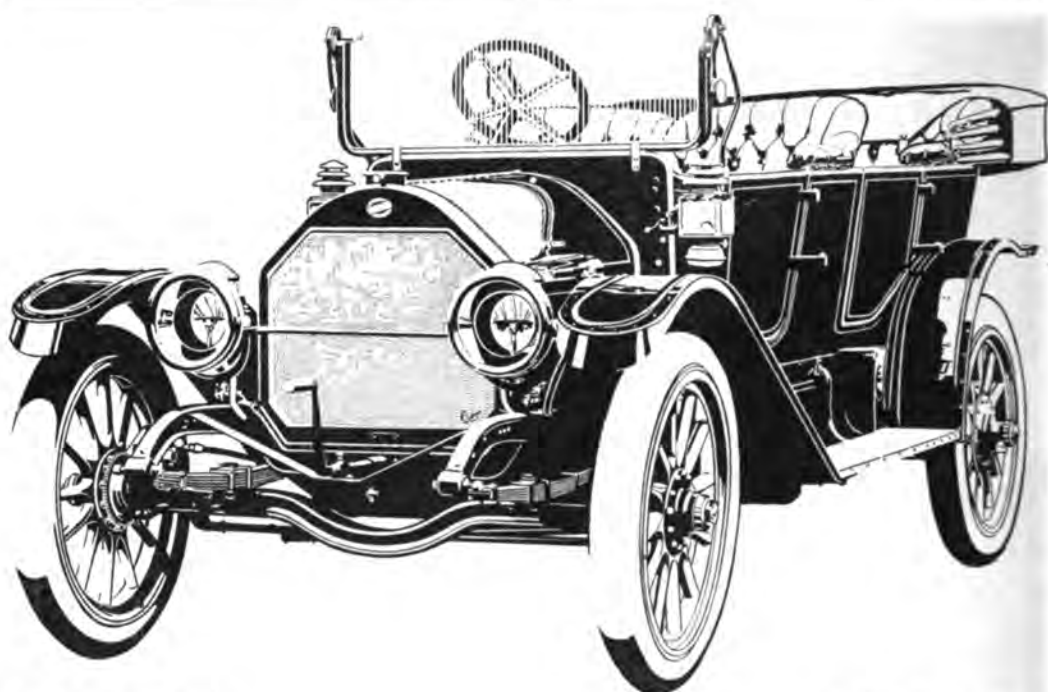
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See the Overland dealer in town now. The earlier you book your order the quicker you get your car—and spring is practically here.

*Literature on request. Please address Dept. 12*

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# THE FRA

## EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 11

APRIL, 1913

No. 1

**Exclusion is Limitation: To Lock  
Others Out is to Shut Yourself In**

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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# THE OPEN ROAD

**A FOOT WITH THE FRA**

## The Steel Corporation



THE United States Steel Corporation, as its name implies, is an American institution. Its working capital is more than a thousand million dollars. It is the largest employer of labor in the world, and no single corporation in any country does a business approaching it in magnitude. For the past five years the price of its commodities to consumers has steadily declined, wages have been advanced, and yet the prosperity of the corporation and its subsidiaries has increased. It has orders ahead at present to keep its mills running for two years.

Ten years ago, when the corporation was formed and took over the industries controlled by Andrew Carnegie, paying Mr. Carnegie in bonds of the net par value of two hundred fifty million dollars, many men prophesied that Mr. Carnegie would eventually get his properties back. The prophets,

however, were ravens, not humming-birds. There is a difference—also, as Battle Creek avers, a reason.

The production of steel in its varied forms has greatly increased, and the demand today is in excess of its supply.



Americans are a building people. In the United States nothing is quite good enough; it must be made better—hence the scrap-heap.


In a disintegrating civilization the scrap-heap plays an insignificant part, unless you count the whole fabric of society as a scrap-heap. Where the eternal discontent prevails, the hell-box is much in evidence. In fact, the scrap-heap and the hell-box symbol civilization. They stand for elimination, the discarding of the old, the outworn, the obsolete.

### The Age of Steel

**X**N the growth and the evolution of America, the United States Steel Corporation is playing a prominent part. Iron enters into all building operations: houses, barns, factories, stations, railroads, locomotives, trolley-lines, automobiles, motorcycles, skyscrapers—and all agricultural implements. Iron and steel are necessities. As wood becomes



more scarce, so does the demand for steel enlarge  

The old worm fence is becoming a curiosity. Ten years ago wire fences began to take the place of rails and planks. Now steel posts are replacing the wood. The post-hole auger is being discarded, because we have discovered that we can drive a steel post in one-fifth of the time that we can dig post-holes, and all of the work of tamping down is obviated  Steel posts are made with clutches that hold the wire as long as you want them to. Driving staples to hold the wire was effective; but if you ever wanted to move the fence, you had a job on hand. The modern wire fence with steel posts can be taken down quickly, without destroying either posts or wire.


Well has it been said that we are living in the age of concrete; but concrete without steel is impractical. The skyscrapers owe their stability to the steel frame, and not to their coating. Pipes and conduits all demand steel. Civilization is a matter of pipes and wires. And the steam-engine did not come until we had iron plates to make a boiler that would withstand pressure. The expansive power of steam was known two thousand years ago, but there was no teakettle to hold it.


A barrel was not enough.

The coming silo will be made of flanged steel, not of wood.

Now there is steel lumber, studding, lath, shingles, ceiling, all of steel, built to endure time, to withstand fire, to outlast the life of wood—and of the owner.

### "The Great Pacificator"

 HE increased use of steel is largely owing to the new inventions which the United States Steel Corporation has brought forward. They are looking for markets for their wares, and the cost of selling this steel is reduced to the minimum.

One mill makes supplies for another  For instance, a mill that turns out steel ingots will have its entire product taken by a mill that makes sheet steel; then in turn the mill that makes sheet steel will have its entire product taken in advance by a mill that makes shingles, ceiling, culverts and silos.


Here we get the overhead charges reduced to the minimum. Advertising is scaled down until it becomes a simple announcing of where and what.

Boards of high-priced directors are eliminated.


Things gravitate from the iron mountains down to where they belong, like unto the modern manufactory that lifts its raw stock to the top floor and distributes it by the law of gravitation and kindly chutes, to the office of the Parcel Post.

The economy with which the iron ore is transferred to the mills, where the coal and flux abound, and then this crude product of the mills is sent through the various subsidiaries, each one doing the thing that it can do best, reaching the ultimate consumer in the shortest possible space of time with the shortest haul possible—all this traces largely to the fertile and active brain of one man, and that man is Elbert H. Gary.

Well has Gary been called "The Great Pacificator." His influence in the business world today is greater than that of any other individual we can name.

Gary is a peculiar kind of man. He does not fit easily into a type. He is a product of the Middle West, of semi-pioneer times, of storm and blizzard, of sun and cloud. Born in decent poverty, he has evolved, by divine right, to the proud position that he now holds. And yet in the man's composition personal pride exists only as a chemical trace.  Gary is modest, gentle, kindly, and has all the time there is. He has the supreme ability to delegate, relegate and supervise.

Supervision is the greatest tax that there is today on the industrial world. In olden times, when slave labor abounded, production reached a quick limit through the necessity of supervision. Slave labor never could compete with free labor, simply because it demanded a constant and costly supervision.

 The year Nineteen Hundred Twelve was the most prosperous year that America has ever known, not alone because we had bumper crops in cotton, corn and wheat, but because we have gradually lessened the cost of supervision by evolving a better type of workman than the world has ever seen.

Wages are bound to increase in America as the expense of supervision decreases.

To put it in another way, every laborer, every employee, pays for his own supervision; and the man who not only needs no supervision, but can supervise the work of others, is bound to get a reward accordingly. The pay-envelope is an automatic proposition. When we get wise enough, we will discover also that the



whole system of rewards and penalties is automatic in its working.

Adam Smith said that wealth was produced by labor applied to land. He would have come nearer the truth if he had said that wealth was produced by ideas applied to land.

The success of the United States Steel Corporation is simply a question of ideas applied to the Mesabe Range. In the supplying of these ideas, let the name of Elbert H. Gary stand first in the list.

### The Corporation Lawyer

**G**ARY was born in Wheaton, Illinois, thirty miles from Chicago, in the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six. His father was a farmer, and the lad was brought up to do everything that farmer boys do: pick up chips for his mother on baking-day, keep the woodbox full, shovel out snow, and churn. And then when he got a little bigger, he cultivated with one horse; then plowed with two. He kept up his station with the binders when harvesting; husked corn, and this without complaining, when the frost was on the pumpkin; broke colts, drove steers, milked cows, cut down trees, laid out roadways, and went to school when the ground was frozen up so he could not work out of doors. Yet the boy got an education, because he had an educated mother. And she filled his round head with the idea that it would be fine to go to the "Academy."

Then there was a desultory course at the Normal School—the school supposedly where schoolteachers were made. But it was a fine substitute for a university for a vast number of boys and girls in the Mississippi Valley. ¶ From the Normal School to the Law School of Chicago University was an easy jump; and when twenty-one years of age, Elbert H. Gary was duly admitted to practise at the bar.

The little town of Wheaton then had a population of three hundred. Elbert H. Gary had ambitions. He thought Wheaton should be a city. And so he brought the subject before the people of the town, and they were inoculated with the municipal microbe.

Wheaton became a city, and Elbert H. Gary was its first mayor.

He practised law in Wheaton, running the entire gamut of justice of the peace to mayor.

¶ There was not much money in this kind of work, but it was good experience. In due

course he was elected county judge of DuPage County, and served two terms.

He had turned into the forties and was cultivating a becoming bald spot before he moved to Chicago to become general counsel for several railroads.

Corporation law came along as a matter of course, and Judge Gary became noted as the principal authority in Cook County on the subject of corporations.

### Lawyers—and Lawyers

**T**HE other day I said this: "There are three kinds of lawyers: the lawyer that gets you into trouble; the lawyer that gets you out of trouble; and the lawyer that keeps you from getting into trouble."

That listens good; and after writing it I went down to The Roycroft Spring and treated myself to a Roycroft Martini on the strength of it.

The fact is, however, that the lawyer who keeps you from getting into trouble is n't much of a man, after all. The sole object of life is n't to keep out of trouble. The dead are out of trouble, and for the most part, so are the lazy and the stupid.

Julius Caesar had a way of bringing about peace; but always and forever over the peaceful provinces of the late J. Caesar, the vultures soared and sailed.

Spain had a way of bringing about civilization, and her method was to indict every idea, every method, every enterprise, every ambition, every desire, that did not have the sanction of the dead and dusty past.

In business there are two kinds of men, one on the side of expense and the other on the side of income. The man who brings in the business is the Sure-Enough; the other is the Pretty-Near.

The lawyer who is a builder is a lallapaloosa; the other kind are brakemen, and sometimes barnacles.

Peace with honor is all right, provided it does not include death and dissolution in the formula.

I notice that most good lawyers have a way of saying, "Don't do that; you will get into trouble."

Their business is to keep you away from the courthouse; and certainly it is better to keep away from the courthouse than to linger and make goo-goo eyes at the blindfolded goddess.

¶ But the sober fact is that if you take the



advice of the average good lawyer, accepting him as your counselor and guide, you will never do anything.

The recipe for unkind criticism is, say nothing, be nothing, do nothing.

And so Mr. Quirk, of Quirk, Gammon and Snap, has the interests of his clients so at heart that he advises them to go into their holes and pull their holes in after them. And then he stands guard. For this he will soak you with a good big stiff fee. Where you are to get the money is your own affair. He has nothing to do with that. What he wants is a check.

Now there is a lawyer of another kind, a new kind, and this is the man who, when you lay a proposition before him, will not say, "My dear boy, you can't do that; I advise you to leave it strictly alone!" This is n't what he says. He says, "If you will be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, I will, in the meantime, formulate you a plan of action that I believe will work out to the advantage of everybody concerned."

This is exactly what Judge Elbert H. Gary did for a whipped-out manufacturer of steel. Gary was County Judge of DuPage County, Illinois. He lived at Wheaton, a common everyday county seat, population two thousand, and a public square and a courthouse in the center, with a row of stores all round. There were two banks, a bakeshop, three drygoods-stores, two drugstores, a few more groceries than were needed, not to mention a restaurant, and two saloons, not counting the one at the station.

Judge Gary was fairly prosperous; had served two terms as County Judge, and given up the job to a more worthy man, because he wanted a wider field.

The salary of the County Judge was four thousand dollars a year.

Gary thought he ought to make five thousand, anyway.

Then it was that the whipped-out ironmaster came to him. The ironmaster was on the verge of making an assignment; but out of the wreck he wanted to pull a few thousand dollars to save his family from starvation. ¶ How to get this money out and let the business go to the devil was the question at issue.

Right there is where the lawyer, say of the kind that keeps you from getting into trouble,

sees his chance. Lawyers are always interested in receiverships, bankruptcies, dissolutions. Did Gary show the ironmaster how to lay down and take the legal count? Not at all. He studied the case and he found that this man had assets, say, of three hundred thousand dollars. His liabilities were over a hundred thousand dollars, and these were coming due, and the man had no money to meet them. From the standpoint of the ironmaster, the case looked very dark.

Gary discovered that there were two other manufacturers of iron in the same vicinity; and these three manufacturers were fighting each other fiercely. They manufactured pig iron, steel ingots, bar iron and sheet steel, all in hearty competition with each other; men on the road cutting prices, offering rebates, and the cost of selling cut seriously into the profits; overhead and deterioration took the rest.

Judge Gary decided that if these three men could be gotten together, and the three companies combined in one, the problem would be solved. How to get enemies together was the question. These men did not speak to each other as they passed. They had threatened each other in the mails. Lawsuits had been carried on between them.

However, Gary took them one at a time and showed how the three mills should and could be owned by one corporation. Every man should be paid a proportionate amount of stock, in payment for his business. Then one mill should make the pig iron and the ingots. All of its product would be taken by one of the other mills, which should manufacture all of the rolled bars. And the mill that made the ingots should also supply the third mill, which rolled the sheet steel. This would cut out two-thirds of the sales force. Also, it would help to maintain prices. Bonds then could be issued on the entire business, and the creditors paid in these. This would clean up the floating indebtedness of the entire outfit, and the cash sale of a few of the bonds would give working capital. ¶ Here was the work for a diplomat and a financier, and Gary was the man. He showed these fighting, competing individuals the silliness of economic warfare.

The whole thing was consummated, and out of the idea grew the Federal Steel Company, an institution essentially sound, strong, productive.



### A Big Idea

**W**HERE did Judge Gary get his fee out of this getting three fighting competitors together? Oh, he simply took a certain per cent of the bonds. Nobody in particular paid him his fee; nobody was strained or overcharged. The service he rendered was worth the money; but Judge Gary's fee was—never mind the exact figures—call it one hundred thousand dollars.

Not only had Judge Gary supplied these three competitors, all of them on the verge of bankruptcy, a big idea, but he also supplied himself one. Out of this transaction grew the United States Steel Corporation.

### The Work of a Genius

**A** MAN who can take a complex situation, where good and able men are distressed, at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn, and make friends of men who were before enemies, and transform bankrupt institutions into a paying enterprise, is a genius. And the simplicity and ease of the whole transaction is of such a commonsense sort that one is amazed to think that no one else had ever done the thing before.

Peace, to Judge Gary's mind, is n't the peace of Julius Cæsar, nor is his civilization that of Ferdinand and Torquemada. It is the antithesis of these.

He touched the rock of national resources with the wand of his genius, and the welling waters gushed forth.

### One of the Demos

**J**UDGE GARY is now Chairman of the Board of Directors and Chairman of the Financial Committee of the United States Steel Corporation.

The President is James Farrell, a man who has come up from the ranks, having once worked as a laborer. Step by step, Farrell has climbed the steel ladder.

Farrell and Gary form a great team. There is a complete understanding between them. They do not usurp each other's territory, and each assumes that the other knows his business. When either of these men wants to do a thing, the other gives way and allows him to do it.

¶ The general offices of the United States Steel Corporation are plain, simple, unpretentious. There are no costly rugs, hangings or furnishings. There is no advertising of power by conspicuous waste; and certainly they do not advertise it by conspicuous leisure.

Anybody who has business with Judge Gary can see him.

He has set a new example for executives in office furnishings.

Judge Gary has no desk. He simply sits at the head of a long table, with chairs down each side, and for two or three hours every morning holds a continual reception. Any one who wants to see him is invited in and takes one of the chairs. Judge Gary sits at the head of the table, with pencil in hand and a pad before him, and talks or listens.

If you had never seen the man before, you would put him down as a Christian Scientist. He has the placid smile, the glow of health, the good teeth, the bright eyes, the patience, the hopeful attitude that marks a man who is on good terms with himself, with the world, and with his Creator.

With him nothing matters much, but everything matters a little. And as he visits with one after another, and gently disposes of them, each man going away pleased and satisfied, thinking that he has got something, all without jolly or josh, it grows upon you that the title of "The Great Pacificator" is eminently fit and proper.

Judge Gary dresses well, but not too well. He wears a tiny little pearl in his scarf, and his scarf matches his socks. The simple gray of his well-fitting suit blends with the iron-gray of his hair. He is becomingly bald, but no other sign of age seems to be in evidence.

He is never irascible, peevish, fretful. He does not accuse. If any one makes accusations against others, Judge Gary always seems to be forming a defense. You hear him gently murmur in reply: "Oh, well, you know his intentions are right. He carries heavy burdens. You must remember how long his hours are. He copes with great difficulties. His tasks are very much greater than ours."

Such simple phrases, interjected in the conversation, show the attitude of the man's mind. He is not militant, save passively. He wins through sympathy, through sociability, through knowing what he wants; and he does not want anything that is not within reach. His plans are eminently practical, and his business is to work from the complex to the simple.

He thinks with pencil in hand and a pad before him. There are no letters in sight; no papers. One thing is brought to him at a time,



and he gives a decision on it, as a wise judge should, and that disposes of it.

His secretaries seem to be clairvoyant. They know his needs and move quietly on O'Sullivan rubber heels, entering into no disputes, understanding that their chief is a man who comprehends everything with a minimum of explanation.

Elbert H. Gary is a great democrat; he is one of the demos. His days of poverty, struggle, obstacle, trial are still before him, unforgotten. He has great respect for old people, and his love for the young is unfailing. His nerves do not play him false.

When you call on most of the so-called Napoleons of finance, you will find them fussy. They monkey with papers; pick things up and lay them down; play with their watch-chains; cough, sneeze, and indulge in a deal of vacuity and sometimes verbosity.

Judge Gary does none of these things. He gives his undivided time and attention to each visitor, to each project in hand, to every document that is laid before him. He does not try to anticipate you, nor run ahead of you. I would not put him in the class with Sir Isaac Newton and Alexander Humboldt. He is just the average man focused—the strong, able, practical, athletic type of Middle-West man—a man who in his youth constantly met with what the pampered sons of the East might have called misfortune.

All difficulties are comparative, and a man who has known trial and obstacle and loss early in life is doubly blest, in that the small misfits of life are accepted quite as a matter of course.

And so I can not conceive of Elbert H. Gary needing a father-confessor into whose pliant ears he would pour a tale of woe.

Gary is an inspirer of men, and his attitude is one that gives courage and lends ambition.

#### Those Gary Dinners

**W**E have heard much in the newspapers about the famous Gary dinners, and it has been intimated that at these dinners the price of steel was fixed and that, Camorra-like, certain firms were marked for the double-cross, and that always and forever the ultimate consumer was chiefly valuable for his pelt.

The plan of giving a noonday luncheon and asking in his business friends was adopted by Judge Gary twenty years ago. But I believe

he was the first man who made the discovery that you could say things to a man across the board and over the teacups that you could not under other conditions or in other circumstances.

Judge Gary discovered also that men who eat together and laugh together do not go away and defame each other. Gary got acquainted with men and made other men acquainted by inviting them to lunch. Thus animosity, fear, the grouch and the grudge were eliminated. The same practise was continued after Judge Gary became head of the Steel Corporation. Any one interested in the metals was invited to attend these dinners. The discussion is full, free and frank.

That these dinners had a practical end in view, there is no doubt, but that end was to establish a basis of friendly association, enabling each one to obtain full knowledge concerning the affairs of the others, that beneficial results might follow.

It is a somewhat curious thing that since Judge Gary began giving these dinners, inviting in competitors, fully a hundred other lines of business have taken up the same practise.

As far as I know, Judge Gary is the first man to suggest Government supervision, with the government right to fix the prices of monopolies.

In old-age pensions he has formulated a practical working scheme, which is of vast benefit to the employees of the Steel Corporation.

In the matter of safety appliances, he has interested himself to a degree that no other man in America has. The safety devices now in use by the Steel Corporation are being adopted by a great number of manufacturers throughout the United States. None of these appliances invented and worked out by the Steel Corporation is patented. There are no secrets about them; and any knowledge that the Steel Corporation has on the subject of factory betterments is at the disposal of any one who can use it.

The logical end of competition is monopoly. And the end of monopoly is, "for all of the people, all of the time." And this under the wise and sympathetic supervision of men especially selected for their fitness by the Government. When Utopia is reached it will be by going forward, not backward.



## Building of Dreadnaughts



ATIONS, like individuals, are held in place by public opinion ~ ~

No nation can afford to fly in the face of the Zeitgeist.

Happily, now, quick transportation, the telegraph and the telephone have girdled the world so everybody knows everything about everybody else ~ ~

It is a somewhat curious comment that France, Germany and the United States do not look with favor on a Canadian navy.

Canada is a coming country. If Canada were separated from the mother country, and were not one of Great Britain's colonies, there would be no objection from the world-spirit to her arming herself so as to protect her sea-front. But when New Zealand, Australia and India proposed to follow suit and build dreadnaughts, presenting them to the mother country, a murmur of dissent echoed round the world.

Such a general move to increase the sea-power of Great Britain, and thus threaten the balance of power, is regarded as disturbing.

¶ It is a little as if a resident in a village might arm himself with a club and pace up and down in the street in front of the store of a competitor. Although the man might do and say nothing, the spectacle would not be pleasing ~ ~

Modesty in nations is just as becoming as it is in individuals.

Well has it been said that the drum-taps of the British Nation circle the globe and greet the rising sun. And if Canada, both on her Eastern and on her Western coast, should be provided with warships, and Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa should do the same, it would be regarded as "aggression." ~ ~

### What Is Patriotism?

¶ HERE are two kinds of navies, just as there are two kinds of armies. One is called offensive, and the other is called defensive ~ ~

But these names mean little, when we consider that a defensive navy may easily become an aggressive one.

So while our Canadian friends protest loudly and, in fact, unnecessarily, that their proposed navy is merely one of defense, yet the fact that it can become a navy of aggression on an hour's notice, nullifies and neutralizes the earnest protest, "We don't mean no harm to anybody." ~ ~

Somewhere there must be a limit to national armament. This limit will be fixed by the world-spirit, and not by the ambitious desire of politicians to be graceful, gracious and beautiful acts to prove their loyalty to "the Mother Country."

What was it Doctor Johnson said about patriotism? And Doctor Johnson, it must be remembered, was an Englishman.

Patriotism gone to seed becomes something else. In fact, everything in the world is becoming something else. Everything in the world began as something else. Virtue, carried to excess, is vice.

We would do well to remember the Herbert Spencer law of diminishing returns, sometimes called "The Law of Pivotal Points." And the law of pivotal points, according to Oliver Wendell Holmes, is that which provides that "because I like a pinch of salt in my soup is no reason why I wish to be immersed in brine."

There is no investment in the world so unproductive and that carries as costly an "overhead" as a warship.

Parties about to invest in deadly weapons would do well to lay one ear close to the ground and listen to the voice of the Zeitgeist.

¶ HE Religion of Humanity knows nothing of a vicarious atonement, justification by faith, miraculous conception, transubstantiation, original sin, Hell, Heaven, or the efficacy of baptism as a saving ordinance ~ ~ It does not know whether man lives again as an individual after he dies or not.

It is not so much interested in knowing whether a book is "inspired" as whether it is true ~ ~ It does not limit the number of saviors of the race, but believes that any man or woman who makes this world a better place is in degree a "savior" of mankind. It knows that the world is not yet saved from ignorance, superstition and incompetence, nor redeemed from a belief in miracles ~ ~ And hence it believes that there must be saviors yet to come.



## The Perfect Girl



MISS BIGELOW, Physical Director at the University of Michigan, has recently announced that a girl has entered the University who fulfils Michelangelo's requirements for the perfect female type. And she is the only girl, in all the history of the institution, who rates up to the Classic models. And the "co-eds" at Ann Arbor have always rated well above the average.

¶ Michelangelo's figures were based on a great number of measurements that he took from Greek specimens of sculpture. Every piece of marble that he could find which represented the ideal female form, he put his tape-measure on, and he finally evolved what he called, "The Perfect Form."

¶ It will be remembered that the lines of Michelangelo's women are pretty nearly straight. They were women with generous waists, hands and feet strong and capable, broad of shoulder, long of limb, flat of back, with easy, graceful articulations.

They were quite on the order of the Spartan mothers, who worked with the men side by side, fought with them in the field, taking responsibilities, bearing burdens, and asking no favors.

This girl, recently discovered at Ann Arbor, is five feet seven inches in height; weight, one hundred thirty pounds, which gives her an appearance of being tall and slender. Her total strength measures eighteen hundred thirty pounds; breathing capacity, two hundred eighteen inches.

The average weight of healthy girls of her age is one hundred twenty pounds; height, five feet three; lung capacity, one hundred fifty-five; total strength, nine hundred.

### A Vegetarian

¶ It will thus be seen that this girl, while weighing only eleven pounds more than the average, has double the physical strength, and over one-third more than the average lung capacity.

She can walk twenty miles without fatigue; run five miles; or work all day at manual labor. She can row, drive, ride horseback, swing an axe, saw wood, exercise a hoe, pitch

hay, and carry a trunk weighing a hundred pounds on her back, while the milking of cows has given her an extraordinary grip in her hands.

She has never had what is called "gymnasium work." She has slept out of doors, that is, on a sleeping-porch, through which the air blows in from every side, Winter and Summer.

No special attention has been given diet. She eats anything she likes, but not to eat to a surfeiting; and if she eats between meals, it is fruit. Practically she is a vegetarian. She drinks no tea nor coffee. This young woman has lived a normal, natural life, with plenty of play and regular systematic work and a sensible degree of economy.

Several experts who have seen this girl in the gymnasium at Ann Arbor have declared that if she would focus her attention on athletics, she would develop into a phenomenal performer.

But the girl is not especially interested in athletics. This is not her dream, and a good mentality means more to her than muscle. Incidentally, in passing, it may be said that she stands very well in her classes, and has no difficulty at all in keeping up her studies.

¶ She is good-natured, likes to play, and is, of course, physically sound.

### Commonsense Living

¶ NOW, the real proposition is that this so-called perfect specimen is not so much a wonder as she is a comment on the rest of mankind. The imperfections of the average woman are what makes this girl a phenomenon. It is all a matter of comparison.

¶ Is the perfect so very rare that when we find it we should be amazed, and telegraph the fact from one end of the land to another? Why should n't the perfect be the normal, and all departures be abnormal?

This girl has not pinched her feet or her waist, nor has her brain been put into a compress.

She has never been punished, never been vaccinated by the toxin of theological superstition, never had any of the so-called necessary children's diseases, never been sick a day in her life, never caused her parents a pang of anxiety. She has simply lived a normal, natural, sensible, commonsense life.

And as a result, she is today what the Director of Physical Culture at Ann Arbor University



declares a "perfect woman," this after she has been placed on the scales, and been gone over with the tape-line, and put to every test known to modern medical science.

One thing sure, the world has an ideal about what the perfect type is, but for the most part we have neglected to work toward it. Tea, coffee, tobacco, stimulants, bad hours, bad air, excitement, search for thrills, seeking for diversion, desire for strenuous athletics, instead of physical culture, with the demon of fear hovering over all, have produced a race, crooked, deficient, myopic, over-sensitive, sick much of the time.

Any man now who is forty or fifty years of age and who has never needed the attention of a physician will be pointed out on the street as peculiar and eccentric.

Ann Arbor University is doing a great work in specializing on physical efficiency, taking as a basis Herbert Spencer's dictum, "the first requisite is to be a good animal."

Miss Bigelow, in her work with the women pupils, is constantly calling attention to the fact that women must wear sensible shoes and dress sensibly before they can enjoy good health.

To impede the circulation is deliberate folly. And so corsets are coming in for their very proper arraignment.

A beautiful form is one that is graceful and useful. We should be able to think intelligently, to make wise decisions, to be mentally and physically self-reliant, balanced, free from fear, and appreciative of the great seething world of living things that surround us. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Well does Miss Bigelow say that we should all be our own physicians, that we should study our own case—in other words, that we should adopt the motto of Socrates, "Know thyself!" We should really be just as much ashamed to be sick as to be criminal in our tendencies.

### Our Modern Civilization

✱ If any one wants to follow this subject further, he should get the bulletin issued by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred on Public Health, wherein is shown the loss to the world through physical inefficiency. This bulletin is sent gratis to any one applying for it to the Committee of One Hundred, New Haven, Connecticut.

If a normal physique is the result of normal living, and only one person out of every hundred thousand has a normal body, then it looks as if the way civilized people live is very uncivilized.

All of the universities combined have never produced a man quite so strong and capable all around, in a physical way, as Thorpe of Carlisle.

Carlisle, comparatively, has only about one-tenth as many men to draw from as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Cornell or Wisconsin. And yet, in athletics, Carlisle has set them all a pace.

Carlisle, in a football way, is very much lighter in weight than any of the other teams. And very often, Carlisle has made it her business to hit the line so hard that she just walked through most anywhere that she has wished.

The Indians have the ability to make quick decisions and to act just as quickly, and this without entertaining the thought of defeat for an instant. They go in to win. It is life or death, and usually life.

Whether the Indian is a coming man or the relic of an age that is past is up for decision in the world's assize.

In any event, Doctor Vaughan, Medical Director of the University of Michigan, says that civilization has got to change its mode of living, otherwise we are headed for the toboggan.

And that dream of the essayist, of a native New Zealander sitting on the broken arch of Brooklyn Bridge and contemplating a civilization dead and turned to dust, may have a basis in fact besides eating too much lobster-salad.

As it is, the normal is the exceptional, and deformities are the rule. Take a look at the first dozen humans you meet, if you want to know what kind of people are in the penitentiary, to misquote old Doctor Johnson.

✱ No man can inspire others with the desire to create who has not taken sacred fire from the altar of the gods. The creative genius is the highest gift vouchsafed to man, and wherein man is likest God. The desire to create does not burn the heart of the serf, and only free people can respond to the greatest power that has ever been given to any First Citizen.



## The New Era in Japan



FOUND your city mud, and I left it marble," was the proud boast of Cæsar Augustus.

The flowering-time of Rome was the Age of Augustus; but Augustus was preceded by the greatest man of initiative the world has ever seen—Julius Cæsar, Pontifex Maximus, and Emperor not only of Rome but of the world. After his death, the Roman Empire ran on momentum. The work of Augustus was the carrying out of the plans already inaugurated by his illustrious uncle. Happily, Augustus did not interfere with the tendency of things.

He realized that that country is governed best which is governed least. The happiest countries in the world are not those where the strongest men rule, but where the many have sweet liberty to live their lives and express their thoughts in active, happy, prosperous work.

Pericles built the city of Athens on foundations that were laid by Themistocles. And a John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness "Make way, make way, for the King of Heaven is at hand!" precedes, as a rule, the coming of a great man.

Robert Ingersoll said of Abraham Lincoln, "He had no ancestors, and he left no successor."

### Mutsuhito

MUTSUHITO, the late Emperor of Japan, poetically had no ancestors, although he traced a direct line of one hundred twenty-one kings in an imperial pedigree. None of these Emperors before him had the imagination to see the changes that would come about; and among them all not one reigned so long as did Mutsuhito.

He ascended the throne on the death of his father in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven. The Shogun policy of absolute dictatorship was tottering. Japan was then in the throes of a new birth—or of dissolution, no one knew which. All the authority, power and glory of Japan were embodied in the young Emperor, who was then seventeen years old.

Before Mutsuhito was twenty-one, the old

feudalism was broken up, and a Constitutional Government inaugurated. The systems of Great Britain, America, Germany, France, were closely studied and long reports made by various committees sent to the West. At one time Mutsuhito seemed intent on resigning his office as Emperor, and allowing the people to elect him if they would as President. The idea of democracy was strong in his mind, but he soon perceived that the glamour of the old could not be thrown away and discarded. He must build upon the past. ¶ The reverence of Japan for their Emperor is the reverence which we of the West are supposed to feel toward Deity. The Emperor, with the Japanese, is a supreme being, the representative on earth of Deity. He is called, "The Son of Heaven."

### The Samurai Spirit

IN Japan, Shintoism is the prevailing religion. Its three principal points are the worship of Nature, the worship of heroes, and the worship of ancestors. Children worship their parents; grown-up people worship the Emperor as the Supreme Parent; and the Emperor worships his own ancestors.

The sacred and reverential awe which the Japanese have toward their government is something that Americans find it hard to understand.

Religion in Japan is absolutely a part of the State. Mutsuhito was big enough in brain to understand that he could do more good by reigning as the Supreme Monarch, and he himself establish Democracy, than to allow the people to inaugurate it themselves.

Throughout his twenty-first year we find him working to abolish caste. The Samurai, the heroic warrior class, were counseled to lay down their arms and go into business. Mutsuhito issued an address wherein he stated that business was human service, and it was just as necessary to supply things to people which they needed in their every-day lives, as to protect them from their enemies by fighting.

¶ The Samurai spirit could manifest itself by running a factory, by keeping a shop, by farming, in the arts and sciences, and in teaching school, quite as well as in warfare. Fighting has long limited man in his mental activities. The more things we do in life and do successfully, the greater we are in spirit and the greater our reward will be in the world to come.



Where Mutsuhito got this eminently Emersonian philosophy we do not know; but he put it into practise, so that today you may go into a grocery in Japan and be waited upon by a Samurai.

The ancestors of a Samurai would no more have thought of making themselves useful than would one of the Grand Dukes of Russia.

¶ Mutsuhito introduced the system of universal education, based largely on American ideals. It was on his initiative that hundreds and thousands of young Japanese were sent out to all universities of Christendom, so there was not a single school of any prominence in the world where Japanese students were not in attendance. The expense of this teaching was borne by the Government. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, all have had their Japanese students for the past forty years. Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr have not been overlooked, and Japanese women have been in attendance at these.

It is supposed that women have no influence in Japan, where polygamy is legalized. But Mutsuhito knew perfectly well that the power of the sexes is very evenly divided, and that men learn from women quite as much as women from men.

### A Well-Beloved Ruler

¶ HE population of Japan when Mutsuhito took the oath of office as Emperor was about twenty million. Now it is fifty million. During his reign the whole political, social and economical system has been completely changed, and as intimated, no such revolution has ever occurred in any other nation in a similar length of time. Japan now stands side by side with the six foremost world powers: America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Japan.

Beyond a doubt Mutsuhito was the best-loved Emperor in the entire world—this of course through the basic tendencies of Japan to work the apotheosis of their chief ruler, also through the genuine merit of Mutsuhito.

¶ Some years ago I heard President Taft give a little impromptu lecture on the Japanese. President Taft came forward with the statement that he had met the Emperor of Japan on six different occasions.

President Taft described the Emperor as a very gentle, suave, yet strong and earnest individual. Mutsuhito knew what he wanted to do, and worked always with the intent of

bringing the thing about. He had the crystalline mind. He was as keen in intellect as Elihu Root and just as silent and self-contained. With it all he was a poet and a musician. He studied the ways of the world, and he had ideals in the line of Government quite surpassing those of any other ruler in Christendom. He of all men was not dictated to by the law of mortmain.

When Mutsuhito was born, Japan was a shut-in nation. Foreigners could not get in, nor Japanese get out. Japan in Eighteen Hundred Fifty was exactly where Great Britain was before the days of William the Conqueror. So we can truthfully say that Japan has progressed as much in sixty years as England, France and Germany have in ten centuries, or a thousand years.

By deliberate preference Japan was a hermit nation.

It limited the size of its trading-junks, it allowed no shipping to leave its coast, it barred foreign visitors, it crushed out Christianity as an arch enemy. ¶ Perry had not visited Japan when Mutsuhito was born.

### Some Japanese Characteristics

¶ MILITARY science in Japan in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five was as primitive as that of the Romans before the days of Julius Cæsar. Japan then had a literary language which the people did not understand any more than Americans understand Greek.

Also, the Japanese knew practically nothing about sanitation and right living. Well did Doctor Weir Mitchell say that the cause of long life in Japan in early days was on account of the scarcity of food, the rice being given out with mathematical exactness, and meat being out of the question. Now, however, we find the Japanese excelling in sanitation and in the knowledge of right living. They have professional schools and have made great strides in science. They understand modern industrial development, and know the science of schoolteaching better than we do.

The Japanese are vegetarians, and they have proven themselves the greatest fighters in the world. Courage in our sense is not known—they are simply without fear.

Their principal qualities are their patience, their industry, their love of art, and their simplicity. They are economists. They know how to live and they know how to die.



The young Emperor is now thirty-three years old. He is a monogamist, happily married, with a goodly family of children. He wears English clothes, speaks English with exactness, and reads American newspapers.

He is in absolute sympathy with the reformation inaugurated by his illustrious father. In stature he is small and slight, and, strangely enough, is of light complexion, and would pass most anywhere as a European.

His father, Mutsuhito, was not the son of the Empress. It has been stated that the mother of Mutsuhito had in her veins European blood, and that this reveals itself in the present Emperor, Yoshihito, who strikes back to his grandmother. Yoshihito is a very simple, plain, and modest little gentleman. He is rather proud of his blonde attributes, as his light hair and dark blue eyes set him apart as a genuine son of the sun.

Happily he has passed through the romantic and reckless age, and time has tamed him of any mad ambitions that he might have had towards rule or ruin. ¶ He is personally big enough to sink himself and listen to the advice of his elders. He is surrounded by very able diplomats and statesmen, and there is no fear that Japan will take a backward step.

Mutsuhito had no desire to make war on the West, as his strong army was only to preserve the respect of the nations. His ambition was that some day war and the implements of destruction would be unnecessary.

A similar sentiment is in the heart of Yoshihito; but in the meantime Japan is building a few extra dreadnaughts, not for use, but as a guaranty of good faith.

### Japan's Foreign Policy

JAPAN has signified her intention to take a hearty interest in the World's Exposition to be held at San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. There we will see more of Japan than ever before has been sent abroad. Japan in San Francisco will line herself up in the way of arts and industries with the nations of the world. ¶ In manufacturing, in schoolteaching, in the arts, Japan will outdo herself and show the nations of the world that her strength lies in her ability to serve, and not in her ability to destroy.

Mutsuhito said that all Nippon is made up of fighting men. But fighting men are good businessmen, for when a man has lost the ability to fight he can not work. Work is

overcoming obstacles. Admiral Togo said, "The qualities that make a man a good soldier in time of war make him a good citizen in time of peace."

The Japanese have some great virtues that we would do well to take on.

America has nothing to fear from Japan, save competition in the line of well-doing.

Strength comes from solitude, a waiting, a communion with the best in us, which is at one with the divine spark.

## School Farming



ITY boys, I have said, take more kindly to the business of farming than do country lads. The reason farmer boys sometimes hate the farm and are filled with the desire to get away from it is because they have had a double dose of the farm. Too much of anything is bad.

Indoor school-work and farming should go hand in hand, and I believe the time will come when agriculture will be taught in all public schools.

Food is the primal need. We get our living out of the soil, and no man can be healthy, happy or wise who is separated long from Mother Earth.

The child will dig in the sand before he can talk, and find satisfaction in the exercise. And a knowledge of the soil and of the things it will produce when rightly manipulated is the foundation for sanity and efficiency in every walk of life. In fact, man is the product of the soil.

And constantly I find that my knowledge gained on the farm, of trees, plants, flowers, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, guinea-hens, guinea-pigs, frogs, pollywogs, bugs, bees and butterflies, forms a valuable addition to my vocabulary.

All Nature, says Emerson, is for symbol and suggestion. Everything we see should remind us of something else. No man can be considered an educated man who is not on good terms with Mother Earth, and with all the wonderful things that creep, crawl, run, climb, burrow, swim and fly.



## How Shall We Utilize Them?



NE of the greatest women of modern times—or, in fact, of any time—was Clara Barton.

¶ She was a Human Being. Clara Barton possessed superb sympathy, great skill and rare breadth of vision. She had the world-vision. She was not a villager, not a provincial. She did not even belong to the United States. She was a citizen of the world. Also, she was a citizen of the Celestial

City of Fine Minds.

In her composition, resentment, fear, prejudice, hate, existed, if at all, only as a chemical trace. She accepted slights, ingratitude, contumely, stupidity, all quite as a matter of fact, realizing that these things are universal, and that it is our business not to imitate either the rogues or the fools.

Clara Barton passed away only a few months ago, aged ninety-one, sane, sensible, aspiring, interested in world problems to the last. ¶ If ever an individual realized the truth of General Sherman's famous remark in reference to war, it was Clara Barton. She knew only too well the difference between pagantry and war.

We have been told that women take no part in war.

Woman's part in war is to clean up the mess; to bear the resultant burdens, woes and sorrows; and to live, in spite of hell—bearing in mind the Shermanian Slogan. Woman's share in war is to live when her husband is in his grave, her children starving, her home in ashes—and the heroes crowned.

Men who go to war do not assume the responsibilities of war. Neither do they pay the debt of pain, anguish or money. These things are left to others.

Clara Barton was a woman, and she took care of one side of the business of official murder, the side that no man could have done. And in this she brought to bear a degree of patience, persistency, effectiveness and physical endurance unequaled by any man that can be named. She could go longer without food, be deprived of sleep more hours, march farther in burning heat or Winter wind and storm, than the best.

### A Big Idea

CLARA BARTON, a few years before she died, became possessed of a Big Idea.

¶ And this idea was the utilization of the skill, talent, ability and experience of the physician, without compelling the man to get his meal-ticket through the perpetuity of misfortune, the misery, woe and ignorance of his patients. ¶

The Bible says, "They who are well need no physician."

That is, we send for a doctor only when we are sick. He makes money out of us only when we are stricken. Consequently, his material interests lie in the direction of our being sick, and not well.

Doctors are men. They represent, not men of extraordinary capacity, but plain, simple, average, every-day men, seemingly lifted into social prominence—more or less. They are educated in the matter of medicine, of lessening pain, of ministering to the afflicted. ¶ Their training is all along the line of the abnormal, the peculiar, the unusual.

The ideal of perfect physical health is not in the mind of the average physician, simply because he does not deal with the healthy, the well, those with bounding enthusiasm and strength, plus. His associations are with the sick, the inefficient, the depressed. In degree, necessarily, he becomes subdued, like the dyer's hand, to the medium in which he works. ¶

Businessmen thrive only as their customers thrive. Railroads prosper only as the people who live along their line prosper. But doctors thrive on pain and misery; lawyers thrive on misfortune; and preachers wax fat on ignorance and fear.

It is impossible to expect a physician to be any better, stronger, more heroic, or more unselfish than the average man. It is absurd to expect him to enter on a line of work which will destroy his own business, lessen his influence and sink his personality into nullity.

¶ It is very easy to say that the good doctor is working to destroy his business and show people how to get along without him. This is merely literature. No doctor does it, or could do it. Doctors have families dependent upon them. They have rent to pay; interest to meet; food to purchase; raiment to secure. They occupy a prominent place in the social world, and gasoline costs money.



The practise of medicine is not only a profession—it is a business. These men are not endowed by the State, nor pensioned by Andrew Carnegie. The money they receive comes from the people to whom they minister; and the people to whom they minister are sick people—for again let it be stated that when we are well we do not send for a physician. All of his charges are based on the services rendered to sick people. "To call, medicine and prescription for self"—this is the regulation charge record in his day-book. ¶ At long intervals, there may be instances of men drawing a check payable to a doctor who has shown them how to get along without him. But it is not probable that one doctor out of fifty, living a lifetime, has ever had one such experience come to him.

Even people who have been sick are apt to be very slow pay, when it comes to cashing up for the services of a physician. Doctors have to collect up close and sharp, otherwise there is great danger that they will never get their money at all. ¶ Republics are ungrateful. So are monarchies. And the fact is, all humanity is ungrateful. To secure money by banking on gratitude is immoral.

#### The "Ethics" of Medicine

¶ NOW, no individual can be named who ever had a wider experience with physicians and surgeons than did Clara Barton. For forty years she was intimately associated in work with them. She saw them on dress parade. She saw them on duty. She saw them when their hearts were laid bare and their faces unmasked. And her admiration for physicians was very great. And yet, the net result of her conclusions was this: that as long as doctors look to sick people for sustenance, the doctor, being but human, will be interested in perpetuating disease, and not in eradicating it. If he could really eradicate disease, he would eradicate himself.

Medicine, as a science, is not going to deliberately wipe itself off the map. Doctors are not going to commit hara-kiri in the interests of society. Their "ethics" are all in the line of self-preservation.

All State boards of health, all medical associations, all national laws authorizing boards of health, are careful to see that the laws authorizing these institutions also authorize that their management shall be under the care and guidance of some certain school of

medicine. Nominally, their object is to protect the public, but their actual reason for existence is to protect the medical profession. Medical societies are labor-unions, intent on the self-preservation of their members. And self-preservation is the first law of life.

No man is going to destroy the business in which he is engaged. Doctors will make people sick in order to cure them, just as long as they thrive thereby. As long as a doctor thrives by injecting into a healthy body a virus will this practise be continued. And the men who uphold the plan and custom of giving an individual a disease in order to keep him from catching one are honest and sincere. They are self-deluded individuals. We are all prejudiced, and violently, too, in the direction of self-interest. All of which, Clara Barton, being a good psychologist, saw with unblinking eyes.

#### Keeping Humanity Well

¶ ER desire was to conserve the knowledge, the experience, the skill of the physician, and utilize these for the benefit of humanity, and make it the business of the physician to keep humanity well—in other words, to cure them before they got sick. Accidents may happen; but the number of accidents in life are gradually being reduced by many safety appliances and precautions which society at large is constantly inventing. ¶ Disease should be a disgrace. Most diseases begin with functional disorders, and these, continued, evolve into organic conditions, which we call "disease."

Disease, however, strictly speaking, as Doctor Weir Mitchell has so well said, is only the symptom of a condition.

Well did Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes say that to educate a child you must begin with his great-grandmother. In order to cure humanity of its ailments, we must first change the conditions under which men live. We must destroy the germs of disease before it has evolved into this unkind tissue-destroying and function-killing state that we have honored with some specific name, say, "Bright's Disease."

A certain line of living will lead up to Bright's Disease. Any intelligent physician can give you a recipe whereby, in the course of time, if you are patient and persistent, you can have any one particular disease in the *Materia Medica*.



Physicians often produce disease at will, just to test out their theories.

Physicians are naturally well fitted to protect society and the individual from sickness. But only in a very slight degree are they doing it. They are certainly not doing it to an extent that destroys their own well-being and their own position in society—this, not because they are selfish, or without conscience, but simply because they are men.

The business world has discovered that the way to make money is to tell the truth and bestow a benefit on the people with whom you deal. All transactions in which both sides do not make money are immoral.

This does not apply, however, to the three learned professions. Lawyers thrive on receiverships, bankruptcies, deaths, quarrels, misunderstandings, crimes and litigation.

And so most lawyers yet are parasites.

But there are a few lawyers who have discovered that by working for the best interests of the community and associating themselves with commerce, they keep the businessman out of trouble, instead of getting him in.

And as the big businessman is willing to pay for this service, the lawyers, instead of preying on the world, protect it.

But the clergy and the physicians lag behind. Clergymen thrive by perpetuating a fetish. Some of them have discovered that they can dilute the fetish, and still keep certain features of it, and thrive thereby to an extent which they could not, were they to stand for the whole line of orthodox, oriental, Asiatic superstition.

But no clergyman is intent on redeeming his congregation from the demons of fear, which are bound to germinate and flourish where the so-called science of theology is taught. The whole fabric of theology is founded on untruth. Hypocrisy, pretense, untruth, are woven into a web of falsehood, in order to save the soul of a religious organization.

Preachers are fighting for victory, not truth. The thing that is vital to them is the perpetuity of the institution, not the freedom of the individual. "The truth will make you free," they say, but they are careful not to preach the truth.

### Making a Living

THESE organizations take on human betterments from time to time, in order to strengthen their position. You ask a clergy-

man now what he thinks of the Immaculate Conception and the Deity who had one Son, and sacrificed this Son for the good of the world, and this man will refer you to an orphan asylum, a hospital, a home for the erring, and say, "Look at the good we are doing!"

The original lie still endures, and it is his business to gloss it, galvanize it and perpetuate it, simply because he is a man. That's the way he gets his meal-ticket. That's the way he is able to buy a shawl for his wife, a dress for his daughter, and a suit of clothes for his boy. Economic needs are upon him, and anything that rebounds to his credit, that makes for his personal self-preservation, he is going to uphold. He is a man.

He is educated in this particular line. That's all he can do. His needs demand that he shall be a falsifier; and he salves his conscience by saying, "If I do not teach them this, some one else will."

Henry Ward Beecher once said in confidence, "It pains me to the quick when I see a man with a first-class mind join my church, because I know that from that moment forward this man will be enslaved just in the degree that he is true to this religious institution."

Henry Ward Beecher was big enough to realize that he was thriving on hypocrisy and untruth. And yet he was not big enough to break loose from it. He ministered to the weaknesses, the fears, the foibles of superstition in the minds of his people to the last. And this does not mean, for a moment, that he was really bad. He did the only thing that he could do. He glossed the most gigantic lie that has been perpetuated from century to century—that is, the lie upon which the Christian religion is founded: the assumption that we are "lost."

All of which Clara Barton knew. Yet she was not an iconoclast. She was not bitter. Her heart was full of kindness; and her desire was to make both the clergy and the doctors free. We must utilize the services of the clergy and the physicians, and this without injuring them.

### Freeing the Professions

JUST how to make the clergy free, and still not destroy them, Clara Barton did not know. But she did have a definite program for freeing doctors. The knowledge and skill that some physicians possess should



be preserved. And her plan was to make all doctors attaches of the State, not allowing them to receive fees from sick people.

Let their business consist in showing people how to keep well. Let them act as adviser, counselor and friend. People who are sick should have the privilege of going to a wise physician, and he could tell them the truth about themselves, and frankly inform them why they are sick, without any fear of losing his source of income thereby.

That is, Clara Barton wanted physicians to thrive through keeping people well. Self-interest must be on the side of health, and not on the side of disease, as far as the physician is concerned.

The Chinese plan of killing the physician, when the patient died, was not wholly bad.

¶ Clara Barton's desire was to formulate a system whereby it would be easy for a doctor to tell the truth, and a difficulty for him to do otherwise.

This is the entire intent now in business: to make it easy for every employee to do what is right, and difficult to do what is wrong.

The right is the natural and the normal; the wrong is the wasteful, the extravagant, the silly, the absurd. And yet, so topsy-turvy have been things that, in the past, men have thriven through violence, through untruth, chicanery, pretense, deception. And this condition, in great degree, the Christian religion has fostered, by postponing the rewards of virtue until after the man is dead.

Well does Charles W. Eliot say that truth is the new virtue. Truth is now recognized as an asset. Lawyers, in degree, are taking on truth.

But we have with us yet the ambulance-chaser—the lawyer who makes money by getting somebody declared incompetent, and taking the care of the property out of their hands; the man who stirs up strife, hatred and discord, and starts groundless damage-suits. And the limit is reached when a New York lawyer has a client make a will, naming him as residuary legatee, and then takes this client out in a rowboat and comes back alone.

¶ This last symbolizes the business in which about four out of five of all lawyers are yet engaged. The legal hold-up and the judicial frame-up are still with us. One-half of all damage-suits are founded on fraud, as every judge and every lawyer well knows. The

damage-suit is simply an opportunity to grab into the strong-box of the man who happens to possess one. Individuals without property are free from the frame-up. No one else is. And this condition in the legal profession is well understood, and is undisputed even by lawyers themselves.

The sad part about theology and medicine is that doctors and preachers will violently dispute the truth of statements herein made, claiming that they are doing a necessary service. Preachers preaching obsolete mythology, in the name of faith, telling us folk-lore, devised in the Orient twenty centuries or more ago, passing this out to us today as literal truth, and doing it honestly—this is the tragic part of the situation.

Doctors who look upon a man who keeps well and who gets along without him, with suspicion and contempt—these are the men who form a menace to mankind.

For their own good, we have got to reverse the proposition, and make it to the interest of a physician to show us how to get along without him. This can be done only by making him an attache of the State, pensioning him, as it were, subsidizing him, and thus making him free.

Well does Ewing Herbert say, "Any man who wants something and wants it bad, can be depended on to lie in order to get it."

There is only one thing worth praying for—to be in the line of evolution.

## That Impeachment Trial



HE impeachment of Judge Archbald has made a profound impression on the people of the United States. The event is so unusual that it will live in history.

No such case has occurred for a hundred and ten years, when Judge John Pickering, of the United States District Court of New Hampshire, was impeached for drunkenness and a disregard of the law.

The only other case in the history of the United States that in any way parallels this was when Judge Humphries of Tennessee was impeached and convicted. But his offense was



# Kellogg's Wheat Biscuit

## An Advertisement, *Not* by Alice Hubbard

¶ Alice Hubbard is a housekeeper and a suffragette, mildly militant.

¶ The business of a housekeeper is to keep house. This implies the selection, preparation and serving of food.

¶ People who are expected to get under burdens and carry them off jauntily are people who are well nourished.

¶ It is just as bad—or a little worse—to clog your Culebra Cut with indigestibles as it is to go through life on half-rations.

¶ Alice Hubbard furnishes supplies for The Roycroft Inn and The Roycroft School of Life. And at these delightful places no one enjoys poor health. The good housekeeper selects food that looks, tastes, digests—serves.

¶ And no food that has ever been served at The Roycroft Shop seems to touch the spot better than Kellogg's Whole-Wheat Biscuit.

¶ They look, they taste—they appeal, they nourish.

¶ Doctor Evans, the great American dentist, who went to Europe and filled the teeth of royalty and also partially filled the heads of the nobility with a few good ideas, once said, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

¶ A little later Doctor Evans said, "Tell me what you eat for breakfast and I will tell you what you are."

¶ The next week he threw off this one, "You need n't tell me what you eat, because I know what you eat by what you are." ¶ Doctor Evans, like every other good dentist, knew full well that a man is a walking advertisement of himself. The

dentist not only knows what you eat, but what you think, and how you spend your spare time. ¶ Your teeth are a telltale. Your tongue has no need to speak in order to explain your case. In fact, explanations never explain the necessity of one.

¶ Well did J. Pierpont Morgan say, "I loan money on character." ¶ It is the only collateral, and character is a matter of

good teeth and a good breath. If your digestion is bad, you can not hope to have a healthy alveolar process, healthy gums and good teeth.

¶ When men ate parched corn they had no need of a dentist. The dentist comes in with the age of mush. ¶ Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit fulfil the requirements for a balanced ration. ¶ They give work to the teeth, work to the salivary glands, and inspire a peristaltic motion. Without this peristaltic motion the bowels become sluggish, impaction follows, and occasionally we have a cheerful case of appendicitis.

¶ Action is the great law of life. ¶ A baked apple, one of Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit and cream, and just one cup of coffee, make a balanced breakfast. If you want to omit the coffee, you can, without loss. ¶ This is the kind of breakfast that will start your cosmic sparker, put you on good terms with yourself, make work a joy and fill the air with ideas, so all you have to do is to reach up and pull down a few, and mint them into money. ¶ "Kellogg's" means right adjustment of your environment. When you eat rightly, no task seems too big, no obstacle affrights.

¶ Bring on your work! We will eat it alive!

¶ Brain is the big thing, and the biscuit for breakfast that builds your brain is the only one that gives you brawn so you will never be bulldozed by the blatant blare of bugaboos.

¶ Bring on your work!







THOMAS JEFFERSON, adscripter plus, wrote the Declaration of Independence, the greatest ad ever penned by an American. Thomas Jefferson mentioned Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot Health. But Health is the basis of all Happiness. No man was ever so much a philosopher that he could bear the toothache stoically 🌿 Eat moderately, breathe deeply, work at something you like, clarify all with love. Forget fear, jealousy and hate. Don't masticate the lint. 📖 Chew the gum for folks of gum-ption.

**WRIGLEY'S**  
**SPEARMINT**

The fine, friendly flavor of Spearmint adds tang, tartness and tinge to the taste. Propitiate the Ginx of Gastronomy with Spearmint 🌿 The things we like are



good for us. And Spearmint is good for any and all times—before meals, between meals, after meals. Let the kiddies chew Spearmint, you Fathers and Mothers of the rising race. Also, chew it yourselves. For teeth, appetite and organs of digestion there is nothing so beneficial, so pure, so clean, wholesome and healthsome as Spearmint! Treat your friends to Spearmint and watch them smile.

**Box-vobis-gum**, as Caesar said, meaning, "Buy it by the box."

*Robert Hubbard*



Flavor  
life with  
Spearmint  
and live long



# Toasted Corn Flakes

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

¶ Blew in one fine day at Roycroft, coming on the four-o'clock train, a husky youth, six feet two, weight one hundred sixty, aged twenty, wearing flannel shirt, corduroy breeches, thick-soled shoes, no hat. He was certainly traveling light.

¶ He smilingly made a dental display, explained that he had no money to speak of, but that he could work. He certainly looked the part.

¶ His complexion was two shades darker than his hair, which was a beautiful tow color, bleached by the sun.

¶ So we gave him the hardest job we could find—grading the lawn. It meant a solo with the shovel and a few rag-time tunes with the wheelbarrow. ¶ The boy could certainly work. He set the merry villagers a pace. None of them thought it safe to guy him. He was treated with respect. ¶ He looked to be ambidextrous, and certainly, he was in command of himself. ¶ All the brain he had, as well as body, he utilized.

¶ He remained with us a month, and his intelligence, his bodily strength, his digital skill, his all-round ability, his quiet good-cheer, endeared him to everybody with whom he came in contact.

¶ He was the man we had been looking for so long. But alas and alack! we could not keep him. He had other work to do.

¶ And when it came time to go we bade him a sort of tearful farewell, and he explained that the reason he could not stay was because he had other ambitions already blocked out and these he had to fulfil. ¶ He spoke feelingly of his father and his father's regard for the Roycroft.

And then, incidentally, he produced a bundle of letters out of his ample shirt-bosom. ¶ And these letters were from Alfred Russel Wallace.

¶ I gasped a little with surprise, but managed to put in a little white lie to the effect I knew it all the time. But the bluff was hardly a success.

¶ We lost the young man, but we were better for the month that he spent in East Aurora. He kind of raised the general average of things, as a good man does wherever he goes.

¶ Alfred Russel Wallace is now in his ninety-first year. He has just issued a very interesting book, a sort of last word. From it I quote one line: "To keep your body active and healthy, study your own case and then eat the food that agrees with you. To keep well is not only a duty but a privilege."

¶ In way of a balanced ration, there is nothing better than Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes,

alternated with Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit.

¶ In Corn Flakes is the essence of the ozone, soil, water and the great beautiful out-of-doors.

¶ Toasted Corn Flakes mean length of days, efficient work, happy resilience and all that makes for excellence and worth.

¶ Meat may be a necessity and it may not, but the less we eat of it the better.

¶ Find the balanced ration and cleave to it as a friend and it will be a friend of yours, Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes!





political rather than ethical. Judge Humphries had officiated as a judge for the Southern Confederacy, when he was in the employ of the United States of America.

And so it leaves the cases of Robert W. Archbald and John Pickering as the only ones in America where a United States judge has been impeached.

A frivolous man has said that a judgeship is a booby-prize given to a lawyer for inefficiency. This is an overstatement of the literal truth, which is that a commonplace man will often make a very good judge. There is something about the position that lifts a man, morally and mentally, and brings out the best there is in him.

#### Disinterestedness

THE first requisite in a judge is disinterestedness.

It is moral qualities that make the good judge, rather than eminent mental attainments. Very, very seldom in practise is a judge required to make an epoch-making decision. The routine of office is a track that is well trodden. All along the road the way is blazed.

¶ A businessman can go wrong easily, because he is often sailing on an uncharted sea. But with a judge, the foghorns are within hearing distance and the bells of the life-buoys sound their continual alarm.

A judge is very fortunate in having counsel on both sides to explain the case to him at great length. There is really no excuse for the ignorance of a judge, considering the constant tutorship and plentitude of advice that he enjoys.

The late Judge Alfred Spring, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, once wrote a very interesting little book on the early history of New York, wherein he called attention to the fact that the early judges in New York, Pennsylvania and New England were all chosen from the laity, this being on the theory that too much legal knowledge obscures the simple issues of right and wrong. The judge depended on the lawyers for his law, and his intent and aim was always in the direction of conciliation and compromise and peace.

Judge Spring made the argument that the problems of right and wrong were not deep, profound and complex. In truth they were simple, and this was the theory of the jury trial. But law and learned men had, in a great

degree, made justice a technical thing, so that right and wrong played a very small part in modern jurisprudence.

Commonsense is the first basic principle in the practise and administration of law. And commonsense implies common honesty. In playing both ends against the middle there is a radical departure from commonsense.

Truth is the only safe course. In truth there is a minimum of friction. Well has it been said that the liar must be equipped with a good memory.

Where a judge is endeavoring to further his own interests and pull favors in his own direction, he is unfitted to that degree to judge impartially between man and man. In every penitentiary in America there are "bankers' colonies." And in every case, absolutely without exception, it will be found that the difficulties of the banker arose through his putting the interests of the bank secondary and his own pleasure and profit first.

The criticism of the average jury is that it is made up of idle and ignorant men.

#### The Jury

JUDGE ARCHBALD certainly can not complain of his jury. The jury that sat on the case was the greatest and most competent that could possibly be sworn in to perform their painful duty.

Judge Archbald was guilty of selfishness, and this led to moral departures. Lawyers do daily what the judge can not. Instead of holding the open, receptive and impartial mind and forgetting his own interests, Judge Archbald thought of that one word "bonus," that word which has been a stumbling-block of offense to so many bankers.

All those worthy pillars of society lured to their doom by the siren song of Cassie Chadwick split on a rock duly marked on the map as "bonus."

No matter how humble his position in a shop, store, factory or bank, he who is thinking continually of his own interests never arrives.

Judge Archbald did not give an undivided service. To carry on private intrigues with litigants and ask for and accept favors from such was atrocious. And granting, for argument's sake, that such actions were not based on criminal intent, they unfitted the man for his office, and an impeachment was the fitting sequence.



### Impeachment and the Recall

**T**HERE is a great difference between the recall of a judge by a popular majority of the voters and an impeachment by the United States Senate.

The average voter has no time, inclination or capacity to go into the issue. He is moved by his feelings. He gets tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.

So the rejection of a good man by popular acclaim is something that is likely to happen and probably will happen to every man who is before the public, no matter in what capacity he may serve. The public is bound to sour on him in time. They simply get sick of him, and he pays the penalty of popularity by being voted down and out. Of course this does not mean that he is out permanently. He may come back.

The history of politics is too full of such cases to make the naming of any of them necessary.

But when a man is impeached by the United States Senate he is done for, and done for forever.

As to the merit of popular recall and Senatorial judicial impeachment, however, there is something to be said in favor of popular recall.

The first is, that to impeach a judge requires a superhuman effort and vast expense; and only a large number of very determined, earnest, stubborn men could ever, by any possibility, oust a judge from his position.

The recall by a popular majority is comparatively easy. The probabilities of a bad man being recalled are very much greater, indeed, than that an unjust judge should be impeached.

¶ Impeachment requires proof.

A recall requires prejudice—but a prejudice may be formed on fact. The fact that in one hundred ten years, only two judges were impeached does not prove that there were not a great many men during that time who should have been impeached. All it proves is that two men got what was coming to them.

¶ Nevertheless, I believe it is a fact that the big majority of judges are eminently intent on doing what is right, proper and just between man and man. And also I believe that the decisions of judges are just.

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.

### All Things Work Together for Good—Willy-Nilly

By Alice Hubbard



**H**AT if we should have a panic like the one in Nineteen Hundred Seven? I heard a man say a few weeks ago.

"It would do us a world of good," was the answer. "Nothing has been of such great benefit to this country as that panic."

"How about the hard times and suffering—the empties that lined the sidings, the unemployed, the bread-line, the locomotor ataxia that business had? How about the bankruptcy courts, the men ruined in business, the paralysis of the motor-muscles of progression?"

"It was all splendid for evolution—the best that could be devised."

The most difficult thing in the world for man to survive is success.

There is a modicum of truth in the old superstition that poor men are virtuous, that they are to inherit the kingdom of heaven—that is, a better world than this.

Poor men are limited in their capacity for sin. The successful man has power at his command and he can use it, and sometimes he is "hoist by his own petard."

A panic is not a reality in its inception. A panic is mental—a figment of the brain. Being a mental proposition, it acts upon the minds of people. If everybody were without fear, there would be no panic except in a case where the seed man planted would not grow. That would be a calamity. ¶ The panic of Nineteen Hundred Seven was an affection of the brain. Men were paralyzed by fear.

Business halted. The result was, men took time to think. Necessity made them.

Ignorance had to economize. Wisdom had to economize. Successful men took heed to their ways, as well as those who barely made a living. Methods were evolved whereby a system of economics was established in every business. Men taught economics and were taught to economize.

In the common interest, petty quarrels and little feuds were forgotten.



From the most ignorant laborer to the wisest financier, the interest was in economy and efficiency ♣ ♣

In the year Nineteen Hundred Seven statistics tell us that we had a record year of health. There were less sickness and fewer deaths, pro rata, than statisticians had before recorded. And the cause assigned was good digestion caused by few luxuries and real hunger.

Women thought carefully before they bought. They examined foods. They took an interest in what foods are nutritious, and therefore economical to buy. They learned to cook and eat. ¶ The panic season was a time of great mental awakening.

Business institutions laid a stronger foundation on which to build—every one of them. They established departments of efficiency ♣ They laid off men and women who were not efficient, not productive and not necessary to business institutions.

Wherever Necessity goes she makes men think ♣ ♣

Whenever a human being thinks, he finds sources within himself, and that is the only way to economic independence.

Ignorance thought, Wisdom thought, in this time of panic. Men did not spend all of their time blaming somebody else for the hard times ♣ ♣

Necessity made them evolve.

Statesmen thought and politicians thought.

¶ The proletariat always blames the government for everything he does not enjoy, and when there is a panic, "uneasy lies" every "Honorable" head. His job hangs by a little thread and the sword of Damocles dangles near ♣ ♣

Everybody was thoroughly awakened. Everybody took counsel with his best self. The race was being educated. Business was benefited. Men and women became more efficient.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows," said Trinculo, taking shelter under Caliban's gabardine.

So during the time of panic, common necessity caused big businessmen to become not only better acquainted with other big businessmen, but with the humblest worker; and all to mutual advantage.

Employers consulted and exchanged ideas on economics. They found more grounds for sympathy than laborers have with each other, because they have more brain.

Intelligent men know that the greatest enemy of mankind is ignorance.

The ignorant man thinks that his great enemy is the rich man, and the rich man is to his mind the employer—the man who meets the payroll ♣ And the employer, knowing his enemy, has the intelligence to work directly to overcome this enemy.

So every wise employer worked to make every employee in his firm more capable, a better worker, able to earn more money for himself.

¶ Blessed is that panic or anything that makes us think.

### The Utilization of Energy

✱ T does not take a very wise man to know that a man must grow with his business, and the business must grow with the man. No intelligent, rich father starts his son in a big business and expects him to succeed. It can't be done.

Big business turns on wise economies, in processes where there is no waste. Utilizing energy to advantage is economy.

The reason that women are taking places of responsibility in business is because they are economists.

I scarcely think that any truthful person can say that gallantry or special favors enter into business. Business does not recognize sex, because there is no sex in business efficiency.

¶ Women who hold positions of responsibility have earned them. This statement will bear analysis, investigation and illustration.

¶ The reason that many women have qualifications that make for efficiency is because of the long ages of their servitude and dependence. This is another proof that misfortune is not all misfortune.

Women have been the favorites of Necessity. She has given them much of Her time and attention. She taught them to plan and to execute; to weigh and to consider ♣ She has taught them to think and to reason.

Women are the inventors, working under the direct instruction of Necessity.

Men have taken these inventions, perfected them, patented them, taken them into the world ♣ ♣

All along the line women have invented in the interests of economy.

Women are, by nature, economists, and when I say women, I mean, of course, natural women, potential mothers.

The direct cause of their economy is that



women have not been successful, but have been obliged always to economize, and will economize in order to provide for their children ♣ ♣

There is no brain stimulant comparable to a mother's desire to provide generously for her children. And every obstacle which has come in the way of such provision has been so much the more a stimulant to her brain.

Wise men know how valuable the economy and efficiency qualities in women are in business, and the wiser they are, the more women they employ.

Also, the wise businessman realizes that the more of an individual the woman is, the more capable she will be in the business world ♣ Perhaps the hardest thing for a man to do is to recognize that woman at all times, and from every standpoint, is a *feme sole*.

Since ages before Moses' time, most men have had inculcated the sentiment that man is born superior to woman.

Gallantry—that something which is born out of a desire to appease, blindfold and deceive women—has deceived also many good men. It has given to men the belief that they are dealing justly with women, when, because they can, they ignore their individuality and force their own charity instead.

Woman's entrance into the business world has done more to make her a recognized individuality, brain, body and spirit, than any other one thing.

Entrance into the business world is giving to her economic independence.

Economic independence is a long way on the journey toward individual freedom.

It is natural for men to resent the fact that woman is equal in every right with man ♣ But here our beautiful, great and all-wise teacher, Necessity, comes just at the right time. ¶ Businessmen are crying out for help. Success or failure depends on their getting help. Man must have it. He has gone as far as he can without it. And so Necessity presents her star scholars, saying: "Through the ages I have been training workers. The great need is for Economy, Efficiency."

Men in business are awaking to the fact that side by side with them are working women who have the qualities which business needs. They are also awaking to the fact that these people, working side by side with them, demand recognition.

They are realizing, too, that qualifications are neither male nor female. They are just qualifications ♣ ♣

Political freedom and economic independence for women are right at the door. To bolt the door may stay their entrance, but for progress there have always been windows where doors were barred. ¶ Wise men are opening wide the door, and recognizing "the woman movement" as a natural part of evolution.

In England there is a little panic attending the demand for recognition which women are making ♣ ♣

In America there is no panic. There is just enough mental agitation to cause our women and men to do good, healthy, profitable thinking ♣ ♣

A Bishop of California represents the American spirit in his attitude toward Woman Suffrage. He talked against it, wrote against it, used his power to defeat it, although he did not give up business to harass the cause ♣ But when California became a suffrage State he sent out broadcast these instructions:

"Women, inform yourselves thoroughly on all political questions. Hold your duty to your Country sacred."

The Bishop is wise. ¶ So is the majority of American men. They see the handwriting on the wall and accept the inevitable.

It is far safer to trust a normal human heart than a critical, legal mind.

## Wages for Widow Mothers

By Alice Hubbard



HUMAN being must have a definite purpose in order to generate enough animation to make his life a success.

When a number of people work together for a definite purpose, this purpose becomes a cause. Nothing great is ever accomplished without an animating purpose.

Pericles and his associates had a cause. It was to build a city more beautiful than the earth had ever before known.

The Greeks in their glory had a cause. It was to develop the State. Everything of worth was for the State. An individual was pro-



nounced ignoble who had in his personal possession anything of real worth. The best was for the State.

The State was of first importance. The home was secondary. What was done for a home helped only a few people. The State included all homes. At one time, men who worked for the State worked without compensation.

To rob the State was the greatest crime. To cheat the State was unforgivable.

When children were born, mothers did not consider them as their private possessions. Sparta took charge of her children when they were young. There was at least this good result: that the Spartans became a race physically perfect. Their physical power and courage were supreme. They have never been equaled.

Mothers knew that their children belonged to the State. The effect of this knowledge caused the mothers to be wise, judicious, conscientious and faithful.

#### The Laborer and His Hire

TIME and experience tone extreme enthusiasm into a working policy.

Men found that they could not do their best work for the State without compensation. In order to be of the most benefit to the State, self-preservation compelled them to give attention to their own needs. The laborer was worthy of his hire.

The years that have passed since the fevered enthusiasm of working for the State without compensation have modified the sentiment that the State is all.

Now we have the other extreme. We pay for public service. Men are heartily congratulated when they receive appointment or are elected to a political office.

The inference is that a rich uncle has died and left them all.

The joy is not because the work is for the State, but because they expect a large return in money.

#### The Spartan Mother

THE Spartan mother consciously worked for the State. The return to her for her work was the honor, respect and veneration bestowed upon her by the State. Her children were taken from her early and then were supported by the State.

This Spartan mother was quite able to care for herself, besides taking care of her child before it was taken to the gymnasium.

#### Mothers Must Be Independent

ROMAN, civilized woman, became the property of man when she was married. Her children, of course, were his property.

There were men in the past half-century who have demanded the services of their children until they were twenty-one years old, boys and girls. The law still entitles them to do it.

And the mother rendered her services to her husband when she gave her time to the bearing of his children.

In the Twentieth Century, no one likes to hear these facts. Neither women nor men openly acknowledge ownership nor possession. But the fact still stands in the law, although there are modifications whereby women have nominally certain property-rights. However, we still consider a man very generous when he leaves his wife in absolute control of his property when he dies.

There is now a growing sentiment toward a recognition of the social fact that children belong to the State.

This was recognized by the law when free public schools were established.

Another proof of this recognition is in schools where well-planned, hygienically cooked and properly balanced foods are provided for the children. It was reiterated when schoolbooks were furnished free.

All free public benefits for children are a recognition of this social ideal, that the children belong to the State.

The State pays the teachers and all other people who work for the children, all except the mothers.

The mother still privately owned. That is to say, she is dependent upon the father of her children for her own sustenance and for all she must have in order to care for the children.

The bondage of mothers is being loosened. We acknowledge that a mother is working for the State, if she supports her children after the death of the father. That is, we are making public provision for a stated income for the mother. We are beginning to pay widow mothers for their work for the State. We have at last recognized this potent fact that a mother can not well care for one, two or six children and earn enough money to supply their needs, and yet present the State with desirable citizens.



So we are considering the necessity of paying widow mothers for their work.

Several States of the Union recognize that these women are earning wages when they are doing their share in the evolution of citizens. They are recognizing that a widow mother is not owned by an individual, but is working directly for the State. This is her business.

Illinois has tried the experiment of putting widows who have young children on the payroll, as they do teachers. Illinois finds that the results are good.

New York is going to pay widow mothers for their work for the State.

New York State has realized for nearly a century that schoolteachers earn money for taking the responsibility of children from six years of age to twenty-one, for six hours of the day, for five days in the week, for the school year. And now the State says that the widow mothers who have perpetual care of children are also worthy of wages.

Soon we shall recognize this fact, that all mothers work for the State when they work to develop and give to the State citizens: that mothers must be independent in order to give normal citizens to the State.

#### Wages Versus Pensions

It may be necessary to add that "wages" is not the word that has been used with regard to compensation to widow mothers for services rendered to the State. That objectionable word "pension" has been applied to it. There is a taint on that word "pension," a suggestion of a gift, a hint of something for nothing, a return for past service, or for a deprivation of power. We have misapplied its use here, because their ability to earn has not been taken from them. To call widow mothers pensioners is holding to the old idea that married women are owned even after death did them part.

But we shall recognize that it is not a "pension," but a "wage," that mothers earn. And we shall recognize that mothers deserve the independence that schoolteachers and government servants have.

And we shall soon give to mothers a compensation commensurate with the quality and extent of their work.

"I forgive you," means "I hate you, but you can no longer harm me."

## The Bravest Battle

By Joaquin Miller

THE bravest battle that ever was fought;  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But patiently, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there in that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
And oh! these battles they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Perhaps the friends we have are only our other  
selves, and we get just what we deserve.

## The Gulf

By Beulah Hood



Y husband goes away before daylight, and he does not get home until dark. It seems very hard to me, but his business is the only thing of importance to him." Poor little bride! She had never realized when her young Lothario was a-wooing that he came when the day's work was over. Even then, in that joyous time, his work was the vital part of his day. This visit, at evening, was only a happy incident.

The work had to be of first importance, if he wished to provide a way to take this girl of his choice into a home that would be their own.

She did not comprehend that her girlhood days



had been full of work and play which were individual and made up her happiness and the contentment of her mind.

In the evening when he came to see her, she had the day's incidents, however small they might have been, to tell over to him, and he had been charmed by her charm.

The boy did n't know that in taking this girl out of her father's home and bringing her to his home—even though they called it theirs—he was bringing her to an almost empty day.

Her household cares were very few. They seemed nothing to those she had had before.

¶ She had moved to a new town and left her friends and her child interests. She had entered a woman's life, with no tools for it—having only the preparation for a girl's life which was hers no longer.

And there was no understanding in this girl's mind, when she looked at her husband's employer and said: "My husband goes away before daylight. You have him all the time. I never see him. It is very hard."

There was a principle involved that neither of the young people understood.

#### Man's Work

¶ MAN'S business is the foundation of his life. It has to be. Necessity has made work the habit of his life, and this habit grows out of the instinct for self-preservation, that first law of life.

Men know the necessity for work, but they do not know how vital a part of their life it is, and they do not know that it is evolving them. Neither do women know that it is the exacting work of a man's life that is the gulf between husbands and wives.

Only the woman who has earned her living can understand that the earning of a living, however frugal, is not a simple thing.

There is no mistress so exacting as this law of self-preservation. Men and women are forced to cleave to her or they die.

The woman who is always protected, who has never had to face the problem, "How much will one dollar buy?" with only that one dollar with which to buy, can not understand the power of the force which puts the business of the world before everything else.

That it is legitimate and necessary for every human being, man and woman, to have a work, must soon become evident to the unhappy women who make this constant

wail: "I never see my husband. He is away from home until night, and when he does come, he has nothing to talk to me about but his business."

She does n't go far enough to say, even to herself, "And about this work, I know nothing." But she is beginning to find out that the vital interest in her husband's life is his work, and that it is not she and her children. She is beginning to find out that there is no vital, common interest between her and her husband. The unsolved servant problem or the baby's second tooth is nothing to him.

His world is big, and her horizon must be extended beyond such trifles, if they shall ever hope to evolve together. Otherwise, divorce is a necessity.

#### Woman's Work

¶ EVERY woman must have a definite and recognized work.

It may be in her home, as a skilled mother and a successful housekeeper and home-maker, where she understands and scientifically operates the machinery of a home. And for this work, she must be paid money. For if she receives no money for her work, it is the world's acknowledgment that the work has no world value.

Or she must work in the world as a business woman. She must be in the one business or the other, if she ever is to gain an understanding of the primordial necessity of work.

¶ Then will work be sanctified, because it will bring a true understanding between men and women, of that which is vital to life.

Then will come the highest intelligence, the true morality.

Not till then will be born a superman and a superwoman.

¶ THE duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike-gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists of but two points: his duty to God, which every man must feel; and with respect to his neighbor, to do as he would be done by. ¶ If those to whom power is delegated do well, they will be respected; if not, they will be despised; and with regard to those to whom no power is delegated, but who assume it, the rational world can know nothing of them.

—Thomas Paine.



## Government by Spies

By the Honorable James Hamilton Lewis



HE businessman's business of tomorrow is to correct the errors of the government's business of yesterday.

One of these is government by spies, or regulation run mad.

¶ This nation has forgotten the doctrine of State's sovereignty in home affairs, and in the fascination of usurped national authority has plunged into regulating the citizen in his private conduct

and in the conduct of his personal affairs, until it has regulated business to the verge of confiscation and relegated the citizen to the plane of a dependent on governmental favor, or a victim of its spies and persecutions.

If the reports of the different departments of the federal government can be relied upon, there were existing last January in this nation, under the designation of "agents," forty-six thousand individuals who serve as spies, detectives, investigators, watchers, decoys, betrayers, silent accusers and secret slanderers of everything which pertains to the citizen in America.

In a free government, by permission of things called laws and regulations, these individuals, like imps, surround the cup from which the citizen drinks, shadow the table at which he eats, darken the threshold over which he lives, and sit, like a thing of evil, over every department of his undertakings.

The Treasurer's and Comptroller's Departments of the government report that more than five million dollars were expended last year by the government, taken from the citizens, as compensation for these pernicious pursuits.

If the government is established to persecute the citizen with its impertinent investigations of his affairs and the intrusion of the government mercenaries upon the citizen's private life, there is an end of the constitutional guaranty of prosperity and the pursuit of happiness.

Italy, to preserve itself against the intrigues against its king; Spain, to support the army of watchers and spies to protect its monarchical house; and Russia, to secure its establishment

of tyranny and darkness over its subjects, do not employ more in number nor expend more of money for the particular uses of spies, decoys and betrayers than does the free government of the republic of the United States of America.

### National Regulation Paralysis

NO man engaged in any large undertaking but who now is presumed by the government to be dishonest and his business to be a fraud. No small businessman can aspire to equality of competition except as the government shall permit him to do so. This is only allowed under the prescribed restraint of the citizen's ambition and the governmental limitation on his capacity.

Big business stands in fear; little business in despair.

Businessmen tremble in terror of the uncertainty of the national law, and business in the different States is clutched with national regulation paralysis.

Courts of the United States—courts following the initiation of the federal government—promptly set aside any State law giving home rule to the citizen and local control of his home affairs, because such conflicts with the federal government's new policy of putting the citizen of the State under national espionage and federal chastisement.

I am not authorized to speak for President Wilson, nor do I prophesy his personal course. But I do assure the business interests of America that if past training of mind, past education of nature, combined with conviction of what a free government's duties are, account in a man for anything, President Wilson will be found laying down the true Democratic policy for a republican form of government. And this is the enactment of plain laws, assuring to all men, as far as law can, the equality of opportunity in the pursuit of all legitimate commerce; the punishment of any man of any station by personal imprisonment who wilfully violates the peace laws of the country.

With this done, then will the government be taken from off the back of commerce, unshackling trade and releasing men and affairs from spies of government and spoils of politics; turning the citizen and his affairs to the just supervision of the State in which he lives, and remitting all the rest of his future to the free field of competing intellect and superior-



ity of industry, with conscience for his guide, justice for his principle, and his love of country and fear of God the sole court and judgment upon a free man.

This should be the end of the uses of all government if men are to be free.

National regulation has now become national strangulation of many noble men and many worthy things.

### What We Need

**W**HAT this country needs is that there be more men over the government and less government over the men; more liberty to the State and to the citizen in private and personal conduct, and less of national supervision, national suspicion, and national condemnation of personal individuality and commercial liberty.

The hour has again returned when the needs of the time demand the government to be regulated by the citizen, and not the citizen to be paralyzed by his government. There must be again a revival of the just alinement between the duty of government to the citizen and the obligation of the citizen to the government. The first is to prescribe a mere regulation that shall give peace to society and equal opportunity to the citizen. The second is that the citizen shall obey the law and, once obeying the prescription, shall be left free to obey the dictates of honest conscience in the pursuits of life, with the greatest latitude consistent with his duty to his neighbor.

**W**HENEVER a man believes that he has the exact truth from God, there is in that man no spirit of compromise. He has not the modesty born of the imperfections of human nature; he has the arrogance of theological certainty and the tyranny born of ignorant assurance. Believing himself to be the slave of God, he imitates his master, and of all tyrants the worst is a slave in power.

When a man really believes that it is necessary to do a certain thing to be happy forever, or that a certain belief is necessary to insure eternal joy, there is in that man no spirit of concession. He divides the whole world into saints and sinners, into believers and unbelievers, into God's sheep and Devil's goats, into people who will be glorified and people who will be damned.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

## Human Blood

By John D. Barry



As we approach the prison there is stillness everywhere. The whole world seems to be asleep.

¶ The Bay shows barely a ripple.

The watchtowers looking down on the hills are dark. It is strange not to find the watchers there.

Above the cell-house stand clusters of electric lights. The windows are dark, save for those in the upper left-hand

corner, which are brilliantly illuminated. The driver tells us that they belong to the big room containing the condemned cells.

So he is up there, the man who will hang tomorrow, at eleven o'clock. The lights must come from the corridor outside, where the guards are keeping the death-watch.

### Jealousy

**W**HE wind around the beautiful ascent leading to the Warden's house. At the door we meet the Warden. When we remind him that he is sitting up late, he says that he has just come from a call on the condemned man. "He has n't taken any solid food since he went up there yesterday afternoon. He has only drunk a little coffee and soup. Last night he did n't sleep at all. And tonight he is wide awake. But they always feel worse when they go into the death-chamber—it is only natural."

For a few minutes we sit with the Warden. He tells us something of Alexander Szafcsur, whose name he pronounces Safsir. "He's a good fellow. He had a successful tailoring business in San Francisco. He got to drinking, and while he was on a debauch he shot his wife. Then he tried to kill himself. He shot himself in the head. He was taken to the hospital and he got well. He bears the mark of the wound on his scalp. Some years ago he had a bad blow. His first wife ran away with a musician. He took care of the two children by her first marriage that she left behind, as well as the children of his own. Some years afterward he married again. He thinks his trouble with his first wife helped to make him jealous of the second."


When my companion asks how the condemned



man is bearing up, the Warden replies: "Well, he felt pretty blue this afternoon. I talked with him for several hours and I tried to divert his mind by asking him questions about things he was interested in, chiefly about his tailoring work. As he told me stories of his business experiences he would brighten up. He has suffered a good deal since his crime. He loved his wife and he's never stopped grieving. He's always saying that she was a good woman."


We are both curious to know how the prisoner felt when his companion in the death-chamber, the Chinaman occupying the adjoining cell, was reprieved for the twenty-third time. "He took the news very well," says the Warden. "I went up to break it to him myself. At first I told him that I was convinced there was no use in his hoping for a reprieve. He took it so well that I went on and told him Willie Luis was going back. I was afraid that the departure of Luis would make him feel worse; but it apparently did n't."

#### The Waiter


 IN the morning, when I wake up in the Warden's old-fashioned and comfortable house and look out of the window, I see striped figures moving quietly among the trees and the flowerbeds. In the distance stretches the Bay, glistening with sunshine. Down the road comes a boy, whistling. One of the prisoners calls out a greeting and throws an apple. The boy catches it with one hand.

At the breakfast-table we are served by a handsome young negro, six feet tall, with a clear-cut face and luminous, sad eyes. He wears a white jacket and a long white apron that nearly hide his stripes. His precision and his courtesy would be a credit to a great New York restaurant. Better still, he shows a friendly interest. When he goes out of the room a guest at the table explains to us that this waiter, too, is a murderer. For killing a woman he is serving a life sentence. In Warden Hoyle's household he is respected and trusted and liked. Instead of being destroyed by the State, he is made useful.

#### The Tipless Barber


 AFTER breakfast we stroll down the path, among the flowerbeds on the slope of the hill, to the barber-shop. Striped figures are shaving guards. As we sit in the chairs one of the guards proceeds to joke with his barber. "Well, Bill, how about that job


in Oakland? Are they going to give it to you when you go out?"

The old man's face beams. "Well, I aint so sure about that, sir. Some folks has a way of forgetting about their promises. It's been a long time, you know. Since I been here I kind of lost my confidence in people. Now there's my wife. When I first came she used to come over to see me once a month. After a while she kind of dropped off. First thing I heard she applied for a divorce. And now she's married to an old friend of mine." He laughs as if at a joke. "But I don't mind," he goes on. "After I get out I can do as I please. I sha'n't have any one to take care of except myself." 

While the barbers work on our faces, a striped figure cleans our boots. Perhaps, in offering compensation to my barber, I do not show sufficient adroitness. On the other hand, one of those guards may be too near. At any rate, my offering is politely and quietly rejected. When I mention this incident to my companion, after we leave the shop, he confides to me that he has gone through a similar experience with his barber.

#### The Prison Sculptor

 AT the entrance to the prison-yard we find the Warden. There are few visitors waiting for admission. As we pass through the tunnel leading into the yard we receive the customary challenge. We assure the custodian that we are carrying no arms in our pockets. In the yard we see only a few prisoners. But as we cross toward the cell-house, way over there at the left, in a long and narrow enclosure, we notice hundreds of striped figures, their faces all turned in the same direction, like a flock of sheep, watching us.


We walked down a short flight of steps and enter a room where a prisoner is working on a clay model. It consists of several figures, nymphs tormenting a fawn. On the walls hang photographs of statues clipped from magazines, the work of well-known sculptors, including Rodin. The prison-sculptor is evidently pleased by the admiration paid to his model. He is more modest than many artists. He points to one of those photographs, and explains that it was there he found his inspiration 

From the studio we walk through the corridor to a bridge that connects with the iron



steps beside the great building of red brick. We mount the steps and find ourselves in the condemned chamber. A wide corridor runs around two sides of the two cells, built of wooden bars with narrow spaces between, and covered with wire netting. Through the netting, in the dim light, where a candle gives a steady flame, we see three figures kneeling: one, an old man with gray hair, in a black cassock; the other a young man in a white surplice; and the third a man in middle life with a round face and a thick mustache, in shirt sleeves and collarless. They are praying. Now and then I catch a few words: "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, pray for me." We are told that the man has just made his confession and has received communion. The priests will be busy with him for a little while longer. He is bearing up well. And yet he has not slept since Tuesday night and he has not taken solid food since Wednesday at noon.

### The Cry of the Little Peoples

 ARDEN HOYLE leads the way into the scaffold room. The fresh-faced, kindly-eyed hangman is sitting there, smoking a cigarette. He looks depressed. Beside him stands a tall striped figure, with thick black hair and a flowing black mustache and black eyes.


They are waiting.

We follow the Warden up the steps of the bluish-green scaffold, with touches here and there of brown. He shows us the three cords that, at a signal from the hangman, will be cut by three prisoners. One of them will release the trap, which one, none of the convicts will know. Then we step on the trap and look down on the space that will soon contain the audience. Above our heads is a brand-new rope, with a noose at the end, thrown over one of the upper beams.

On our return to the condemned chamber we find that we can enter the cell. The prisoner stands there between the two priests. He is of medium size with a complexion ruddy with health, in spite of his two years of confinement, and with mild, blue eyes. Though past forty and his hair is turning gray, there is in his face a kind of youthfulness. We are introduced to him and to the priests. It is an awkward moment. Under the circumstances what can we say?

Some one speaks of the condemned man's

gift for languages. At once the rather stolid German face brightens. Yes, it is true that he knows a half-dozen languages besides English. He recites them to us. They include German, Rumanian and Hungarian. "And a little Italian," the young priest mentions in an accent that suggests his own Italian origin. The condemned man shakes his head and smiles. "Not much Italian," he says. He tells us that he is familiar with the country that is now involved in war. He has been all over the Balkan States. Soon he is having an animated conversation. He does not agree with the remark made by one of the group that before many generations there will be a universal language. "Perhaps in five thousand years," he acknowledges. In the course of the talk he often smiles. Then, suddenly, his eyes become moist.

He speaks of the hanging. Some one says that, after all, he has one advantage over most of us. He knows when he is to die. He is prepared. This philosophy apparently gives little comfort 

The young priest is holding in his hand a large silver crucifix, with the figure of another man condemned to death by the State. The eyes of the prisoner keep turning to it.

A guard enters with a large silver cup, filled with coffee. He offers it to the man. "No, no! I do not want it."

The Warden takes the cup in his hand. "I think you ought to drink it," he says.


Again the prisoner shakes his head.

"It will make you feel better," the Warden gently insists. "You have n't eaten anything since you have been in this room."


With a faint smile the prisoner keeps shaking his head. "I know what is in it."

"But there is nothing in the cup but coffee," said the Warden.

Still the prisoner is not convinced. Some of the others interpose. Even the urging of the old priest is of no avail.

At last the priest says: "Here, let me take it. I will show you that there is nothing in the coffee." 

He takes the cup from the Warden's hand and drinks. "It is n't as warm as I like it," he says, "but otherwise it is good."

The condemned man receives the cup from the priest and raises it to his lips. He drinks slowly. When he finishes he passes the cup to the Warden, "I feel better," he says 



### The Torture-Chamber

**N**OW it is time for us to go out. The prisoner is to have a few minutes alone with the young priest. We stand in the corridor while the two pace about in the cell, at first praying, then talking. Occasionally they stop. The priest lets one hand rest on the prisoner's shoulder. Now and then they smile.

"I have been telling him," says the old priest, standing by my side at the window, "that there will be no pain. It will be over in an instant."

From the window I can see prisoners in the yard below, playing baseball. The houses and the fields make white spots on the landscape. For miles beyond the prison-grounds stretch the mountains. In the clear light I try to make out the outlines of the tavern on Mount Tamalpais; but from this angle they are not visible.

I am wondering about that figure in there, suffering so terribly. How strange that the State should have nursed him back to health to put him to this shameful death. And how strange that, after all that experience, he should dread dying now. Was it not possible that even in his situation one might rise above fear or even concern and feel a kind of pity for those who were meting out this punishment, doing a deed irrevocable, not knowing what they did?

Two men come into the chamber accompanied by a guard, one handsomely dressed and important-looking, the other seemingly his assistant. They enter the cell. It is whispered that they are the doctors.

Shortly afterward the guard comes out. He speedily returns with a small glass of whisky in his hand. He gives it to the prisoner, who at once proceeds to drink, evidently with confidence in the doctor's orders.

### Righting a Wrong

**S**OME of us are beginning to grow impatient. Why was the hour of the hanging changed from half-past ten, the usual time, till eleven? The prisoner is plainly in torture, in spite of the efforts of the young priest to provide diversion and consolation. It is a relief to us when we are told by the Warden to go into the scaffold-room.

A few moments after we enter, the big door facing the scaffold is thrown open to a small crowd of men, dressed, for the most part, in

uniforms, evidently guards. They arrange themselves about the scaffold.

The Warden comes in, followed by the priests and by the prisoner, supported by the hangman. The prisoner is walking steadily. In his face there is a childish look of fear. His arms are pinioned. He steps on the trap. The noose is quickly adjusted. The black hood is drawn over the head. The prisoner shrinks to one side. His hand tries to clutch the scaffold-beam. He makes what sounds like an outcry. The hangman pushes him back. The trap falls with a crash, the body plunging sidewise and making a violent turn. The hangman steadies the rope. The body is still. The doctors are upon it, adjusting the stethoscope and taking the time. The hood is drawn up toward the left. It exposes part of the throat. The skin is of a bluish purple. The neck looks thick.

We ask one another what the words were when he made that cry. Some one says they were, "Jesus, pray for me."

The two priests are coming down from the scaffold. The young priest stands at the left and goes on with his prayers. For what seems to be a long time we watch the black figure, with the two doctors busily at work.

"It takes him a long time to die," says a voice.

Another voice says, "It always takes ten or fifteen minutes for the heart to stop beating."

Presently one of the doctors raises an arm. He is calling for witnesses. The man is dead.

### Mortis Dignitas

**T**HE big door is opened and most of the spectators file out. A few of us ask for permission to stay. The Warden nods assent. Very quickly a half-dozen prisoners push through the big door a bier on runners carrying a black coffin.

The arms are unpinioned by the hangman. The coffin is opened and rolled under the scaffold. The interior looks like cedar. Into it is lowered the figure, the noose still around his neck, the black cap hiding the face.

The hangman bends forward. He has some difficulty in untying the noose. He draws the rope from under the head. He removes the cap. The face is purple.

We turn away. We go out into the fresh air.

Only the exiled can sympathize with the exile—only the downtrodden and sore-oppressed understand the outcast.



# The Tale of Million Dollars, and Why He Left the Town

By Joseph Fela



NE day a Million Dollars sought a lodging in the town, a cheery Million Dollars, intent to settle down, to set up factories, employ men, develop things, and do just what the people wanted done by Gentile or by Jew.

The first man met by Million D. as he went down the street was old Assessor Hasbeen, and sullen was his greet. "If you come 'round these precincts with buildings and their stuff, I'll fine ye good and plenty; I've warned ye. That's enough."

"But, friend," said Million Dollars, with a smile on his face, "I like the prospects hugely; I'll build up the whole place. I'll put up mills and factories, build roads; and homes galore will rise on every avenue between the hills and the shore. I'll raze your shacks and shanties and load your wharves with trade. I'll put up towering business blocks, plant homes in every glade. All that I ask is freedom to employ and be employed; I'm sure to see me every one will be most overjoyed."

Then rose Assessor Hasbeen in majesty and might. "Come if you dare," he shouted, "and I'll fine you day and night. I tax men for improving, I tax 'em if they use, I tax them if they beautify their cottage with a rose, I tax them if they clear or till; I tax them all I can; I tax the cottage and the mill; I jump on every man who seeks to use or beautify, to weave, to build or toil, who tries to employ others either on or underneath the soil."

Then Million Dollars turned away, not intent on a fight. "I'll find some other place," said he, "where intellects are bright. I've heard of new Vancouver, a city on the sound, where things men build are welcome, and they only tax the ground. Victoria and a dozen towns don't kick me in the face with old Assessor Hasbeens when I come around the place. There I can live in peace and hope, and help mankind to rear homes and upbuild commerce; I need not linger here."

The people came to welcome him, they urged

him hard to stay. "We need thee every hour," they called. "Oh, please don't go away."

"Assessor Hasbeen drives me off," then Million Dollars said. "Threatens to fine and punish me," and straightway from them fled.

"What have you done?" the people cried, as Million Dollars went. "You blithering fool. To get him here we have big money spent. We've advertised and boosted; orated and whooped; and now these towns he mentions have got right in and scooped away from us dear Million D., while others of his tribe are sure to follow him up there, they give him such a bribe. Why did you act so surly? Why did you work your jaw?" To this Assessor Hasbeen cried, "You know it is the law."

"The law be hanged," yelled Hustler; "it must be out of date. What's the use of boosting if old Hasbeen slams the gate right in the face of every man, come early or come late?"

Then up rose Doctor Horsensense, truth shining in his face. "Let's change the law; it's foolish to thus wall up the place. Assessor Hasbeen turns them back as fast as men can come. We do not always see or know the mischief he has done. Laws are made for people, not people for the law, and we can make laws over when we find out what they are. Take off these foolish fines he lays on everything we do; abolish all these burdens on our backs for revenue. Tax land on its just value; let labor's product free, and then will Million Dollars come with many more to see, and show his brothers openings for enterprise and thrift, and wharves will rise upon these sands where only seaweeds drift; our barren lands be homesteads, Nature open up her store, workers no longer idle and always work for more."

From the long-deluded people came loud cheering and applause, while with Initiative they quickly changed the laws. A Graduated Tax was laid upon the big estate, the higher the land values the higher was the rate. Small holdings are exempted from this just and special tax, while for all labor values are no burdens on men's backs. This justifies the home being built, breaks up the idle grants, gives hope to every worker as he builds, or delves, or plants; makes wildernesses blossom with happy homes galore, and little children



play in joy where once their toil was sore. Many a Million Dollars dropped off to see and stay; thousands of prosperous workers went singing on their way. Shirkers and Idlers hustled, for they had to use the land and earn their bread by labor of the head or of the hand.

No man can make others think unless he himself is a thinker.

## The High Commission

By the Reverend Thomas H. Gregory



THE "Court of High Commission" wound up its affairs and made its farewell bow to the world two hundred seventy-two years ago—January Sixteen, Sixteen Hundred Forty-one.

If there be angels, and if it be true that angels rejoice when good things happen to men, then surely there was great joy among them when this infamous tribunal was wiped out forever. The Court of High Commission was established by Queen Elizabeth in Fifteen Hundred Fifty-nine, with supreme ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but with no power to fine or imprison. Later on, under Charles, it assumed illegal powers and became the scourge of the English people.

When the famous Long Parliament met, the High Commission was generally regarded as being the most grievous of the afflictions under which the nation labored, and no finer piece of work was done by that renowned body than the complete destruction of this iniquitous court.

With the exception of the Spanish Inquisition, no tribunal that ever existed is so deserving of reprobation. To speak a single word of unfavorable criticism upon the subject of the English Church, its doctrines or forms, was to call down upon one's head the wrath of Laud—and the wrath of Laud meant the wrath of the High Commission, for that toad-eating court was ready to do whatever the Archbishop ordered. Laud commanded the patronage of his royal master, Charles, and inasmuch as patronage and principle stood for the same thing in the mind of the court, it was always prepared to do whatever Laud

desired it to do, knowing that the reward would be forthcoming.

It will never be known how much the English people suffered at the hands of this infamous tribunal. But the English people were not the Spanish people; in their veins ran the red blood of courage, in their souls sat the instinct of freedom and self-respect, and even while King, Archbishop and High Commission had them by the throat, it was certain that sooner or later the day of their deliverance would come.

And it did come. The Long Parliament opened its doors for business, and the day of reckoning was at hand. Representing the plain people of England, the farmers, artisans and shopkeepers, the Parliament began to clean up things. Off went the heads of King, Minister of State and Primate of the Church—and the day of submission to tyrannical authority was over.

No good man loves blood, and yet there are millions of good men who believe that Charles, Strafford and Laud got just what they deserved. The man who is not willing to grant liberty to his fellows, and who uses his power to oppress, imprison and kill those who do not happen to think his way, is out of place in human society. The best place for such men is "in the hands of God."

As a man grows in experience, his theories of conduct become fewer.

## The Immaculate Conception

By Charlotte Sherwood Martindell



THE story of the Immaculate Conception has come down through the ages, tainting, more, perhaps, than we realize, our views of parenthood. Why should we speak of the Immaculate Conception, as if indeed there were but one? Is not every conception immaculate where Love, or the "Holy Ghost," is present? Indeed, may not this be the real meaning of the legend?

To the thoughtful mind all natural laws are of God, partake of His nature, and demonstrate the wondrous system of His plans. No miracles are needed to impress such a mind.



But for the mediocre mind, there must be some unusual occurrence—some divergence from the natural law, some sensational happening—in order to impress and convince. Was it not, probably, for this class of minds that the legend of the Immaculate Conception was first made up, which, gaining root, has somehow clung to humanity through all the ages since? Why should any sane man or woman care to believe this unnatural and absurd departure from Nature's law, rather than the natural and far more holy and beautiful idea of a child born of the love of both his parents? How are we ever to improve our morals, unless we purify our ideas of the sex relation? And when we analyze it closely enough, is not the idea of the Immaculate Conception rather demoralizing? Is it not a plebeian idea, originated to impress minds which held more vile-ness than purity? Surely it is a reproach, a reflection upon all true parenthood.

The Immaculate Conception is a pretty enough story, but after all, is it not a harmful one for a world seeking Truth, and desirous of lifting marriage to the ideal plane where it rightfully belongs?

The Priests first taught this story, and, wishing to remain themselves pure and holy, they became and have remained, supposedly, celibates. Thus from the beginning of the Christian Era, we have allowed a stain, as it were, to rest upon the idea of marriage, even while we speak, inconsistently certainly, of "holy wedlock."

Is it not time that women, in particular, awake to the importance of this question, and face the truth, and realize that it is for them to establish the right and pure idea of marriage and of birth, and a new ideal that every welcome, love-born child is of immaculate conception? Is it not time we should drop the old monastic theory of the body as an organ of pollution? Rather let us consider it the sacred temple of the human soul, and all its expressions right and beautiful. Then only can we be pure in thought and in deed.

HERE is no way of permanently settling any great question involving the welfare of human kind except on the basis of right and justice. Position, wealth, influence, laws, are helpless as a means of establishing a rule of human conduct, unless supported by principles of justice and righteousness.—*Elbert H. Gary.*

## The Probity of Vivisection

By George Bernard Shaw



WISH myself that the vivisectioners could be induced to perform some really scientific experiments upon themselves. I want to combine that particular point with another. Lord Lister assured the public that vivisectional experiments were entirely painless. Lord Lister in saying that was telling a "whopper." I shall put it in a rather gentler way. It was impossible that he should have made that statement without knowing it was not true. But here is the difficulty that we are in. If all moral obligations are to be considered subsidiary to the discovery of knowledge, if the man of science is to be trained to perform the most atrocious experiments because they are justified by the knowledge that may spring from them, surely he is justified in such a venial offense as telling a lie in order that he may be still free to pursue scientific research.

If he knows that a confession that experiments are cruel will cause the nation to rise up against them, if he believes that the whole progress of science depends upon these experiments, he will be the sort of man to tell any lie with a view to prevent science being assailed. Well now, if a lawyer had spoken on a point of law, or a politician on a point of politics, it would be impossible for me to say, "I don't believe you." But it is possible for me to say that, without any ceremony about a vivisectioner, because a vivisectioner has cut himself away from the assumption that he is a kindly man who abhors cruelty, and equally from the assumption that he is a truthful man who abhors falsehood. He may be a truthful man in other directions, but he is false when it comes to the defense of science against an ignorant public sentiment, and he is mendacious, also, when we consider the grounds on which it is justified—that many of these experiments are merely the prick of a pin and cause no pain.

I declare that every man who becomes a vivisectionist has discarded an honorable and probably fruitful part of science for a dishonorable and probably barren part. If you



take one of the most useful discoveries of recent times—the X-Rays, by which, a short time ago, I was able to get a photograph of my own inside, which happened to be very useful—I think I may reasonably conjecture that if all the scientific ambition that has been misdirected for a whole century toward vivisection in the physiological laboratory, had been cut off from that cruel practise, and made to go into honorable directions, probably the X-Rays would have been discovered years before they were. There is a law of the conservation of energy in these things, a law of the conservation of scientific energy, and every man who is groveling in the entrails of some unfortunate animal in the physiological laboratory is cut off and turned aside from paths of research which could be pursued without shame and cruelty, and which, in the long run, would probably prove ten times more useful to the human race than anything that has come of the laboratory; because a man can pursue those paths without stunting his own hand and nature, and fooling his own conscience. It is the man who has his whole energies in play, and has no cause to be ashamed of any part of his work, that is the man whose life is really working in the best way.

If any of these men at present working in laboratories tried difficult, arduous paths of usefulness, they probably would be quite useless. Any fool can be a vivisectionist—many of them are. Therefore, I am not going to pretend that the shutting up of laboratories would be a good thing for them. But there they are not only pursuing their own path, but discrediting other paths, and throwing much odium on the men who are trying to open up other paths. We want to shut up the laboratories, we want to get rid of those men. It is true they may have to give up science. Let them sweep the crossings; they probably would be able to do that.

**W**E are students of words: we are shut up in schools, and colleges, and recitation-rooms, for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing. We can not use our hands, or our legs, or our eyes, or our arms. We do not know an edible root in the woods, we can not tell our course by the stars, nor the time of the day by the sun.—*Emerson*.

## The Cup of Life

By Sing Sing No. 52430

**B**ACK in the time before time was, when  
the earth was awlirl in space,  
When the nebular fire, now lower, now higher,  
spun on through the ether apace,  
God saw that the plan He 'd conceived needed  
man to father a godlike race.

So into a chalice He poured His love. "This  
first," said He, "must I give,  
For without it the man I am going to make  
could never begin to live."  
Then many another potent thing He measured  
into the cup  
Till the crimson flood at the grail's brim  
stood. Then he tipped the goblet up.

Adown the ages to fools and sages the mystical  
mixture flowed,  
And every clod and bit of sod that it touched  
with glory glowed;  
The earth was rife with eternal life, for Love  
in the wine abode.

Wise men have sought for the recipe of the  
potion God prepared,  
But one and all they have failed to find though  
greatly they have dared.  
One drew out pain, another tears, hunger  
and sweat and blood they found,  
And one saw One in His agony stretched  
praying upon the ground.

A million and one strange things they 've done:  
They 've searched the heavens above;  
They 've sought their goal at the marmot's  
hole; they 've questioned the turtledove;  
But never have they been able to say, "Here's  
something that is not love."

For the truth of the mystery lies in this:  
Whatever with love combines,  
At any time and in any form its nature to  
love assigns,  
And all the skill of the scientist, however  
subtle his art,  
Can find no thing that is separate from the  
love of the great God's heart.

My heart goes out to the man who does his  
work when the "boss" is away, as well as  
when he is at home.



## Joaquin Miller

By Fra Elbertus



JOAQUIN MILLER is dead. His body was burned on the funeral-pyre that he had made ready, and his ashes were scattered to the four winds. But the good in him abides. For him I had a great affection. For twenty-five years I wrote him every little while: anything that happened to be in my mind—foolish little nothings, stories about children, dogs, bears, cats—things

I imagined, things that might have been so; and he in turn responded in kind.

Some of his letters I was able to read.

He sent me presents of books; bits for bridles; spurs; and if anybody gave him anything he did not want or had not the time to care for, he sent it to me by express collect.

I joyed in the society of the man, perhaps for the reason that he was not on my hands, and that I did not have to endure his society for long.

When he came to East Aurora, everybody took a holiday, and we laughed and played and picnicked the livelong day.

Then we built a bonfire and told ghost-stories until midnight.

### "The Hights"

**W**HENEVER I was in San Francisco, which has been about once a year for the last two decades, I made a pious pilgrimage to "The Hights."

And usually I waited to see the sun go down and sink a golden ball through the Golden Gate—with the permission of Joaquin.

His estate of several hundred acres at the top of the mountain was purchased, about thirty years ago, out of the royalty received on *The Danites*. The site overlooked the city of Oakland, San Francisco, the Bay, and gave a panoramic view of the Golden Gate and the blue Pacific beyond. He spelled it "Hights" because a visitor once called it "The He-ights," and anyway Joaquin did n't do anything as others did.

It was a tumbled mass of rocks, trees, vines, wild flowers, with here and there a great giant redwood.

For agricultural purposes, it would have

bankrupted anybody who owned it. Joaquin Miller bought the land for purposes picturesque and poetic. No one else wanted it. To reach it you had to climb up a winding road, a distance of about four miles from the turn-pike below, where eventually the street-car came and stopped. Civilization has gradually moved that way, until now the land has a tangible value, and if sold, it will certainly clear off the debts of the dead poet and leave a snug little sum for his heirs.

Miller got tired of the world at fifty. Perhaps the world was a little tired of him. And here he fled for sanctuary. He had a little money, a few hundred dollars; but he made raids down into the lowlands, and gave lectures and readings for which he received from fifty to a hundred dollars per evening.

Like Thoreau, he loved solitude—when he was able to escape it, any time.

He occasionally got twenty-five dollars for a poem. And all the money he made he invested in lumber, which was hauled up the hill by a weary route. He constructed a dozen little houses about as big as drygoods-boxes; some with cupolas, curious little verandas, strange observatories.

Any visitor who came this way was given a house to live in, and told to remain as long as he wished and go away when he wanted to. There was one house used for a dining-room, and a Chinaman with a literary bias, clothed in spotless white, cooked for everybody present. The meals were set on a long table out of doors, if the weather was pleasant. Otherwise, you crowded into the dining-room, and everybody helped himself; and after the meal you assisted John in doing the dishes.

Joaquin Miller was a friend of the Chinese. He worshiped Joss. He believed in all religions, but had absolute faith in none. Joss, Jesus, Jehovah, Confucius, Moses—these were his deities. All the gods of mythology were once men, and Joaquin had a great and profound regard for humanity. Humanity to him was essentially divine. He quarreled with no man's religion, always maintaining that religion was simply a point of view.

His conversation was entertaining, illuminating, surprising, witty, profound, contradictory. He had a way of abusing his friends when they called. Before you could formulate a word of greeting, he unlimbered his vocabulary. He told of your sins, your crimes, your



misdeemeanors, your faults, your foibles, your limitations. He knew where you had been, what you had done, and his frankness might have been positively shocking were it not for the fact that he carried it over the ridge until you laughed and everybody screamed for joy.

### A Natural Poseur

✱ ONCE went up "The Hights" with Clarence Darrow. Clarence Darrow was fresh from Boise City, where he had defended an alleged murderer and got him free.

Joaquin Miller called everybody by his first name. If he did n't know his name, he supplied one.

"Clarisso Darroisso," he said, "you are a murderer with false whiskers. You defended a murderer. You got him free. You took a part of the swag. You are partner with him. Neither you nor your client will be accepted by the devil in hell, and certainly God Almighty will not have you. What finally will become of you, I can not imagine!"

And so he continued to talk for about fifteen minutes, expressing his opinion of lawyers, as we sat down on the bench and laughed, until the eruption had spent itself.

On the gateway where you entered "The Hights" there was a sign: "No admittance; keep agoing. Better view higher up."

This did not mean, however, that you were not welcome. Miller expressed things by contraries. His heart was friendly, tender, sympathetic. He was a poseur, but he posed so long that the pose was natural.

He wore long hair that fell to his shoulders. His beard came to his waist. His dress-trousers were buckskin, and he wore high-top boots with flapping ears. When he went down town he often wore jangling spurs. He wore a leather vest, with solid-gold nuggets for buttons, brought from the Klondike. His necktie was just plain red, the symbol of anarchy, and in it nestled a thousand-dollar diamond-pin.

### That Pen-Name

✱ JOAQUIN had no respect for law or for society—that is, if you believed his conversation. But the fact is that he was not a criminal in any sense. He only played in his mind at being a lawbreaker.

He got his name through his defense of an outlaw by the name of Joaquin. In merry jest his mining companions gave him the name of the man that he had so vigorously defended

and whom they had helped to hang. And finally the name stuck. He accepted it as his own; and instead of Cincinnatus Heine Miller, he chose to be called plain Joaquin Miller. He was born in a moving-wagon, somewhere between Indiana and Oregon, in the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-one. He claimed Indiana as his birthplace, however, because that is where his parents started from.

He was the first, save the Hoosier School-master, to locate the Indiana "literary zone."

¶ His name, Cincinnatus Heine, reveals the literary bias of his parents. Any one who loves Heinrich Heine and enjoys the wonderful lilt and lure of the Heine lines, and who knows the one fact about Cincinnatus, that he left his plow in the field and went to fight his country's battles, is an educated person. Joaquin Miller would leave a plow in the field, any time, and he always maintained that Cincinnatus was only looking for an excuse to forsake the stump-lot.

### A Poet by Prenatal Tendency

✱ JOAQUIN MILLER was a poet by prenatal tendency. He was brought up among the Indians, and a deal of their poetic splendor and love of color splashed his soul. At times he was just as dignified, just as impassive, as any Sioux Chief.

When I met him first, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five, in Washington, he wore his Indian leggings, deerskin coat, high-top yellow boots; and hatless, paraded Pennsylvania Avenue, followed by admiring and wondering crowds, and he beautifully oblivious to them.

¶ Shortly after this he made a trip to England, and was received by Royalty as a specimen of the Sure Thing. And he was true to his togs, even when he visited the Queen, by her personal request, at Windsor Castle. He read his own poems to select throngs, and was paid the attention that nobility expects and demands. He was noble by Divine Right, and they by edict—at least this was his mental attitude.

I think a little of this superfluous attention turned his head; and he came back home, expecting to walk through life and receive a similar adulation everywhere that England had bestowed upon him.

Alas and alack! Here in America there were many to say that he was an Egotist, a Poseur Plus; and, of course, he was. But his pose was as natural as the pose of a peacock, and his



song much sweeter. He was at home everywhere and anywhere. Children loved him. Boys worshiped him. Women said, "Ah!" and "Oh!" when he entered the room. If a man thought he was sure-enough-easy, Joaquin could call him, just as Jack Crawford used to land on the beak of the party who got fresh on the subject of hair.

Joaquin Miller loved his friends and hated his enemies. He had positive ideas, as long as he held them; and he could change them with lightning-like rapidity. He was writer, actor, speaker, editor, poet, gentleman. In him there was something specially childlike and innocent. Anything he had, he was willing to divide with any one who wanted it.

During the Nineties he had so many visitors, hoboes, tramps, criminals, poets, preachers, reformers, who called on him, that they nearly ate up his substance. But as long as he could get food for them, they were welcome. And he himself, at times, wrapped himself in a blanket and slept out of doors, in order that visitors might have his cottage.

He was Utopian, and was always picturing a society where friendship would be supreme, and where everything would belong to anybody who wanted it; where none would have too much, but everybody would have enough.

#### Strenuous Days

**W**HEN we try to catalog Joaquin Miller, we put him in with Buffalo Bill, Pawnee Bill, Buffalo Jones and Jack Crawford. But each of these individuals was different from the others. None had the wit, the scintillating brain, the eager imagination that Joaquin Miller possessed. The nearest approach to him would be Captain Jack, who has written some mighty good things and who can read them better.

Joaquin wrote several successful plays, notably, *The Danites*, in which McKee Rankin scored a big success.

His poem entitled *Columbus*, I have said is the best poem ever written by an American, and I am inclined to stick to the opinion, although I realize that poetry is largely a matter of time, tempo and temperament. Joaquin Miller began his literary career when twenty, by starting a newspaper in the placer-mining camp of Eugene City, Colorado. The editorials, however, were so personal that the town held a mass-meeting and decided they would get along without a newspaper.

And so they called on Joaquin en masse. They took all his type and dumped it into the creek, broke up his presses, and warned him that if he wrote or printed anything more, one of the redwoods would bear fruit.

One might have supposed that Joaquin would have felt slightly peeved over this lack of appreciation. Instead, however, he took it all as a good joke, remained right in town, and went to work as a placer-miner. He wore a red shirt, high-top boots, a wide hat.

He let his whiskers and hair grow, and when he had secured enough gold to make solid-gold buttons for his mountain-lion coat, he went down to San Francisco, and again took up literature. This time he was on the *Overland Monthly*, and was a valuable find.

He proved himself pay-gravel: first as an advertising manager, next as a poet.

He had a way of carrying a pick on his shoulder as a badge of his occupation. Once he was standing in front of the famous Snake Drugstore, in San Francisco. Always around this window was a group gazing at the coiled snakes that slept in the sun. There they were, dozens of them, rattlers, blacksnakes, moccasins, water-snakes, stretching their sinuous lengths, moving anon uneasily in their sleep.

As Joaquin stood there, with pick over his shoulder, his companion said to him, "Bet you an ounce of gold dust you dassent smash your pick through the window and yank a few of the snakes out into the trail!"

"I take that bet!" said Joaquin; and crash went the pick through the glass into the coiling snakes, and out into the street the Poet of the Sierras yanked a full dozen rattlers. Then he started in to kill the snakes. The druggist ran out and called, "Hey, let them snakes be—they are mine!" "They were yours once, you mean," said Joaquin, and kept right on with the killing.

The fun cost Miller two hundred dollars, but was worth the money, to say nothing of the value of the advertisement for the *Overland*.

#### Joaquin and Moses

**P**OETLIKE, Joaquin spent most of the money he made. It would have made no difference how much he made; he would have given it away. Yet he was never in want. There were always a few friends to whom he turned by divine right, and asked for his own; and he never asked for anything he did not need; and when he could, he paid it back.



He was honest, sincere, affectionate, talented. Needless to say, he lacked synthesis. He added to the world's stock of harmless pleasure. He made smiles to grow where there was none before.

One man of this kind was enough. He died uncomplaining, and made every preparation, to the last detail, for his funeral.

For the past twenty years there was in readiness the big pile of well-seasoned redwood. The funeral-pyre was built by his own hands, with the assistance of his friends, the hoboes, the Chinese—and myself.

It was a work of love and joy.

Also, I assisted in building his famous monument to Moses that stood only a short distance away—a solid square mass of rocks.

Moses was the great patron saint of Joaquin Miller. He was always quoting Moses, and telling of what Moses did. Some of the things that Moses forgot to say, Miller wrote out. I am not at all sure that Moses performed all of the wonderful feats that were attributed to him by Joaquin Miller. Joaquin said Moses was a great commonsense man. He always argued that all of the Mosaic laws were sanitary laws, provided for the well-being of people now and here. That the Mosaic laws should have been crystallized into a religious organization, to him was a great mistake, an unkind accident.

"The Lord spake unto Moses, saying." Over and over again I heard Joaquin roll out the words, "The Lord spoke to Moses, and the Lord speaks to every man who thinks." This was his argument.

I tried to show him once that his love for Moses was simply on account of the length of the Mosaic whiskers; and he said there was a good deal in this.

He had numerous pictures of Michelangelo's Moses that he would dig out of the artistic rubbish, heaped in his different cottages, from time to time.

One reason he liked Moses, he said, was because Moses had killed a man; and he believed there should be an open season for a certain type of individual.

Moses was the great liberator. He ran away from his own people when he was forty years of age. He lived in the desert for forty years; came back when he was eighty, and led the Children of Israel out of captivity. Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he

died; and went up on the mountainside and died alone with God.

This, to Joaquin Miller, was a beautiful passing, and he delighted in expatiating on it.

### "The Divine Economy"

**D**O not mourn the passing of such a man. He did not fear death. Most certainly, he did not want any one to shed any tears for him. His faith in what he called "The Divine Economy" was supreme. He considered himself essentially divine, inasmuch as he was a part of the whole.

He was a beautiful Pantheist, a wit, a dreamer, an idealist, who had tasted life and found it good. He was as frank as Omar Khayyam, and as intellectually intrepid.

**F**OLLOWING are a few selections from Joaquin Miller's writings, just to show the quality of his work. Joaquin Miller's *Complete Poetical Works* are published by Whitaker and Ray Company, San Francisco, California, by whose courtesy these extracts are given.

### Columbus

**B**EHIND him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores;  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might  
blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and  
say——"  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"



They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate :

" This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite !  
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word :  
What shall we do when hope is gone ? "  
The words leapt like a leaping sword :  
" Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on ! "

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights ! And then a speck—  
A light ! A light ! A light ! A light !  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled !  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world ; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson : " On ! sail on ! "

### Room to Turn In

**R**OOM ! room to turn round in, to breathe  
and be free,  
To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea  
With the speed of the wind on a steed with  
his mane  
To the wind, without pathway or route or a  
rein.  
Room ! room to be free where the white  
border'd sea  
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he ;  
Where the buffalo come like a cloud on the  
plain,  
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven  
main,  
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe  
Offers rest ; and unquestion'd you come or  
you go.  
My plains of America ! Seas of wild lands !  
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,  
That has reached to a stranger the welcome  
of home,  
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

### The California Poppy

**T**HE golden poppy is God's gold,  
The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down,  
The gold that knows no miser's hold,  
The gold that banks not in the town,  
But singing, laughing, freely spills  
Its hoard far up the happy hills ;  
Far up, far down, at every turn—  
What beggar has not gold to burn !

### The Tall Alcalde

**S**HADOWS that shroud the tomorrow,  
Glisters from the life that 's within,  
Traces of pain and of sorrow,  
And maybe a trace of sin,  
Reachings for God in the darkness,  
And for—what should have been.

Stains from the gall and the wormwood,  
Memories bitter like myrrh,  
A sad brown face in a fir wood,  
Blotches of heart's blood here,  
But never the sound of a wailing,  
Never the sign of a tear.

### My Brave World-Builders

**M**Y brave world-builders of the West,  
Why, who doth know ye ? Who shall  
know  
But I, that on thy peaks of snow  
Brake bread the first ? Who loves ye best ?  
Who holds ye still, of more stern worth  
Than all proud peoples of the earth ?

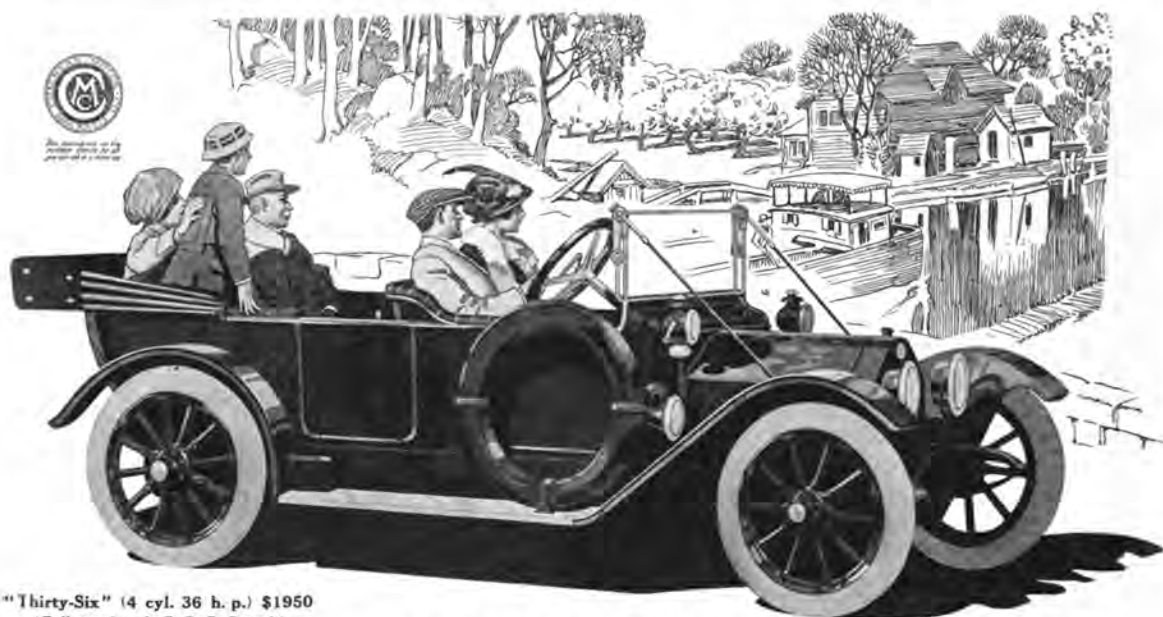
Yea, I, the rhymers of wild rhymes,  
Indifferent of blame or praise,  
Still sing of ye, as one who plays  
The same sweet air in all strange climes—  
The same wild, piercing highland air,  
Because—because, his heart is there.

### Adios

**A**ND here, sweet friend, I go my way  
Alone, as I have lived, alone  
A little way, a brief half-day,  
And then, the restful, white milestone.  
I know not surely where or when,  
But surely know we meet again,  
As surely know we love anew  
In grander life the good and true ;  
Shall breathe together there as here  
Some clearer, sweeter atmosphere,  
Shall walk high, wider ways above

Our petty selves, shall lean to lead  
Man up and up in thought and deed . . . .  
Dear soul, sweet friend, I love you, love  
The love that led you patient through  
This wilderness of words in quest  
Of strange wild flowers from my West ;  
But here, dear heart, Adieu.





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For your own garden. This, the most unique of all rose creations, has a bloom which, when cut, will last in perfect condition for two weeks. It is a semi-climber of the Crimson Rambler type, with immense clusters of rose-crimson flowers, resembling the Chinese Primrose. ¶ The Corona is a hardy plant, and will grow anywhere in the United States. A row of "Coronas" will make your garden a sight to behold. Large plants, each, \$5.00; per ten, \$40.00. Place your orders now. With every dollar order we will send you upon request Luther Burbank's Instructions "How to Plant and Raise Flowers"—worth the price of the order.

Luther Burbank wants the people of all countries to enjoy the beauty and splendor of his new flower creations. Now for the first time, the original creations are within the reach of all. None genuine without seal.



Send for our 1913 Seed and Nursery Catalogue at once

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# A-Bas la Broom; also, A *and Shoot the*

## An Advertisement

THE broom, since time began, has been woman's weapon. The broom belongs to the vixen and the termagant. Woman now has discarded the broom for things better, viz., charm of manner and an Electric Sweeper. ¶ A broom stirs up the minute midges, the mites and the motes, scatters them and sends them flying through the air, where they are breathed in by the occupants, and evolve into tubercle bacilli and other death-dealing micrococci. ¶ Schizomycetes are murderous microbes that we breathe into the nose, mouth and lungs. Here they wax fat and multiply. Some attack the teeth and force decay. Others get into the Erie Canal and cause dyspepsia, cancer or appendicitis. ¶ Dust and dirt spell disease. The germs of disintegration are everywhere. They only become pathogenic when their numbers are so great that they overcome the resisting power of the human body. ¶ All occupations that envelop the worker in a cloud of dust are rated by insurance companies as "extra hazardous." ¶ If you want to know the quantity of dust in a room, let a ray of light come through when the room is darkened and the curtains drawn. ¶ "Nothing is less perfect for being small," says Emerson, with microbes in mind. ¶ By getting rid of the dust in your home you can get rid of the disabilities in your bean. Action and reaction are equal. Kibosh the cantankerous germs that aviate by the rampant manipulations of the broom. A-bas the broom, and you bounce and banish tuberculosis and pneumonia, diphtheria, tonsilitis, typhoid and smallpox, all of which are, in great degree, dust diseases. ¶ Keep down dust, and you dismiss disease and lower the death-rate. And here is the way to do it. ¶ Buy a Western Electric Sturtevant. This wonderful little machine creates a strong suction that picks up dust, dirt, grime, rime, rheum, and packs them in a practically air-tight prison and holds them captive. ¶ The pneumatic tube, we used to think, was a wonderful thing for cleaning. The pneumatic tube forced a great volume of air into your house. ¶ The

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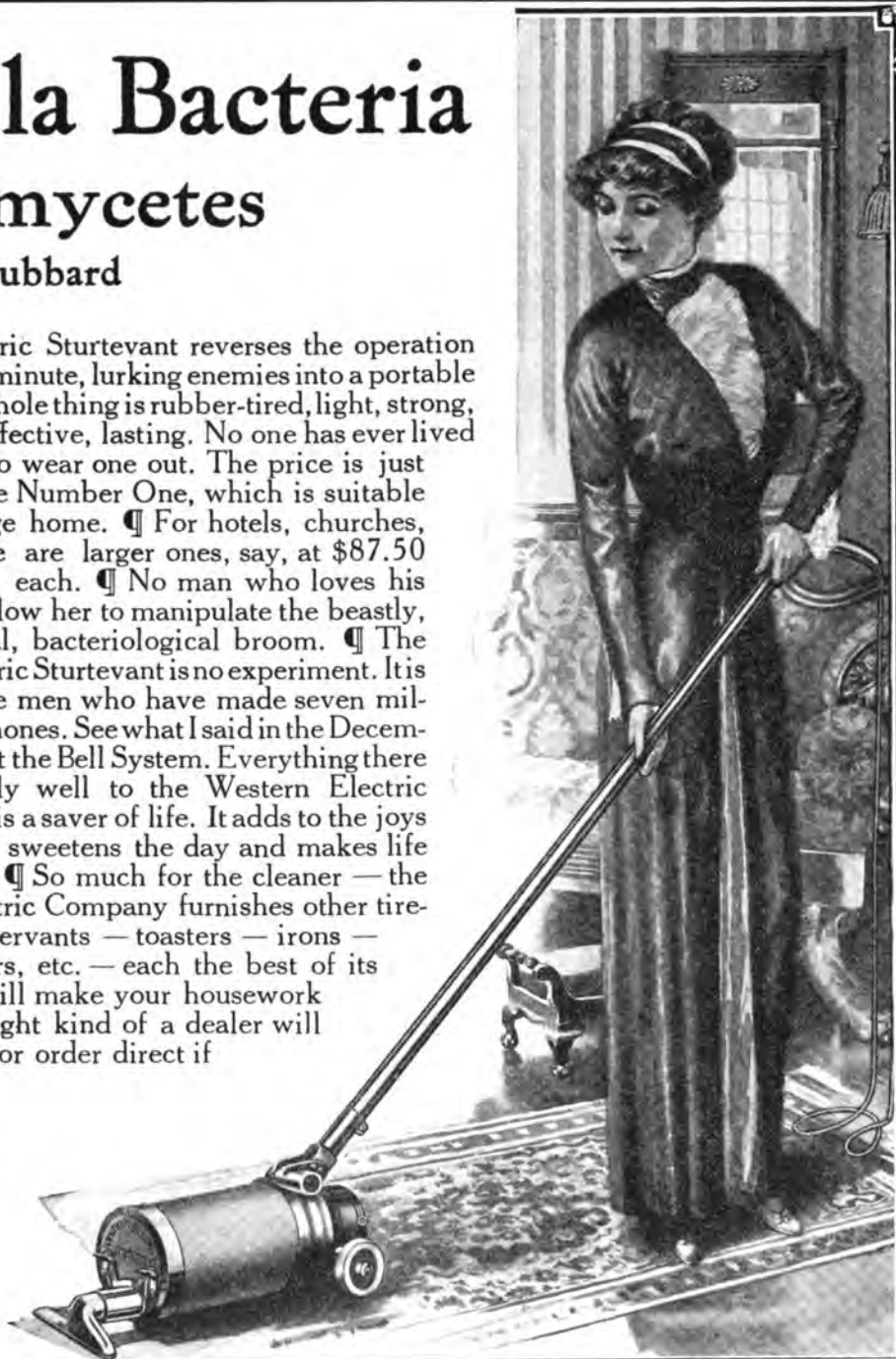


# Bas la Bacteria chizomycetes

by Elbert Hubbard

Western Electric Sturtevant reverses the operation and sucks the minute, lurking enemies into a portable bastille. The whole thing is rubber-tired, light, strong, serviceable, effective, lasting. No one has ever lived long enough to wear one out. The price is just \$47.50 for the Number One, which is suitable for the average home. ¶ For hotels, churches, theaters, there are larger ones, say, at \$87.50 and \$125.00 each. ¶ No man who loves his wife should allow her to manipulate the beastly, bilious, brutal, bacteriological broom. ¶ The Western Electric Sturtevant is no experiment. It is backed by the men who have made seven million Bell telephones. See what I said in the December FRA about the Bell System. Everything there applies equally well to the Western Electric Sturtevant. It is a saver of life. It adds to the joys of existence, sweetens the day and makes life worth living. ¶ So much for the cleaner — the Western Electric Company furnishes other tireless electric servants — toasters — irons — fans — washers, etc. — each the best of its kind. They will make your housework easier. The right kind of a dealer will supply you — or order direct if you prefer.

Write for  
booklet No.  
3 V.



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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

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## Candles and Flowers

As twilight brings relief after the sun's brightness, so candle rays, soft and mellow, are welcome after the rude glare of gas and electricity.

The Roycrofters make some odd artistic pieces for holding candles in different places, with a grace tuned to their picturesque purpose.

And to radiate color in the daytime, they hand-fashion some beautiful and distinctive ideas in flower-vases.



Tulip Taper  
Height, 13 inches  
Price, \$2.00



Colonial Candleholder  
Diameter of tray,  
4 inches  
Height, 2 inches  
Price, \$2.00



Hanging  
Flower-Vase  
Hand-  
wrought  
copper.  
Price, \$2.00



Combination  
Taper and Ash-  
Tray  
Tray, 5 inches  
Height, 6½ inches  
Price, \$2.00



A New Shaft  
Vase  
Diameter of  
base, 6½ inches.  
Height, 10½  
inches. The  
Price, \$5.00

**The Roycrofters**  
East Aurora, N. Y.

Work and Play, Health and Happiness—The Roycroft School of Life for Boys.





## THE JOY OF THE OPEN ROAD



ALT WHITMAN, the Good Gray Poet, sang of the joys of the Open Road; but to realize, fully and completely, the joys of the Open Road, cultivate the Motorcycle, and make it a YALE, mint-age of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen. ¶ The YALE puts you in touch with the blessed Out-of-Doors. It is good to be on a friendly footing with Dame Nature, to love the clouds and sky and the sunshine, the trees and flowers and the brown earth, Mother of Men.

Also, the YALE puts you *en rapport* with yourself, revealing that of yourself which you yet know not of.

And if you are on good terms with yourself, the chances are that you will be on good terms with other people.

It's a great thing to accept life as it comes, and not let your nerves get on the outside of your cosmic Stein-Blox.

Ride a YALE? Sure!—all work and no play makes Jack a Killjoy—you must get away from your environment every day, if only for a few minutes.

Study, work, laugh, play—and ride a YALE. Soak in the sunshine—saturate your soul with fresh air—you can never get too much.

"You can't be here and be there," declared the Seven Wise Men of Greece. And it was so. But now the saying is nix.

You can be both here and there if you ride a YALE. Get next to Nature and the Open Road! *Verbum sat sapienti!*—which, being interpreted, means, "Send for Catalog."

*Elbert Hubbard*

THE CONSOLIDATED MANUFACTURING CO.  
TOLEDO, STATE OF OHIO





## IMPORTANT to Those Who Expect to Build

**W**HEN PLANNING TO BUILD, get the ideas of leading architects, regarding best design, proper interior arrangement and most appropriate furnishings. This will aid in deciding about *your own* plans, when you consult your architect, and can be obtained from the *several hundred* designs beautifully illustrated in six numbers of the

### Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects, Owners and Builders, with the largest professional circulation in the field.

In the advertising pages of these six numbers are also illustrated and described numerous building specialties that add much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing initial cost; *this information may mean saving of many dollars to you.*

#### Our Special Offer

We have a limited supply of these sets of six numbers, invaluable to those who expect to build or make alterations. Although regular price is \$1.50, we make you a special offer of \$1.00 for the six, while the sets last, if you mention THE FRA. They will soon be sold. Order today, tomorrow may be too late.

*This \$1.00 Should Save You Hundreds*

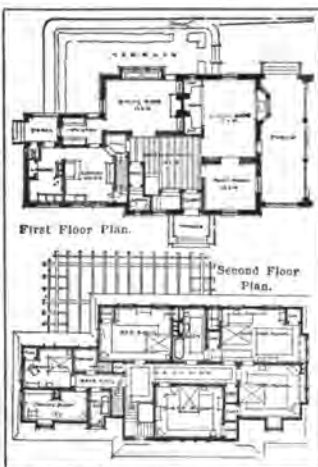
#### THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

289 Metropolitan Annex, New York

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cussions about the right division of the good things of life that he has absorbed and wasted a vast volume of social energy that should have been expended in the production and delivery of the goods.

Thus it is prophetic of the dawn of a new kind of politics when a public man is lifted up to the most conspicuous and powerful place in the nation because he has shown himself strong to rally the latent and hesitant forces of creative enterprise. That is what has happened to President Wilson. The people of America have responded with a great cheer to his manifesto of economic emancipation. His dominant note is the release of

**W**HEN Doctor Samuel Johnson said that it is better to make a little grass grow than to be a politician, he had reference to the fact that politicians, as a class, are likely to diminish the grass-acreage by drawing men's minds away from productive enterprises and engrossing them in fruitless questions of abstract justice.

It is true in this time and country, as in other times and other countries, that the typical politician has provoked such vehement dis-

the productive forces of society. He would unshackle the minds and the limbs of all kinds of workers, and would fling wide open to them the gates of opportunity.

Both the Taft campaign and the Roosevelt campaign ran on lines of hereditary politics—the kind that Doctor Johnson scorned. They held out no credible promise that two blades of grass should grow where one has grown. They confined themselves to the old head-machine and heartaching problem of



the division and apportionment of prosperity. Mr. Taft invited us to be content with the apportionment that we have, lest a worse fate befall. And Mr. Roosevelt urged us to undertake a new apportionment. The Roosevelt campaign was a propaganda of accusation and reprisal; it offered some people a fighting chance to get even with other people.

Mr. Roosevelt had nothing to say for the widening and deepening of the channels of enterprise. There was no thought in his mind to increase the volume and current of prosperity. He contented himself with his intricate sum in long division. He wanted to divide prosperity up.

Now, there is no reason to suppose that the Wilson Administration will be any less concerned than Mr. Roosevelt is with the establishment of economic justice between man and man. But Wilson understands that the road to justice lies through the cultivated fields of industrial expansion. He understands that the way to get "social justice" is to compel the people with boots and spurs to dismount from the backs of the people with saddles and bridles on. He is determined to double the productive



A QUARTETTE OF STAR BOARDERS

## SCIENTIFIC DAIRYING

*"The many epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria, the thousands of cases of tuberculosis, infectious sore throats, and diarrheal troubles that have been traced to the miscellaneous milk-supply have proved the need of guarding this product."*

*It is a demonstrated fact, no longer a theory, that tens of thousands of children lose their lives yearly from the drinking of the milk that is sold on our markets."*

Look at these cows, gentle Reader! Frankly, did you ever see a happier, more comfortable looking bunch of bovines? I reckon not! It pays to cater to the comfort of your cows! Cows earn their board — every cent of it — paying in advance, with milk, cream, butter and cottage-cheese. The cows in this picture look healthy, happy, serene, satisfied and smiling. They are chewing the cud of utter — also udder — cow contentment. Why should n't they? Life is good when you are a cow and occupy de-luxe apartments in a barn equipped with the James Apparatus. Clean, healthy cows produce a high grade of milk. Scientific Dairying is the Big Idea these days, and I have observed that the biggest and best dairy barns and farms in this country are subscribing to the theory and practise of the James Apparatus. This is as it should be. Some mighty interesting and instructive literature is issued by these same James people. This will be forwarded to you gratis, if you will fill out the coupon and send it along in your letter.

**James Manufacturing Company**

(Formerly Kent Mfg. Co.)

211 RIVER STREET, FORT ATKINSON,  
WISCONSIN

### JAMES MFG. COMPANY

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Do you intend to build or remodel?

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NOTE: If you answer all questions we will also mail you, absolutely free, our valuable book, *Helpful Hints for Him Who Builds a Dairy Barn*. Answer last two questions any way for free catalogs No. 10 or No. 11.

power of the country by unbuckling the harness and taking it off. Wilson is right in insisting that what we want is more prosperity — and that the way to get it is to give more men a chance to put their ambition and intelligence into the building of the cities and the subduing of the earth. He understands that the right way to divide prosperity is to equalize opportunity.—Arthur Brisbane.

Lovers are fools, but Nature makes them so.



# MODELED-LEATHER MATS



## CONVENTIONAL DESIGNS

18 inches in diameter,  
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10 inches in diameter,  
Price, \$1.75

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8 inches in diameter,  
Price, \$1.25

Man has spent a good deal of time trying to improve on Nature's beauty-standards.

But being himself a part of Nature, Man is ever drawn back to the primal, the elemental.

We now know that the highest art is to imitate Nature.

We are working from the ornate to the simple, and rough stones, hewed beams, metals bearing the marks of the hammer, the grain of woods and subdued lights are recognized as the virile in art.

Dainty doilies are tabu in such company; the substantial is called for. And so The Roycrofters make some rare mats in modeled leather, the art shades used being softened and blended with gold.



## TABLE-MAT — MOTH DESIGN

20 inches in diameter,  
Price, \$7.50

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
**EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**

Send your boy to The Roycroft Summer School. Write for particulars.



## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING!

**C** The Scotch are a great race and they admit it. They possess poise, power, character, balance, last, stability. ¶ Scotland has contributed to the world more than its fair share of great men and women. In Scotland's Hall of Fame are writ large such names as Bobbie Burns, Robert Louis the Well-Beloved, Tammas the Techy Titan, Adam Smith, whose wonderful book, *The Wealth of Nations*, put the study of Economics on a plane with the sciences, and a host of luminous lights, equally well known. ¶ If you have a strain of Scotch blood in your veins, you may well be proud. ¶ Scotland is the home of oatmeal and haggis. ¶ And oatmeal, it may be said, is of two kinds. ¶ One kind may be taken internally. ¶ The other is for walls and ceilings in the homes of people whose esthetic taste will not tolerate figured papers and disfigured walls. ¶ More and more, as the weeks, months and years marshal themselves into squadrons, and slip silently into the past, do we tire of the superficial, the cheap, tawdry and meaningless in home decoration. ¶ If you are a member of that small and select bunch to whom the average wallpaper design

is an abomination, you would do well to communicate with the S. A. Maxwell Company, and find out about the famous *Maxwellton Imported Duplex Oatmeals and Clothettes*.



¶ These distinctive wall-coverings are a delight to the eye, constituting refined backgrounds that enable you to change the position of pictures without showing where they were hung last. Being in perfect good taste, they do not shriek and scream for attention. ¶ *Maxwellton Imported Duplex Oatmeals and Clothettes* are impervious to light, fast to alkali, famous for depth and brilliancy of coloring. ¶ These coverings are rich, beautiful, durable. They add materially to the atmosphere and attractiveness of the home, conferring charm, dignity and distinction.

¶ If you would decorate your walls and ceilings in a way that will reflect credit on your taste and sterling good sense, investigate the virtues of the genuine *Maxwellton Imported Duplex Oatmeals and Clothettes*, made in bonny Scotland. ¶ Your dealer will gladly show you our line, and explain the adaptability of these exquisite and practical wall-coverings. Or write direct, mentioning the fact that you saw this little "Hoot Mon" in the April FRA, and were interested

### S. A. MAXWELL & COMPANY

67 35th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

729 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1600 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

## PRIVATE SECRETARY — *Perfect Service*

**C** We all make mistakes. ¶ Occasionally they are useful — unless we are stalagmites. Mistakes are monitors; they teach us how to turn failure into success. ¶ Accuracy is the final test of men and systems. ¶ Anything that is handy, reliable, anything that reduces the chances of error, is an asset to the businessman. ¶ The person who is forever making mistakes is making the biggest, if ever he hopes for success. ¶ "God forgive you!" said the busy businessman to a careless clerk, who had lost him a large order by mislaying correspondence, "God forgive you! for I never can." ¶ Order is Heaven's first law. ¶ The Private Secretary puts that law in operation. It creates order out of chaos. It saves time, and time is money. It assists you in conducting your correspondence methodically. It takes care of the loose ends and gathers up the fragments, to the end that nothing shall be lost. ¶ You are able to find your letters, clippings, memos, etc. at hand and in perfect order. You get first things first in the Private Secretary, not the last first and the first last. ¶ The Private Secretary is private. Your papers are away from prying eyes, under their respective dates. It is confidential; it tells no secrets. ¶ The Private Secretary is a remembrancer. No more hunting around for a wanted document, like a dog for a lost bone. You will have the reputation of being a man who meets an obligation or fulfils a promise. ¶ For a "follow-up" system, the Private Secretary is par excellence. ¶ The Private Secretary is a beautifully finished, well-made piece of office furniture. ¶ It is to be found in Quartered Oak (light or dark finish) or Mahogany — whichever you prefer. ¶ The price is Three Dollars and Fifty Cents.



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## Subscribe to *The Philistine*



ARCUS AURELIUS taught that it's not what happens to us that counts; it is the way we take it.

Everything has more than the one side, if we happen to be in the mood to see.

To be able to choose that side of things which will have the best effect on us is to have struck the Philosophic Pay Quartz.

*The Philistine* breeds that habit of thought which looks through sham, ceremony and shystering into MOTIVES, always remembering Rule Six, which is, "Do not take yourself too dam serious."

The subscription-rate to *The Philistine* is One Dollar a year. As a premium, take your choice of the following books:

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**ELBERT HUBBARD,**  
East Aurora, N. Y.

Enclosed please find One Dollar, to pay for a year's subscription to *THE PHILISTINE* Magazine and the premium which I have checked.

Name .....

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Foreign Postage, 24 cents; Canadian Postage, 12 cents.

A Summer School for your boy—The Roycroft School of Life.  
Write for particulars.



# "THE TWO SAMURAI"

AN APPRECIATION BY ELBERT HUBBARD

**T**HOSE who have reveled in *Men Who Dared*, will surely welcome the announcement that Byron Veatch has burst into the limelight with a new story—better, stronger, and, to my way of thinking, more interesting and thrilling than anything this spicy raconteur has yet turned out.

Read the book and you will say I am right.

Knowing something about Byron E. Veatch, and the good work he is doing in a literary way, I picked up this latest production of his pen at a station bookstall a few days ago.

My train was called out almost immediately, so I chucked the book in my greatcoat-pocket, and when the train was under way, fished it out, and waded into the Good Stuff forthwith. Being soon immersed in "yarn," time and the train slid along so swiftly that not until we had left East Aurora some miles to windward, did I rouse sufficiently to note that we were heading for the Great Silence,—the city founded by William Penn, made famous by Pendulum Franklin, and owned by Connie Mack.

I returned from Olean that night, but it was worth while, and I had no kick coming, for while waiting in Olean I reread the thing.

Here, then, is a story in which there is something doing from start to finish. Also, there are two heroes instead of one.

Get acquainted with Sergeant Reynolds of old Troop 'C, and little Izo Yamato, otherwise Sammy the Samurai, "a first-class fightin' man," as Kip would put it. And there is Big Hennessy—but get the book and read it! Then pass it on and let your neighbor read it.

If you can finish it dry-eyed, arterio-sclerosis is lying in wait for you with a stuffed club, just around the corner, and there is no help in us.

*The Two Samurai, a Tale of Arizona*, By Byron E. Veatch, beautifully printed, novelty binding, boxed, Fifty Cents net. At your bookseller's, or direct from the publishers.

**F. G. Browne & Co., Publishers, 1575-8 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

## BOB TAYLOR—HUMANIST

By ELBERT HUBBARD

**I** AM glad to see that somebody has collected the lectures of my old friend, Bob Taylor, and had them beautifully printed.

Bob Taylor was a very human individual. He had the loving heart, the tender sympathy, the wide-reaching imagination, and a knowledge of the little homely things and every-day happenings that make the extraordinary man.

He knew the poor, the ignorant, the unfortunate, the rich, the proud, the successful, and with it all you discover that his heart was forever with the plain and simple people of the world.

He knew, above all men, how to make people laugh. But down underneath his cloak of motley was a very genuine, earnest and solemn spirit.

It was a great life that Bob Taylor lived. Born on a Southern Plantation, but brought up to work, to do things, to make things, to go without things; evolving into schoolteacher, lawyer; becoming Congressman, Governor, United States Senator; and with it all, one of the most popular public speakers that the world has ever seen.

Nobody could come into the presence of Bob Taylor without being better for it.

There were lots of things that I might have argued with him about, but when we met we simply agreed with each other in every proposition brought forth and exploded all our differences in merry laughter.

Bob Taylor made stacks of money, but he did what Andrew Carnegie will never succeed in doing—he died poor. Yet he did not squander his money—he just gave it away to folks—white and black—whom he thought would need it more than he did. And yet, beyond a doubt, he always had everything in life that he needed.

When one writes about Bob Taylor he is tempted to go into competition with him in the matter of swinging the English language. But he who does this has certainly lost his sense of proportion. ¶ Bob Taylor was a wonderful talker. And curiously enough, his good stuff reads almost as well as it "listened." ¶ *Life and Career* is one book; the other is *Lectures and Essays*. ¶ Two Dollars a volume for these beautiful books is certainly doggone cheap. And if humanity is your raw stock, you would do well to invest and help keep alive the memory of this remarkable man who reveled in life and found it good.

Write to THE BOB TAYLOR PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn.

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# TRAVELERS ALL—AHoy!

*Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?—Shakespeare*

By Elbert Hubbard

The Hotel Sherman in Chicago caters to conventions and meetings of a business and educational order.

The last time I was at the "Sherman," there was a meeting of the Mississippi Valley Medical Association being held in the cheery and beautiful Sherman convention-hall.

One of the doctors, passing through the lobby, happened to spy me. He insisted that I should go up to the hall and pass out a little Class A caloric to the parties with the submaxillary foliage.

This was certainly tough on me, after all of the unkind things I had said about doctors; and I surely expected when they got the chance they would operate on me without anesthetics.

Being unable to get away, I succumbed, and behold, these doctors made the hall echo with their applause. I was never more graciously treated, nor more politely listened to.

They had been vaccinated with the spirit of the Hotel Sherman—the spirit of good-cheer, of good-will, of reciprocity—and it had "taken."

Everybody around the Hotel Sherman seems to be a good sport. This does not mean he is a sportsman or sporty. It merely means that he accepts life and finds it good. He recognizes the fact that he is right only a part of the time. Such a man is sure to appreciate the rights of other people. His motto is Noblesse Oblige.

¶ About a year ago I was at the Hotel Sherman when there was a meeting of the principals of the Chicago Public Schools. Present on that occasion was that great and good woman, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who had the felicity to be born on a farm in Erie County, only a few miles from East Aurora.

It was a great privilege to listen to this well-poised, sensible and most common-sense woman, who occupies the most important position of any public-school teacher in America.

She, too, symbolized the spirit of the Hotel Sherman—the spirit of helpfulness, kindness, courtesy, good-cheer, and the primal virtues that the world has never found a substitute for.

At the Hotel Sherman you will find immaculate housekeeping. The dust and the dirt and the microbes are given the kibosh.

There is running water in all the rooms, and specially-filtered drinking-water always at your service by turning the tap. And every room has a bath.

Ventilation, light, cleanliness, sanitation, and every appliance that ministers to good health, good-cheer and the well-being of the traveler are found at the Hotel Sherman.

When you go to the Hotel Sherman, you simply go home. It is a club where all of your wants are anticipated, and where the genus flunky is absent with his fuss and frivol; where service is not pushed on you, but where it is to be had when you wink an eyebrow, or hold up one finger.

I have never seen a drunken man around the Hotel Sherman. I have never heard loud talk, among either guests or servants.

And while the spirit of play seems to abound and the smile habit is contagious, yet earnest sincerity prevails, and health and happiness abound.

The "College Inn," in the Hotel Sherman, is where you will take your meals. It is a place where a Goodie Companie meet, where everybody is young—even though their hair is silvered—where the best of fare abounds, good service is supreme and anything you order is worth the money.

When you go to the Hotel Sherman, you are just going home. Let's go home!

**The Hotel Sherman, City Hall Square, Chicago, Ill.**

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## Lawn Loveliness

**A** SMOOTH, green lawn is a thing of beauty just as long as you can put one over on the dandelions.

Start right by supplying yourself with a Hall Dandelion-Puller.

¶ This little instrument gets the dandelion, roots and all, leaving no unsightly hole in the lawn, to disclose its *locus operandi*.

¶ The Hall Dandelion-Puller is simply constructed: A trowel-shaped blade slips into the ground, a patented prong grips the root. 'Nuf said!

¶ Get the Hall Dandelion-Puller at your hardware-dealer's or send Fifty Cents to the makers, who will supply you by parcel-post *see ad*



**The Hall  
Manufacturing  
Company**  
812 Main Street  
MONTICELLO, IOWA



The Sylvan Beach

## LADIES' PANAMA HATS

**E**VEN if you can't make a Little Journey to Panama, get in tune with the time, and wear a genuine Ladies' Panama, made by the Panama Hat Kings of the World.

Houston Hats are fashioned from the finest materials obtainable, by artisans who do nothing else, and have all the time there is.

Please note this Senorita special. Very large shaped, made of beautiful white fiber, closely woven. Price with scarf, Six Dollars. ¶ Sylvan Beach is a high-grade Ladies' Panama of generous proportions—just the thing for Summer wear. Trimmed with silk or velvet band. Priced at Six Dollars. ¶ We have an illustrated Catalog that we would like to send you. We will forward a copy on the slightest provocation. Just drop a line saying you noticed our ad in THE FRA.

All Houston Hats sent by Parcel Post, Prepaid.

**Houston Hat Company, Houston, Texas**



The Senorita

## IN THE OZARKS

**M**y good friend, "Billy" Maurice, controls and operates the brightest, browest, and best-equipped bathhouse on the American Continent. ¶ The enterprise is located at Hot Springs, Arkansas, I have just written an impromptu booklet of impressions and observations, which "Billy" and other excellent literary critics admit is "Good Stuff"—A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE MAURICE BATHS. ¶ Whoso cares to risk a two-cent stamp can get a copy gratis by directing a request to the

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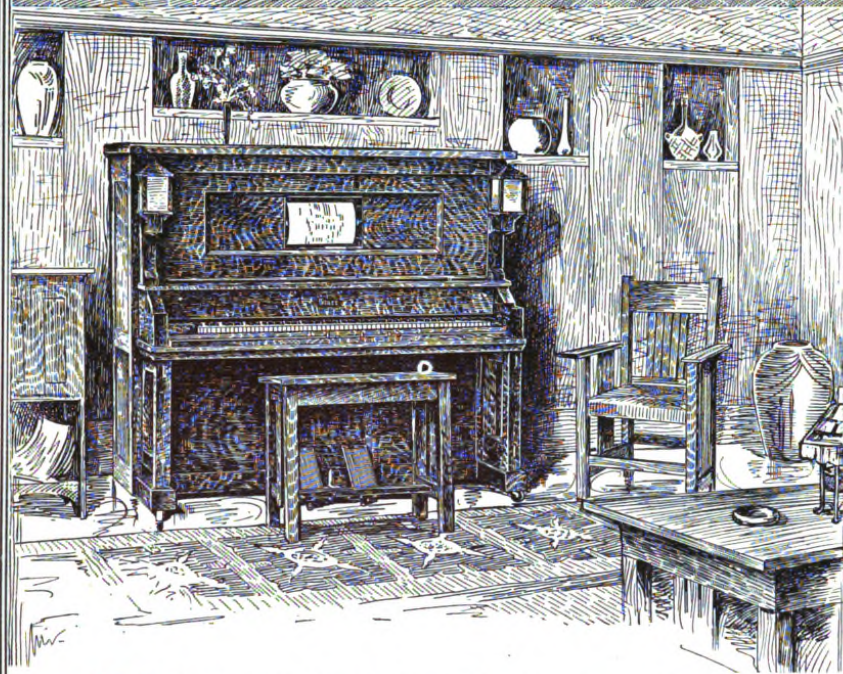
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hates them so thoroughly that it will abolish them.

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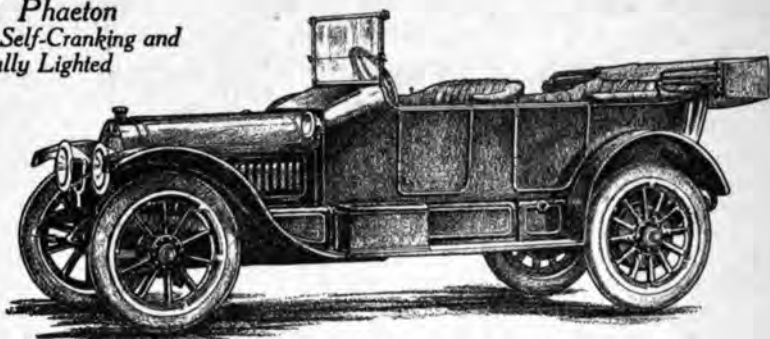
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These 48 specialists, experienced in all the details of motor car building, trained in 97 European and American factories, started out to build a Six without being hampered by old manufacturing equipment and old ideals.

They had a new conception, the result of a combined wider knowledge than was perhaps ever before centered upon the designing of a motor car.

Laymen will have their ideas as to how automobiles should be built, but think you any one less experienced than these experts could build better?

You naturally have more confidence in the diagnosis of a skilled physician than you would in the conjectures

of a hundred laymen. Put equal reliance in these 48 motor experts.

Their reputation is staked on the "54" HUDSON. That is a sufficient guarantee for most buyers.

But there also are HUDSON Sixes in every section. They are doing the most abusive service that any automobile regardless of cost ever did. And they are standing up.

HUDSONS don't disappoint.

The "54" HUDSON has electric lights. It is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. Every motor car luxury is included, speedometer, clock, top, curtains, rain-vision windshield, demountable rims, twelve-inch upholstery, etc. Equipped with a five-passenger Phaeton body, at \$2450.

At \$1875 you can obtain the HUDSON "37"—designed by the same engineers that built the "54"—and pointed to as the "Four-cylinder masterpiece."

Send for catalog, or go to the Hudson dealer, and he will prove their value in a hundred different ways.

*See the Triangle on the Radiator*

## Hudson Motor Car Company

7634 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan





A fine example of oak treatment from the latter half of the Seventeenth Century

## A Patent of Nobility

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



THE Dutch hausfrau who thought mahogany would look better if it were "peynted plue," was no worse than the folks who load their homes with indiscriminate furniture.

The promiscuous gathering of unrelated pieces of furniture, to be seen in the average home, is proof of the need of education in regard to the House Beautiful. ¶ Your taste and judgment are revealed in the furniture you buy. Your furniture is a pat-

ent of nobility. It should represent quality, and should be made to last.

Berkey & Gay make furniture that shall be, as they express it, "for your children's heirlooms." Good furniture should be handed down as a rich legacy unto our issue. ¶ Berkey & Gay furniture possesses significance, worth, individuality. Furniture that is made primarily "to sell," is to Berkey & Gay an abhorrence. They dub it "catalog furniture."

Berkey & Gay furniture, in all the famous Period Styles, is the best in the world. These pieces are carefully studied from the best efforts of the old master cabinetmakers, and the thought and purpose expressed in these masterpieces are reproduced with exactitude. ¶ Berkey & Gay originated the justly celebrated Flanders Furniture. Vriedman de Vries, the master woodworker of Holland in the Seventeenth Century, furnished the inspiration for this artistic revival.

From the great Dutchman's designs in sturdy weathered oak was evolved a motif admirably adapted to the household needs of the modern American home.

¶ For years oak was discountenanced and discredited by the judicious. Indifferent workmen fashioned it in cheap and meaningless designs.

Berkey & Gay's Flanders Furniture has been instrumental in reinstating and rehabilitating this beautiful and distinctive American wood.

Berkey & Gay's Flanders Furniture has been imitated frequently, and, of course, unsuccessfully. An imitation is always an imitation.

The Berkey & Gay Shopmark, inlaid in every piece of Berkey & Gay furniture, symbols honesty and integrity of construction.

Berkey & Gay are educators in a real sense. They are leading people into the Promised Land of Beauty, Service and Durability in regard to Furniture for the Home. ¶ Ask your dealer to show you the elegant Portfolio of Direct Photo-

gravures, illustrating more than two thousand pieces of Berkey & Gay furniture. ¶ This is not a catalog. It costs the dealer Fifty Dollars, reason enough why copies are not being distributed gratis. ¶ However, the de-luxe brochure entitled,

*Character in Furniture*, will be sent to you on receipt of thirty cents in stamps. ¶ This is a reliable textbook setting forth the romance and history of Period Styles, and containing many attractive drawings by Rene Vincent.

With it, if you say the word, will be sent a copy of a 'Gene Field poem, wherein is made special mention of Berkey & Gay. 'T is done in colors on a card and will amuse you.



This is the inlaid mark of honor that is in and on every Berkey & Gay piece

**Berkey & Gay Furniture Company**  
192 Monroe Ave.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## A Machine for the Brain Worker

The Royal Standard Typewriter is the ideal machine for the Author or Journalist, because of its versatility—**added convenience**. A literary man **MUST** be original: he should use the writing machine whose whole keynote is **originality**.

The Royal is not made especially for the use of writers, but for **EVERYBODY** who needs a typewriter. It is essentially the **business man's machine**, complete in every detail.

Everything Included  
No Extras  
\$75



You've heard of the "master key" that fits every lock—did you ever hear of a Master-Model of a typewriter?

### ONE STANDARD MODEL FOR ALL PURPOSES

One Typewriter With the Combined Advantages of Many!

Think of *all* the combined advantages of *several* typewriters you have seen, concentrated in **ONE** standard writing-machine that handles perfectly *every known form* of general correspondence and does card-writing and condensed billing besides—*without a single extra attachment* to complicate the mechanism or add extra cost to your typewriter equipment—and you will have a fairly good conception of the **MASTER-MODEL** of the Royal!

## The Best Built Typewriter in the World

Write for the "Royal Book"—or Send for a "Royal Man"

**ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY**

Room 93, Royal Typewriter Building, NEW YORK

Branches and Agencies in All Parts of the World

Yes, Terese, there is an electric fan on the platform, six feet high, run by electricity, that takes the air, washes it and sends it through the car at a temperature of exactly sixty-eight.

Usually, when you try to ventilate a car you let in a cloud of cinders and dust. But here there is a gust of air blown out of the car by an automatic arrangement when you open the door, so not a fly, mosquito, spider or cinder can enter. It's a dustless, flyless, smokeless car—a Fred Harvey Car—where steam, suds and smell of cooking are eliminated by carefully worked out scientific methods. ¶ If this thing can be done on a Fred Harvey

**T**HE other day I wrote an article on ventilation—or the lack of it—on Pullman cars.

And behold, the very next week I went out on the Santa Fe, and at mealtime I walked into a Fred Harvey Diner that was as sweet as the breath of Spring, or Frank Miller's Mission Inn at Riverside, California, where a mocking-bird sings a solo in an orange-tree under your window.

A Dining-Car ventilated!

Diner, why must ventilation in the sleepers be left to the Senegambian friar, who lets the heat run up until he personally is parboiling or somebody kicks!

The Pullmans are great people. They have made travel a luxury; but since they enjoy a monopoly, they must pay the penalty and render a service that not only is good, but faultless. There is so much Out-of-Doors, that there is no reason why we should breathe secondhand air, save the indifference of the



Octopus. (Fred Harvey feeds us and supplies oxygen, chemically pure, with no extra charge on the bill. Why should the Pullmans continue to bathe us with offensive carbonic-acid gas?

"Us is dyin' off fast!"

**F**REE labor has the inspiration of hope; pure slavery has no hope. The power of hope upon human exertion and happiness is wonderful. The slave-master himself has a conception of it, and hence the system of tasks among slaves. The slave whom you can not drive with the lash to break seventy-five pounds in a day, if you will task him to break a hundred, and promise him pay for all he does

over, he will break you a hundred and fifty. You have substituted hope for the rod. And yet perhaps it does not occur to you that to the extent of your gain in the case, you have given us the slave system and adopted the free system of labor.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

**B**EING about to depart this life, Henry E. Allott, an old-time circus man of Chicago, said to his friends: "Never mind sending for a minister. I know I'm all in. So

## The Victor system of changeable needles gives you complete musical control

### Full tone



**Victrola Needle**  
30 cents for 200

### Medium tone



**Victor Needle**  
5 cents per 100  
50 cents per 1000

### Soft tone



**Victor Half-Tone Needle**  
5 cents per 100  
50 cents per 1000

### Subdued tone



**Victor Fibre Needle**  
50 cents per 100  
(can be repointed  
and used eight times)

Any Victor dealer will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the value of the changeable needle.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**  
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

The Victor system of changeable needles adapts the different selections to the requirements of different rooms, and to meet the tastes of different people—enables you to hear every record just as you want to hear it.

"But", you say, "when Caruso sings or Mischa Elman plays doesn't the Victor record it exactly as the artist sings or plays it?"

Absolutely true to life—but there is this important difference:

The Victor record is the artist just as you would hear him if you stood beside him on the stage, while what you want is to hear him as you would if seated in the audience—and the system of changeable needles enables you to sit in the first row or the last row or any place between, and to change your seat for each individual selection to hear it to the best advantage.

The Victor system of changeable needles and the tone-modifying doors of the Victrola give you perfect control over the music, and enable you to bring out the full beauties of each individual record.

The **Victrola Needle** produces the full tone as originally sung or played—particularly suited for large rooms and halls, and for dancing.

The **Victor Needle** brings out a volume of tone about equal to what you would hear in the first few rows of an opera house or theatre.

The **Victor Half-tone Needle** reduces the volume of tone and gives you the effect of sitting in the middle of an opera house or theatre.

The **Victor Fibre Needle** produces a rich, subdued tone that takes you still further back—a tone that will delight the discriminating music-lover.

The principle of the changeable needle is the only correct one to insure perfect results, and the reproducing qualities of Victor Needles are absolutely right.



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

many 'right' people have gone ahead of me that I suppose the grandstand is filled; but I'll take a chance in the bleachers." He left a fifty-dollar bill under his pillow, that his funeral might be attended with good-cheer. The religion of Mr. Allott is unknown, but whatever its name it was not a bad one to die by.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone.—*Thoreau.*



# Speed and Accuracy



That means the  
**Underwood**  
when you mention Typewriters

A world's champion is the  
**Underwood**

*"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"*

**UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.**  
(INCORPORATED)

Underwood Building

New York City

*Branches in All Principal Cities*

and five times as fast as equipment, and the rate is increasing every day. Because of this congestion the average movement of a freight-car is only about two hours out of twenty-four; a dead loss of efficiency entailing enormous waste. No terminal of any large city in the country to-day is capable of expeditious dealing with the vast traffic passing through it. The only solution is to enlarge the terminals, and that is a question of money. Tremendous sums of money must be raised, and capital will not supply these sums until it is satisfied with the security and with the prospects for adequate returns. The net operating revenues of

**O**UR railroads are not faring well. Whether they can, in face of all discouragements, provide adequate facilities to meet the growing traffic of the country is an open question.

A few years ago the railroads, and not the industrial corporations, were the objects of attack by politicians and the people. The railroads have now been subdued and regulated, but the pursuit still goes on.

From Nineteen Hundred Nine freight-ton mileage grew eleven times as fast as trackage

railroads last year actually decreased five per cent. Under the present rate regulation a decline in net earnings of railroads is assured.

The rate of interest at which roads may borrow has gone up from four per cent ten or fifteen years ago, to four and one-half per cent to the strongest railroads and a higher rate to others. Railroads can not get capital easily, because their earning power has fallen off as expenses have risen. Rates have declined steadily, due to legislative regulations, orders



of public commissions and voluntary reductions. Railroad-rates in the United States on the whole are the lowest in the world, but they can not continue to grow lower. With all their handicaps, our railroads have been capably managed, their resources and powers used to the highest business advantage. ¶ But that great inexorable traffic increase is keeping on. It has overtaken the railroads like a great black storm. It threatens to engulf them. The facilities have grown puny in face of it. The railroads must earn more in order to borrow more. And they must do both, or they must meet ruin—ruin not only for the railroads but for the vast business of the country.—*William C. Cornwell.*

**H**ENRY FORD'S love of birds is almost a passion. Never has he been known to shoot or kill a bird. He even does not enjoy fishing. To him life's greatest pleasure is to be on the farm where he was reared as a boy, roving in the fields and hearing Nature's sweet symphony. The first memories of his life are of a robin—a red-breasted robin. At the time, his father

carried Henry's brother, scarcely two years older, in his arms, so when Henry Ford looked upon that robin and realized it, he must have been very young. More than five hundred bird-houses are on his farm, and the little wrens who winter in the Southland seem to come back early in the Spring, as if to find good quarters on the Ford farm. Late last December the robins were still in the quarters here provided, and seven remained all winter.—*Mitchell Mannering.*

## China, Charm & Cheer



OMER was the greatest writer of epics the world has ever seen—the Epic-tetus of all time.

H'old 'Omer was blind as a bat, but he acquired the Touch System and dashed off immortal hexameters on his bully

Blickensderfer. ¶ Shakespeare poached eggs and was known as a village cut-up, until he got a Cosmic Hunch, ran away to London and wrote the greatest plays in the English Language, or any other language.

Homer Laughlin and his brother, Shakespeare, started making china more than forty years ago. Today they are making more china, and better china, than any other company in the world.

The flourishing village of Newell, West Virginia, owes its being to the Homer-Laughlin Industry.

Newell is unique among "factory towns." Here are no rows of humble cots built after a single stereotyped pattern. ¶ Homer Laughlin workmen are a happy, healthy and efficient lot, eighteen hundred strong. They live in handsome cottages, in a model modern municipality. Their environment is reflected in the china they evolve—approximately fifty million pieces annually. ¶ The trade-name "Homer-Laughlin" on a piece of China tokens quality, like the Lion-Anchor-G on Gorham Silverware.

Look for the name on the under side of every piece of Homer Laughlin China of sufficient size.

And send for a copy of the China Book, the booklet de luxe, giving helpful hints about the selection and the care of China. "Do it now" is an excellent motto.

**The Homer Laughlin China Company**

Newell, West Virginia

**HOMER LAUGHLIN** Shock-Resisting **CHINA**





## THE INDESTRUCTO DREADNAUGHT

**I**n The English Language teems with words taken over from the current coinage of great commercial enterprises. ¶ These words carry with them a wealth of suggestion.

They stand for qualities, and convey meanings that half a dozen different adjectives could not express so simply and so suitably.

¶ It has just occurred to me that I employ the word "Indestructo" quite naturally and unconsciously, on occasion.

¶ The word symbolizes solidity and strength. It would make an appropriate name for a Dreadnaught.

¶ Instead of groping around for a bunch of adjectives, more or less inappropriate and inapt, we say this, that or the other is "strong as an Indestructo," or is "built just like an Indestructo."

¶ And whenever we draw this comparison, we bestow a two-fold compliment. ¶ We pay an unconscious compliment to Indestructo Luggage, and another and intentional one, to the thing itself. ¶ For in comparing any article to an Indestructo Trunk, let us say, we imply that the article possesses undoubted strength, is solid, sturdy, compact, well put together, and withal, good-looking and attractive—will serve its purchaser faithfully, efficiently and well.

¶ The single word "Indestructo" stands for all these things. The word is as full of significance as an egg is of meat.

¶ Indestructo Luggage is a necessity in this day and generation. ¶ People travel much and often, and there is need of trunks, bags, portmanteaus and luggage that will take hard knocks as a part of the daily routine, and nothing said.

¶ Indestructo answers all the requirements of the globe-trotter. ¶ I have an Indestructo that accompanies me on most of my Little Journeys.

¶ This particular trunk I have had three years, and in that time Old Faithful has traveled more than thirty-five thousand miles, being as strong and husky today as it was the day I bought it. ¶ It pays to buy the best. To invest in Luggage, Indestructo made, is to save money by spending it. Send today for that Globe-Trotters' Guide, the *Travel Book*, an interesting brochure, and profitable, that will give you something to think about. You can get a copy by directing a request to Dept. 1305.

**NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY**  
**Mishawaka, Indiana**

prosperity must depend upon the plow. It is the magic influence of the plow that makes the desert bloom and blossom. Remove the plow from a country, and our powerful banks would topple. Factories and warehouses would be confused and close their doors and the dominion of business would be convulsed and shaken with distress filling the streets.

We look upon the locomotive that pulls the palace-cars across the great desert and admire the ingenuity and greatness of its construction. We are impressed with the massive wheels, its defiant scream. It is a magnificent creation, has muscles of power and endurance, has fleetness of limb and bright-

**T**HE plow tells the story of civilization. The warrior may conquer a country and put the resisting hosts to the sword, but the plow must supply the food to the conquering army. Statesmen shape the Nation's policy, but the plow alone develops its latent resources. The poet arouses the patriotism of a people and spurs them on to deadly conflict with the invading hosts, yet the plow must furnish the sinews of war. Money and labor may build great cities, but their permanent

ness of eye. But withdraw the plow and it stands cold, lifeless and inert, exhibiting no herculean strength. But with the plow turning the sod and laying the furrow and planting the grain, the match is applied and its great massive wheels reveal their power and grandeur, and at the bidding of its master it rushes across the continent, stimulating business and supplying food to the world.

Where the plow occupies a place in every home of a Nation that Nation may be assailed,



but never conquered. It will be invulnerable to the invading hosts. But a Nation without the plow will crumble into decay as the invading army marches over its plains. A Nation can not endure when its inhabitants are hungry.—*Houston Post.*

THE curse of Texas today is its political "tight-wads," whose imagination forces them into scuffles with progress. For several years West and South-west Texas have suffered in silence for railroad facilities, and when relief came in sight there were always those in power willing to lay withering hands on their promised prosperity. It ought to be encoura-

ging to those men of lofty courage in our Legislature, who are struggling to open the gates of civilization, to learn that all the opposition can do is to set error in motion and fan the embers of dissension.

Texas is coming into her own, and any man had as well try to stop the creation of a new world as to undertake to flag progress with the dark lantern of prejudice.—*Texas News Service.*

Facts are stubborn things.—*Le Sage.*



ACCORDING to Hugh Chalmers, the things we need we are paying for every day. ¶ I suspect that many a woman in this peaceful land of plenty is paying for "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves on exactly that basis. ¶ "Silk," let me remark, is one of the most misused and abused words in the language. ¶ If we had a Pure-Fabric Law, nine-tenths of the Stuff now masquerading under the name of silk would surely be disqualified. ¶ When you buy silk, call for "Niagara Maid." Then you will get the best the market affords. ¶ "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves are approved by all discriminating womankind. ¶ In point of fit, finish, fabric and workmanship, they are unexcelled. ¶ "Niagara Maid" Silk Products wear longer and give greater satisfaction than other makes. Also, they cost less, quality considered. ¶ Look for the guarantee ticket—there's one in every pair of "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves. ¶ All styles and colorings? Yes, yes, of course! ¶ Your dealer banks on "Niagara Maid." If he can not supply you, send his name, and we will supply you through him. Let us hear from you!

#### NIAGARA SILK MILLS

Dept. F North Tonawanda, N. Y.  
New York Boston San Francisco Chicago

I AM in receipt of a letter from that great and good woman, Mrs. Winifred Harper Cooley. The whole letter is interesting, but one paragraph in it is luminous. I quote as follows: "Mr. Copeland is an Elbert Hubbard with a soul." This seems to imply that Elbert Hubbard is a corporation.—*Bolton Hall.*

I never make the mistake of arguing with people for whose opinions I have no respect.

—*Gibbon.*



## Beautiful Books, Beautifully Bound

### *The Law of Love, By William Marion Reedy*

In this book, the author traces the Law of Love from the birth of cosmos to the highest types of mortal lovers. "Mingling atoms make suns. Cell seeks affinity with cell. . . Worlds in contact give birth to worlds. That crystals meet and kiss and mingle and produce other crystals is only the way of a man with a maid. . . Love is the only law." Here is the theme that strikes the deepest chord of human interest, vitalized by the peculiar genius of William Marion Reedy.

Bound in Three-quarters Levant, printed on Japan Vellum, this book is Ten Dollars.

### *Nature, By Ralph Waldo Emerson*

"Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood." Nature is the one counterblast to the boredom, the petulance, the vanity and the clamor which attends man's cramped relations with his fellow-men. Nature is the great Relief, the boundless Sympathy, the eternal Study. Emerson puts his listener in close personal touch with this true Redeemer, whose blessings are for every man here and now.

In Alicia binding, printed on Japan Vellum, this book is Seven-Fifty.

### *Love, Life and Work, By Elbert Hubbard*

We are all young while we are evolving, and here are some preachments for those in process, at any stage of the game. The Fra has not discovered any paved and electric-lighted highway to Success and Happiness, but in *LOVE, LIFE AND WORK* he turns some radio-rays in that direction :

"Keep your mind on the great and splendid things you would like to do ; and then as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing the opportunities that are required for the fulfilment of your desires, just as the coral-insect takes from the running tide the elements it needs."

Bound in Three-quarters Levant, printed on Japan Vellum, this book is Ten Dollars.

### *The Mintage, By Elbert Hubbard*

Said Emerson, "A story which will make the average reader laugh and cry both is a great story, and he who writes it is a true author." *THE MINTAGE* contains eleven Short Stories in the Fra's happiest style, with enough of the Divine Spark to meet Emerson's requirements, and then some. Mankind is the ideal study for man, because it is the most applicable, and nothing portrays man so vividly, so true to life, as the Short Story. *THE MINTAGE* is a veritable textbook of human nature.

In a modeled-leather binding, printed on Japan Vellum, the price of this book is Ten Dollars.

### *Friendship, Love and Marriage, By Henry D. Thoreau*

Thoreau viewed life from a distance, where he could see things in their true proportions. He was a hermit free from the acerbity and misanthropy that commonly taints the love of solitude. He divined the sense in human relations, because he kept away from the glamour of sentiment. This keenness was combined with a depth of feeling characteristic of the Nature-Lover. Though Thoreau was of the Transcendental School, which flourished in New England some seventy years ago, his writings will always be pertinent until we have a new Human Nature.

Bound in Three-quarters Levant, printed on Japan Vellum, the price of this book is Ten Dollars.

## *The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York*

A Summer School for your boy—The Roycroft School of Life.



# The Ara

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION  
Exponent of the American Philosophy

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# The Roycroft Fraternity

*Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta*  
From THE FRA Magazine for May, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

- 1 Why are early misfortunes, like those of Warren Hastings, fortunate to real men?
- 2 Why did Warren Hastings, like most great pioneers, have to fight the people he was benefiting?
- 3 Explain why punishment should fit the criminal, not the crime.
- 4 What are the inherent defects of legal justice?
- 5 Show how and why the world has always abused her greatest men.
- 6 Trace, in the evolution of the National Cash Register Company, the principles on which all great businesses grow.
- 7 Can there be wrong in the success of a company which succeeds by the same methods as its competitors fail?
- 8 Why is there always danger in doing too much for people?
- 9 Review the methods of Archbishop Laud, and the results of such methods through all history.
- 10 What is the effect on men of the Government murdering its enemies?
- 11 Who suffer mainly for the punishment of corporations?
- 12 Is the criminal, or is society, mostly to blame for crime?
- 13 Point out some monopolies outside of business, and are they more excusable than business monopoly?
- 14 Would attempts to reform business by force result the same as have the attempts to reform society by force?
- 15 Why should Art be thought of as a Way, rather than as an Institution?
- 16 Does breadth of vision and citizenship of the world tend to make men unpatriotic, as is maintained in the case of Ambassador Bryce?
- 17 What complications may arise from the Balkan situation, and why is the worst liable to happen after the present fighting is over?
- 18 Why are religious wars the least justifiable of any?
- 19 In what ways, and in what instances, has the march, the exodus, been a telling protest for a Cause?
- 20 What is the final significance of the Camorra trial?
- 21 What effect has the abolition of violence upon woman's sphere in the industrial world?
- 22 How have the child-labor laws been evaded under the doctrine that "man's home is his castle"?
- 23 Why is the great business head really paid on a lower wage-scale than the common laborer?
- 24 Prove Oliver Wendell Holmes' statement, that the time to begin the education of a child is a hundred years before he is born.
- 25 Define Eugenics, and the clergy's attitude toward this and all other scientific problems.
- 26 Discuss Doctor Davenport's statement: "The most important thing in the world today is physical reproduction."
- 27 Describe the analogy between the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and woman's Declaration of Rights today.
- 28 How will English men lose if they are victorious over English women?
- 29 Define Monism, and the influence of this creed as shown by the character and personality of its greatest living exponent.
- 30 Explain how Oral Hygiene in the Schools means in the end an economic and financial gain to the State.
- 31 Describe oxygenation, and the relation between breath and life.
- 32 How far is it true that the love and approbation of others is worth more than carrying your own points?

actual value and the valuation assumed by oneself. The humorous writers made lavish employment of this, and we have Bottoms, Lillyvicks and Micawbers in plenty.

The primitive egoist was presumably a frank and downright brute. Society had not taken palpable form as an obstruction between the individual and his selfish desire. No convention of code being recognized but that of his own instincts, the satisfaction of these required no evasion, no invention of legal periphrasis or euphonism for the decent veiling of selfishness. But civilization brings with it society: a set of ideals governing human intercourse, conventional standards of the

Itself, egoism is not comic. Self-seeking is a natural instinct, the motive power of every organism. Preoccupation with self is a condition of success in a world of competitors. Mere selfishness may be carried to brutality without passing through a comic phase. An egoism is conceivable without the display of undue vanity or self-esteem. The most obvious element of egoism is, to be sure, a self-conceit quite generally accompanying it. The ludicrous lies in the discrepancy between one's

fair and kindly in one's relations to one's fellows. Manners are softened; men grow considerate, even altruistic; self is restrained, subdued. The Golden Rule is practised. Egoism is on the wane. So it appears on the surface: such is our ideal, and so we like to represent ourselves. And yet egoism flourishes. Competition is lively, even in our well-ordered society. Self-seeking remains the motive power by which the healthy organism supports itself. In certain favored ones, especially,



our social system actually cultivates egoism. And it is not strange that they should give evidence of pre-occupation with self. To be sure, they are highly civilized, keenly aware of the social conventions, proud of their own refinement, and anxious to seem models of altruism. And hence arises the masquerade in which we find amusement.

And the modern gentleman is a thousand times more open to these shafts than the primitive brute. The latter is presumably concerned only with the satisfaction of physical appetites. The civilized being has discovered a wider realm of finer gratifications. He likes not only success, but the reputation for success. He wishes to win the prize, not more on its own account than for the envy and admiration of the disappointed. It is therefore necessary for him not merely to be victor, but to be acclaimed such.

—Joseph Warren Beach.

The Collector of the port in New York City has officially decided that a hen is not a bird. He is certainly right in the proposition. The hen is a Mortgage-Lifter.

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The old and true saying, "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," is forcibly illustrated by the **direct-filling Conklin.**

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**Conklin's**  
Self-Filling  
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NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO  
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DO not remember that in my whole life I ever wilfully misrepresented anything to anybody at any time. I have never knowingly had connection with a fraudulent scheme. I have tried to do good in this world, not harm, as my enemies would have the world believe. I have helped men and have attempted in my humble way to be of some service to my country.—J. Pierpont Morgan.

LIVE AND THINK.—Samuel Lover



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East Aurora, N. Y.

You are invited to open an account



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Quarterly

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and Pantie shapes, with and without waist-bands ♣ The only use for the latter is to provoke cuss-words and line ash-receivers ♣ Cigars are mostly made with Conn. and skunk-cabbage or Sumatra burdock broad-leaf wrapper, and oakum, ham rope, back bay, and onion-top filler, with a few shreds of tobacco for flavor. They are graded into pure and impure Havana, Key West, Key Lost, domestic, two-fers, five for a nickel, and campaign brands, and sell from fifty cents each, according to location, down to two for a penny ♣ The usual price is fifteen straight, three for a quarter, or six for five cents, in many cases out of the same box.

### PHILOSOPHIC C. Q. D.

**H**AVE written a philosophy which presents a new theory of the Universe—Mind, Matter, Life and Death. It is brief, as it states the fundamental principles of the Universe, Humanity, Philosophy, Morality, Friendship, etc., also the bases of all healing systems, and shows how to apply the principles of health so that none need ever be ill. This philosophy has been pronounced by competent critics as equal to any ever written, and the *greatest*, if my health doctrines are correct, which have been approved by one of the world's greatest authorities on health. *FRA* readers delight in its courage and style. It meets the specifications for *An American Bible* in the January *FRA*. I am a young man and will require some financial assistance to bring out this work at once. I must appeal to those not afraid to aid a thinker who is daunted by nothing when he thinks he's right ♣

Address 880, care of *THE FRA*,  
East Aurora, New York

### Facts for Advertisers

**F***RA* ads pull on account of three important facts:

- (1) *That they are mostly well written.*
- (2) *That the printer was on to his job.*
- (3) *Next, because they appeal to a constituency.*

*Fra* subscribers believe in *The Fra*. ♣ To them Roycroftism, or The American Philosophy, is a religion. And The American Religion, defined in the fewest possible words, is the discovery that truth is an asset.

*Fra* subscribers pay for what they get, and get what they pay for. *The Fra* represents quality circulation—the immature and the trifling do not buy it. It goes to householders. You get "Century" quality at "Munsey" price.

**C**IGARS are multitudinous, devious, delirious, defamatory. They are made by union and non-union people, each of whom swears the other side's product is made by vile and filthy sweat-shop labor, and out of cabbage-leaves, bog-hay, ground gum-shoes—and both probably tell the truth. A statistically mad man once began the tabulation of the various makes of cigars, but died of old age before completing it.

Cigars come in Puritana, Panatella, Perfecto

Most of us who buy them cherish an illusion that some other kind will taste better ♣ This Ignis Fatuus is the cigarmaker's White Alley. ♣ Cigars are also graded in color and come in Claro, Claro Calf, Colorado, Colorado Dog, Maduro, and Make-You-Mad shade. Like all fake things they are packed in handsome boxes of aromatic and zestful odor, and the more alluring the actress' face pictured thereon, or nearly nude the senorita, the more like burning punk and rotten onions the cigars will



smell and taste. The fact that about ten billion of these go up in smoke annually accounts for so many thunderstorms, tornadoes and cyclones.

Cigars have various and very distinctive odors, produced by spraying them with valerian, soaking in rum, and in many cases by the use of asafetida, aniseed, chloride of lime, and essence of tar or stinkweed. So pronounced are some of these that many a vicious dog has been driven out of a tanyard by them.

Our sweethearts and wives usually overlook our smoking proclivities, an offense few of us could condone in them, which is conclusive proof of their more angelic and forgiving nature.

Few men of sane and sober sense would ever kiss a lady after she had been chewing tobacco or smoking an oakum and onion-top flavored cigar. Most of us can recall with humiliation our first cigar and its outcome—also with thankfulness, in case there was no eyewitness to that episode.

Man is the only known animal who will use tobacco in any form. Not even a distillery-drunk pig will eat that weed to keep from starving! All of which proves what a wide

range of taste man has, and how far superior to the brutes he is. His consumption of tobacco gives occupation to a million or more who need it, however, which is some extenuation. And a real fragrant cigar *does* add cheerfulness to our association, and banishes many a grouch after all! But such as these are scarcer than hen's teeth.

—Commercial Travelers Magazine.

A great ship asks deep waters.—Herbert.

## Practise Come-Packt Economy



Height, 31 inches; length, 79 inches; depth, 30 inches; cushions, Auto-Spring type, 75 x 27 inches. Pores, 2½ inches. Imperial leather seat cushions. Cambride covers, \$36.00. Roan skin, \$52.25. Genuine Fumed Oak or your choice of eight finishes.

Dealer's Price, \$48.00  
**Come-Packt Price \$23.85**

**T**HE High Cost of Living is no joke. Everything has aviated into the cerulean, salaries alone excepted. Wait a minute, though!—I forgot Come-Packt Furniture! You can still buy this excellent grade of Furniture at prices that spell genuine economy. Sometimes the best way to save money is to spend it. Invest some of your hard-earned in Come-Packt Sectional Furniture. You will never cease congratulating yourself. Also, you will become a regular subscriber to *The Fra*, and when it's furniture you want, you will Come-Back to Come-Packt. The Come-Packt Factory-to-Family Sales Plan eliminates the jobber and the retailer, transferring their profits to your pocket. You save money on transportation, storage, space, salesmen's salaries and expenses, dealers' profits and expenses. Purchasers effect a saving of one-half, easily, by dealing direct. Come-Packt Furniture is shipped crated, in sections, at knock-down rates. One year's FREE TRIAL—MONEY BACK any time you hold up one finger! Quality of materials and integrity of workmanship, highest possible. Quartered-Sawn White Oak in Mission, Arts and Crafts, and Bungalow Styles—eight exquisite finishes. Send this day for beautiful big catalog, picturing and describing more than 400 pieces of Come-Packt Sectional Furniture. Mailed Free. Just one green stamp will do it. Buy Come-Packt Sectional Furniture direct, and double the purchasing power of your money.

**Come-Packt Furniture Co.**



**553 Fernwood Avenue  
Toledo, Ohio**



**G**O be honest, to be kind—to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy

**R o b e r t L o u i s S t e v e n s o n**



WATCH-FOB



Price, \$1.00

# Real Favors



Scattered over this page are pictures of some useful bits of copper and modeled leather — quality gifts of inexpensive size. Too often, all the worth a favor has is that given it by the sentiment attached. The pieces shown here will stand on their own merit after the sentiment has subsided.

COIN-FOB



Price, \$1.00

KNIFE-CASE

Price,  
50 Cents

SHEARS-CASE

Price,  
50 CentsWROUGHT-COPPER  
HAT-PIN

Price, \$1.00

COPPER ASH-TRAY

5 inches square  
Price, \$1.00

MATCH-SAFE



Price, \$1.00

BILL-FOLD

4 inches square  
Price, \$5.00

CHANGE-PURSE

Price, \$2.00  
One gusset pocket  
One flat pocket

CARD-CASE

3 x 4 1/4 inches  
Price, \$1.50

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York



## Roycroft Convention Number

### THE FRA MAGAZINE

**T**HE June *FRA* will be our Roycroft Convention Number. ¶ The mighty hosts of Philistia, ten times ten thousand strong, will set their faces toward the Land of Sun-up, as they have e'en been wont to do, lo! these eighteen years — to chant in sweet symphonic unison, "Not unto thee, but unto us 'uns." ¶ Those loyal souls, however, greathearted who can not Little-Journey hitherwards, to bask in the reflected radiance of Fra Elbertus' bright-beaming countenance, will find the warm hand-grasp of the only original Roycrofter in captivity, extended to them in the June *FRA*, which will go far towards compensating them for the Real Thing. ¶ Those who can come, are assured the time of their young lives. ¶ The June *FRA* will be full of meat, and we can mention but one or two items of especial and timely interest. ¶ Mrs. Hubbard has contributed a marvelous piece of analytical literature respecting the greatest woman heretic of the century. ¶ This is followed by an article on the

#### *Economic Independence of Married Women*

by Ellen Key. Professor Irving Fisher, Charles F. D. a. Bert Letson Taylor, Finley Acker and other Roycrofters, good and true, and also "at large," will be well represented. ¶ And Fra Elbertus comes across with a broadside on *Champerly and Barretty* that will give you something to talk about for the next six months. ¶ Whatever else you do, don't miss the June Number. You can't afford to. At all news-stands, or Two Dollars a Year in Advance. Consider and perpend! THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

## Write It Down In Gregg Shorthand

**D**O you know that President Wilson wrote the first draft of his book, *History of the American People*, in shorthand—writing a system in vogue at the time he studied shorthand, forty years ago? Have you ever considered what advantage a mastery of shorthand was to such prolific intellectual creators as Charles Dickens? Robert G. Ingersoll, perhaps the most eloquent speaker of the English tongue that ever lived, although he had not the opportunity to learn shorthand, recognized its value in preserving the momentary inspirations of genius. Marshall P. Wilder, the famous American entertainer and author, has found shorthand a valuable aid in authorship. James Oppenheim, author of *The Nine-Tenths* and *The Olympian*, and one of the *Cosmopolitan's* top-notchers, began his career as a writer of Gregg Shorthand—and the list of those who make daily use of shorthand in professional and literary work might be continued indefinitely.

Whether you are a clerk, salesman, doctor, lawyer, teacher, student, literary worker, or business man, you will find Gregg Shorthand a convenience in making notations and in all kinds of composition. You can learn to put down names, addresses, appointments, easily and quickly; you can jot down reminders, thoughts, inspirations, as they leap to your mind; compose letters and other matter in the absence of your stenographer and hand your stenographic notes to her for transcription when she is at hand. You can make rough drafts of agreements, articles and speeches and obtain a

stenographer to transcribe your notes without difficulty, as Gregg Shorthand is taught in more than one-half of the public and private schools of America. The present predominance of Gregg Shorthand and its rapid growth in popularity assure its ultimate universal use.

Every day hundreds of students, stenographers and department managers carry on postal intercommunication in Gregg Shorthand. The immense inter-office correspondence of the Gregg Publishing Company, with its chief distributing centers at New York, Chicago and San Francisco, is carried on largely by letters written in stenographic characters. In addition a correspondence is constantly being conducted with the thousands of instructors in Gregg Shorthand in America and abroad. Gregg Shorthand is so simple that anybody can learn it; it is as legible as longhand; it is the most rapid of all systems.

President Wilson's chief stenographer and official reporter, Mr. Charles L. Swem, is a writer of Gregg Shorthand. Mr. Swem, who was twenty years of age on March 3d, reported all of President Wilson's campaign addresses. Warren F. Johnson, stenographer to the Secretary to the President of the United States, is also a writer of Gregg Shorthand.

A few minutes a day devoted to Gregg Shorthand will enable you to make practical use of it in a short time. There is a lot of literature on Gregg Shorthand and its achievements and this will be gladly sent to you on request. Ask the nearest school—or write to

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School Boys



A Rest-Spell

## *The* BOYS' SCHOOL *of* LIFE

*Youth will be busy at something!*



ET him do what he wills, follow his own heart's desires in field, shop and play, and he will gravitate to the useful by an irresistible force, for the instinct of a healthy boy is to BUILD.

Confront him with something that interests and inspires, something that challenges, something for him to do and to overcome; let him solve problems in wood and iron, in soil and stock; let him taste his little triumphs over Nature's forces: then watch his eagerness for bigger and broader ones!

The boys at The Roycroft School spend each forenoon in recitations on useful school subjects. But The Roycroft Farm is the main recitation-room.

On the Farm, the boys express themselves by acts, not by words; by feelings, not merely by thoughts; by joy and laughter, rather than by algebraic formulas.

They study life by living. They start their careers seasoned, self-reliant, and with the ambition and industry born of vibrant health.

When boys have work that they can put their hearts into, promptness, cheerfulness and obedience become life-habits.

*The School opens for the Summer Term, June Fifteenth, closes September First. Write for particulars to*

**The Roycroft School of Life, East Aurora, New York State**



In the Cornfield



The Ol' Swimmin'-Hole



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It's Not Enough That You Graduated from This University or That College  
The world asks, what do you know TO-DAY?

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Encyclopædias that served you well within the last decade are now practically obsolete. They tell nothing of the U. S. Census of 1910 — statistics of population, agriculture, and manufactures; the Presidential election of 1912; the 1913 Parcel Post law; the present Balkan War; the Panama exposition; Antarctic exploration, including the Scott expedition and its sad events; the revolution in Mexico; President Wilson and his Cabinet, with full-page photograph, and the thousands of subjects of to-day or to-morrow. The one Encyclopædia that keeps up with you and you up with the times is

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Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## The SWIFTEST THING in the WORLD

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



SIR CHARLES LYELL, the English scientist, visited this country in the early Forties, and, like all good and loyal Britishers, went 'ome and wrote out his impressions of America and Americans. ¶ Sir Charles found the country in a crude state of cultivation, paregorically speaking, as also did Dickens, at about the same time. The Novelist passed the Yankees a few by the right oblique, but the Geologist had the eye to see and the heart to understand. He predicted a bright and glorious future for the sturdy young nation. ¶ Lyell was evidently interested in the problem of transportation, for in his diary we find frequent comments on the speed attained by American trains. He records as high as sixteen miles an hour, a terrific pace! Such fearful velocity thrilled him, filled him with fantastic terrors never felt before. ¶ In Washington's day, the time required to make the trip from New York to Philadelphia, by stage, was three days. Now I can do the distance in as many hours on my new Yale Motorcycle. And an experienced rider could do it in less time, if the authorities would let him. ¶ The motorcycle is the swiftest thing in the world today, not excepting the aeroplane. If Sir Charles Lyell could see me tearing along the State Road at a one-forty clip, leaving the atmosphere all blurred and streaked with blue, he would undoubtedly drop dead of arterio-sclerosis. Is it a Motorcycle you want? Then the Yale is the thing. There may be other motorcycles, but if so, none worth comparison with the Yale. ¶ The Yale will never go back on you a hundred miles from home. It is untiring, patient, much-enduring, tractable. It will serve you efficiently and well, adding to your happiness and length of days, putting you on a footing of friendly familiarity with the out-of-doors. Gentle Spring is here, and the country roads will soon be fit and fine. ¶ The Yale people are anticipating an enormously busy season. ¶ All of which means, get your order in early, otherwise you may be lost in the shuffle. ¶ Meantime see your local "Yale" dealer, and arrange for a demonstration.

### The CONSOLIDATED MANUFACTURING CO.

Toledo, State of Ohio

convict is driven by police surveillance to continue a career of outlawry is to state a time-worn truth.

The conduct of the Arizona State Penitentiary is at once a lesson and a reproach to society. The policy of kindness prevailing there, the recognition of honor among inmates, is lifting them to a high moral plane. They have organized a State Prison Mutual Improvement League that is doing a great work. So potent is the benign influence of this work that it extends far outside prison-walls. It is arousing the public conscience. Members of this league believe in charity and exercise it. They believe in discipline, and

WITH all respect for the police, as a rule a conscientious body and a necessity to public safety, the fact must be admitted that the man whose business is the checkmating of the criminal is slow to recognize the possibility of an element of good in the lawbreaker.

Therefore, when the police condemn the policy of mercy that embraces parole and which hopes to cure and uplift criminals, rather than merely to punish them, it is well to heed judgments less prejudiced. To say that many a

respect it. They believe in honor, and permit it to govern them.

Christmas they treated a crippled boy to a laden tree. A little later they made up a purse for the family of a fellow convict. The president of this league is a life-termer, and it might be supposed that the accomplishment of good would be beyond him, even should his ambition suggest it. Not so. He is doing a great work.

One commentator has said that if the spirit



prevailing in this penitentiary prevailed outside of it, there would be no need of prisons. Such a summing up does not seem to be an overstatement of the case.

—Henry James.

**S**CHEDULE K was one of the shibboleths of tariff legislation aftermath. It sounded well, and more people talked about it than any other portion of the late tariff bill—to say nothing of what was done to it in the Senate and at the various probes, pro and con. “Flannelette” or “cotton flannel,” as it used to be called, is now a very handsome and comfortable fabric, and is said to be the real cause of many explosions in Schedule K.

If now so processed as to be made reasonably non-inflammable, it is often treacherous and nearly as destructive to life as gunpowder, and the casualties are even more gruesome than the details of campaign discussion. In Great Britain, during the year ending March Second, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, three hundred eighty-four persons succumbed to severe burns, and of these one hundred thirty-three persons were fatally burned through wearing flannelette clothing. Curtains and portieres

# Ingersoll

*The Watch that  
Made the Dollar  
Famous.*

## 31 Million Sold

*The Ingersoll watch industry is something to be proud of.*

*It has provided over 31 million good watches to that many good people who needed economical time.*

*Philanthropy? No! But an industry dedicated to the principle of —*

*Giving all we can for what we get, instead of getting all we can for what we give.*

The five Ingersoll models are:

<i>Ingersoll Dollar Watch</i>	\$ 1.00
<i>Ingersoll Eclipse thin model watch for men</i>	1.50
<i>Ingersoll Junior medium size thin model</i>	2.00
<i>Ingersoll Midget Ladies and girls model</i>	2.00
<i>Ingersoll Wrist Watch for men and women</i>	2.50



*For Dad & the boys*

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Ashland Building, New York

made of this material were the cause of a number of fires. Legislation to secure the purchaser in acquiring “safe flannelette” will be brought before parliament this season. Even our British cousins have their troubles at home over parts and parcels of “Schedule K.”

—Joe Mitchell Chapple.

There is small hope for the apathetic sinner, but there is yet time for the transgressor who hates himself.—Muriel Strobe.



# East Aurora, New York



THE ROYCROFTERS operate two hotels at East Aurora, which is in Erie County, York State.

One of these hotels is The Roycroft Inn, a hostelry which supplies all of the necessities and some of the luxuries.

Of course it has electric lights, perfect sewerage, running water, rooms with bath, rooms en suite, and some rooms with out-of-door sleeping-porches.

In the various rooms, halls, music-salon, and so forth, you will find masterpieces in the way of oil-paintings, water-colors, crayons, pen-and-ink sketches. There are also a few

bronzes and rare pieces of marble.

A few of the rooms have leather frieze in modeled leather, done by The Roycrofters.

¶ All of the furniture in The Inn was made by Roycroft craftsmen.

Rates at The Roycroft Inn are on the American plan, and run from Two-fifty to Five Dollars a day, according to rooms.

During the season we have a great many automobilists and travelers who know and appreciate the best. Their praise of the service, food and moderate prices — everything considered — at The Roycroft Inn is unbounded.

OUR second hotel is known as Emerson Hall, and is situated a quarter of a mile from The Roycroft Shops and Inn.

Emerson Hall was built and furnished by The Roycrofters. It represents Jeffersonian Simplicity. It is the home of the plain people, "the kind God loves—otherwise he would n't have made so many of them."

At Emerson Hall is The Roycroft School of Life. Here the boys lodge, dine, study, work, play. ¶ The food is practically the same in quality as that which is served at The Roycroft Inn, the table being supplied almost entirely from The Roycroft Farm. ¶ Emerson Hall has writing-rooms, reading-rooms, an auditorium, pianos — and here The Roycroft Orchestra plays from time to time.

Back of Emerson Hall is a barn, a poultry-house, and a place for the Jersey Reds, for we like to be sociable. ¶ At the barn live Garnett, Asbestos, Browning, Babe, Juvenilia, Mary Ann, Getaway, Wildare — all horses of quality for the saddle or team, used by students in The Roycroft School. ¶ At Emerson Hall transient guests are taken care of at the flat rate of Two Dollars a day for board and room. There are always a few men and women here who attend the classes and go with the boys on their tramps to the farm and work with them at their school-gardens. ¶ Visitors are welcome to attend classes, and all of the good-cheer that they can absorb and carry away is theirs. ¶ The actual fact is that there is no better course of life possible for the tired schoolteacher or the overworked clerk than to get in line with this course of study and work in the out-of-doors.

If you are to spend a few days in East Aurora and prefer the simplicities of Emerson Hall to The Inn, you will be accommodated, but it is well to write a few days in advance, so accommodations can be provided.

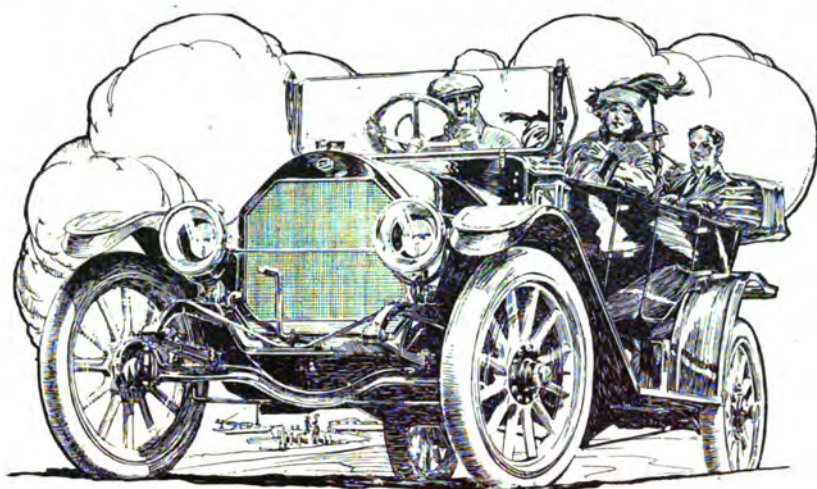
Gentlemen from Chicago who wish to follow their native custom of eating in their shirt-sleeves will not find themselves tabu. If you wish to juggle peas with your knife, you may. ¶ At Emerson Hall Ali Baba at times lifts up his yawp in song. And the boys and girls sing. Also, they dance.

The place is cheery, redolent with the flavor of woods and fields. In the merry Summertime, when the windows are open, you can always hear the cackle of the hens. ¶ Emerson Hall is a very good place to "forget it."

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE

A Summer School for your boy—The Roycroft School of Life.





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F. O. B. Toledo

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## MELVILLE CLARK APOLLO Player Piano



### Yes, the Apollo Does Cost More

Yes, the Apollo does *cost* more, but it is *worth* more. We can hardly blame the prospective purchaser, who without hearing the Apollo, says that it is a trifle too high in price.

But we do blame the *salesman* who permits a man who can afford a high grade player piano, to purchase an indifferent instrument. That salesman does his customer an injustice.

Suppose you do pay a little more. A player piano is a lifetime investment and when you know that a small difference in price places you beyond the necessity of ever apologizing—even to the greatest musician who ever passes your doors—for the music your Solo-Apollo renders. Doesn't that make the Apollo *well* worth the slight increase in price it brings over *ordinary* instruments.

Have you ever heard a player piano that could accent the melody and subdue it in its relation to the accompaniment—an instru-

ment that would omit either melody or accompaniment at your will playing either alone. Unless you have heard the Solo-Apollo your answer to that question must be "No," for of all the player pianos on the market today, the Solo-Apollo alone accomplishes these results.

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*The Melville Clark Piano Represents Perfection in Tone*



Eugene Grubb of Denver, Colorado, whom Mr. Brown describes as a big ranch-owner, improved agricultural expert, and one of the greatest authorities on potato-growing and stock-raising in the country, journeyed to Mr. Edison's works to see the wonders of Edison's laboratory.

The rest of the party noticed that after a time Mr. Brown and Mr. Edison walked apart, arm in arm, or, to be precise, President Brown having his arm over Edison's shoulder. At first the spectators thought that the railroadman was patting the inventor on the back, but after a while some observant one in the party observed that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Brown was

tapping good, clear-cut Morse on Mr. Edison's shoulder blade.

Mr. Brown laughed when he was asked about it.

"Why, I nearly always talk with Mr. Edison like that," said he. "Mr. Edison is hard of hearing, and, moreover, a phonograph was playing that evening in the laboratory for the entertainment of the party of visitors, and we did n't want to stop it just to talk. So we two just sat down together, and I talked to him

**T**HOMAS A. EDISON and W. C. Brown, President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, gave an interesting demonstration of a novel system of wireless telegraphy in Mr. Edison's laboratory in West Orange recently. A patent has not been applied for, and never will be, for the wireless apparatus consisted of Messrs. Brown and Edison themselves.

Some weeks ago, a party of twenty-five men and women, including President Brown and



by tapping or rather pressing his shoulder, using the Morse code, while Mr. Edison answered by word of mouth."

"Were you not fellow-telegraphers early in life?" President Brown was asked.

"No; I was just beginning to be an operator when he was quitting the telegraph business," and the railroadman laughed.

ONE of the most wonderful things about birds is the height at which they can live, and not only live, but fly. A man can not go higher than twenty-two or twenty-three thousand feet, while moving about or exercising, because the air is so rare he can not breathe. The

highest a man was ever known to go and live, it is said, was less than thirty thousand feet, and that was in a balloon, where he did not move.

But birds go a good deal higher than this, and can fly—which is violent exercise—at that height. It is thought by some that the rarefied air may be the cause of the great speed with which birds fly in that region. But there is still much to be found out about this.—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

## OK'D BY UNCLE SAM



WHEN our old college chum, Woodrow Wilson, marched into the White House on March Fourth, he found the Howard Dustless Duster before him in the Executive Mansion.

Also, he found it doing good work and efficient, in the Treasury Department, the Department of the Interior, War Department, Department of Agriculture, Navy Department, Surgeon-General Department, Patent Office, Department Public Printer, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Smithsonian Institution and the Bureau of Education.

Yes, Terese, Uncle Sam has put his explicit O. K. on the Howard Duster. The pen is mightier than the sword, and the Dustless Duster is greater than the Big Stick of the late Kink Kazooks. ¶ Also, here is another:

### HOWARD



gressing up Cambridge way, the Dustless Duster is now a steady and trusted employee in Harvard Yard.

Give the Howard Duster a tryout in your cottage, bungalow or mansion. It is guaranteed to make good. ¶ To cleanse the Howard, simply use boiling water and soap.

Twelve styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters. Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

**HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.**  
TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



When I was working my way through Massachusetts Hall, a Dark Brown Taste from German West Africa used to distribute the dirt and dust once a month regularly, whether the floor needed it or not.

And just to show you that they are progressing up Cambridge way, the Dustless Duster is now a steady

THE idle descendant of a Crusader is a sucking pig. The Yankee heiress is a peacock. Why should they wed? God only knows. The mating of such can do no good, since it is almost opposed by Nature. It is his lust for money and her desire for a title. Heaven forfend us!—*Henri Rochefort.*

Proclaim not all thou knowest, all thou owest, all thou hast, nor all thou canst.

— *Benjamin Franklin.*





The "First Lesson"

There are today many great-grandmothers who, sixty years ago,  
took the "first lesson" on an

## Emerson Piano

And the instrument still holds first place in their hearts.

Dealers in principal cities and towns.

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**BOSTON, MASS.**

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# Propinquity and Poison

## A Reminder and a Warning

By  
Elbert  
Hubbard



Ninety thousand pupils in Greater New York are attending school on the part-time plan. There are fifty thousand more who are crowded out altogether, on account of lack of room.

All of which means that the Metropolis is sadly handicapped for lack of school-buildings.

Comes now Health-Commissioner Darlington, with an interesting report, in which he observes that no longer ago than Nineteen Hundred Six, fifty-five thousand of the City's school-children showed symptoms of illness, and were examined by the Health Board Physicians, who directed fully twenty thousand to remain at home because of contagious diseases they had contracted.

In spite of our boasted civilization, there must be something radically wrong with a public-school system in which this state of affairs is possible.

¶ The children of today are the men and women of tomorrow. Let us look well to the children, that the children may look well—and be well!

Doctor Jacobi, President of the American Medical Society, is sponsor for the following statement:

"Unfortunately, the systems of ventilation used in our public-school buildings, even the best, are failures. They are filled with *foul air*, which is a perpetual detriment to the development and health of our future citizens."

¶ Also, note this, from a letter of protest penned by a teacher in one of the big public schools:

"The air supplied is dry and dust-laden, and has a decidedly depressing effect upon children and myself—thus lessening my capacity for effort in instruction, and dulling the pupils' power of sustaining attention."

And there, mind you, are the future citizens we are depending on to advance the banner of social and intellectual freedom, and fight the good fight, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the earth," as the Great Emancipator put it.

When we realize that ninety per cent of our children go no higher than the elementary grades, we begin to appreciate the necessity of making the public schools approach, say, ninety per cent efficiency as a limit.

No man ever made love efficiently and well, who had a code in his nose, or a bad breath.

Nor can we get the best results from school-children who are forced to breathe impure air for five or six hours a day, five days in the week, forty weeks in the year, for ten or a dozen years.

Results are cumulative. And the cumulative result of years of bad air is more years of bad health.

"The first requisite," said Carlyle, "is to be a good animal."

Health is the cornerstone on which to build. What's this world to a man when his wife's a widow?

We talk a deal about Eugenics these days, but we have got to begin with pure air, and proper ventilation, before we will advance very far.

To keep the atmosphere in our schoolrooms reasonably fresh, pure and wholesome, is a moral obligation which should rest heavy on the civic conscience.

An atmosphere that is ninety per cent free from dust will not convey contagion. This, by the way, is the condition prescribed for patients recovering from tuberculosis, or those in the incipient stage.

Germ-laden dust is a deadly menace to health and happiness. And dust that is kept in motion by dry sweeping and dusting is almost invariably germ-laden. Such dust is a prolific breeder of disease.

To subject our children to the unseen dangers lurking in the average schoolroom constitutes criminal negligence on the part of the board or commission permitting it.

Every public school of sufficient size in this country should be equipped with a TUEC Stationary Cleaner.

The TUEC System is a cleaning system—not primarily a means of ventilation. Yet the TUEC is a most effective aid to scientific ventilation, this in addition to its admitted superiority in the way of thorough and efficient cleaning.

The TUEC combines all the good points of broom, suction and vacuum cleaners, along with other excellent features, exclusively its own.

The TUEC System can be installed at a very moderate expenditure of money. The whole thing has been thought out, carefully and conscientiously, by a corps of competent experts, whose lives have been given over to a study of just such problems. They have approached the proposition from every possible angle, and have perfected the system to the point where uncertainty is a discard.

Write for information regarding the greatest and most efficient stationary air-cleaning system ever brought to the notice of the nation.

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**Enlarge your Stock of Words—Use the Right Word in the Right Place—Write Compelling Business Correspondence, Stories, Advertisements, Speeches—Become an Engaging Conversationalist—Enter good Society, etc.** Without cost or obligation, ask for particulars **TODAY.** **FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept 748 NEW YORK, N.Y.**



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To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way.

You must hear it spoken correctly over and over, till your ear knows it.

You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it. You must talk it and write it. All this can be done best by the

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It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You simply practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language.

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(To those who appreciate good underwear)

Cooper's "Spring-Needle" machines make a fabric of the highest quality, much preferred and much more expensive than that made on the old latch needle machines. These "Spring-Needle" machines are slower in operation and require more expert operators than the latch needle machines. The fabric produced is necessarily more expensive than latch needle fabric—the yarns have to be of a better quality—the gauge properly filled, and other things that go to make the fabric more expensive, but that expense is what makes Cooper's so good. **Cooper's "Spring-Needle" machines have revolutionized the underwear business.**

# COOPER'S

Spring  
Needle  
Knit  
Closed Crotch

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The only safety for the purchaser is to insist on the proper Cooper label shown here. No other mark. No other sign; just this one, and it's on all the genuine. **Cooper's.** We make all grades and all good dealers carry them. It's worth while to try and get them. Union Suits \$1.50 to \$5.00 per suit; Shirts and Drawers \$1.00 to \$3.00 per garment. Our Union Suits are all made with the Closed Crotch under Pat. 973,200 issued Oct. 18, 1910.

COOPER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Bennington, Vt., A. J. Cooper, Pres.

**N**OT long ago a friend remarked to me, apropos of the heroine of *A Woman of Genius*, that he would have run away from that kind of a woman. Very likely; he was that kind of a man. About the same time I heard an Englishman undertake to tell a New York audience of quite the better sort that if the ladies insisted on having the vote, men would no longer love them, and he was received with hilarious groans. The remark and the incident brought out for me suddenly the

extent to which the stuffing has fallen out of one of the stock bogies with which women used to be terrified into good behavior—the fear that men would no longer find them attractive.

What the feminist revolution of the past few years has proved for us is that men are not so easily frightened away from loving as they thought they were going to be, and that women bear up under their defection much better than anybody supposed they would. Following on this discovery has come a change in the character of the heroine of fiction.

Until within the present generation the prime requirement has been that she should be a

charmer of men. She has been ravishingly beautiful, and both the hero and the villain were madly in love with her; this demand for the quality of the enchantress extended even to the villainess, only her charms were of the deadly boa-constrictor sort. And she must be also unmarried. Even Charlotte Bronte, who dared to make Jane Eyre both poor and plain, dared not show her other than able to draw the masterful and caddish Rochester to eat out of her hand.



Perhaps the real cause of the prevalence of the captivating type in fiction is accounted for by our all being more or less under the obsession which forbids women telling the truth about themselves. We are not trained to speak or expect the truth, and the most advanced of us are still occasionally, by reversion, shocked by it. The business of women has for ages been held to be to please men, and men do not really care how women feel, but how they make men feel. A woman who can not make them feel the way they are accustomed and wish to feel about her is unwomanly. This is the plain definition of that word. Not by any particular behavior, but by any which gives men sensations at variance with their predilections is woman unsexed. She once did it by putting starch in her collar, and in some countries she does it by going about on her own feet. What society has expected of women is not a truthful presentation of herself, but an acceptable one. If she had n't it by nature, she must be trained and coerced into it. We are still half-unconsciously under the old

## THE HABIT OF HEALTH



Here is a bottle of the  
Good Stuph

O keep on the sunny side of life, and pass the smile audible to the Glooms, is not altogether a matter of chance. ¶ Nature is on our side, and if the Dame be for us, what can be against us? ¶ The fact is, the Habit of Health is a healthy habit to have.

¶ The pesky Pessimist shuts himself up in his Cave of the Winds, and admits that Life is just one blank thing after another.

The Optimist works at something he likes; laughs, plays, eats good food, in moderation, breathes deeply and clarifies all with advanced commonsense, kindness, courtesy, good-cheer. ¶ Go thou and do likewise, always remembering that the three greatest words in the language are "meum et tuum." ¶ The Roycrofters follow this prescription "ad" litteram, only they add BORACOL, a scientific toilet preparation having for its basic ingredients, Refined Borax, Thyme and Menthol.

Boracol answers almost every conceivable toilet purpose, being excellent as a mouth-wash, and effective as a deodorizer and disinfectant, during the Summer months especially. ¶ For the bath, Boracol is delightfully refreshing and invigorating. ¶ If you are a life member of the Genus Homo, and scrape your classic countenance every little while, you will surely appreciate the beneficent effect of Boracol on the beard, or the place where the beard was, until you removed it with the trusty tweezers. ¶ Boracol has bay rum beaten to a jelly, being a counter-irritant of peculiar potency. I recommend it to the man with the tender skin.

A smart application right after shaving makes you feel like licking the first cop you catch asleep at the switch. ¶ Price, Thirty Cents a bottle, Three-sixty for twelve, delivery charges prepaid. Trial bottle by prepaid mail, Thirty Cents. Sample free.

¶ At your druggist's or direct from the

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racial habit of thinking that if a woman fails to please men she fails in all.

But just as women of today are rising to the call of a thing higher than the personal predilection, the call of the genius of the race, so the quality of heroines will rise with them. They will be women fit to be the mothers of men; whether they will also be attractive will depend largely on the quality of the men. What will astonish the particular man is that she will not care so much for his opinion, and





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Tires, average monthly cost	\$70.04	Insurance	\$16.166
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Oil, average monthly cost	\$3.645	Garage rental	20.00
Wages: Driver, \$91.00; mechanic (averaged for the truck)	\$25.00		\$116.00

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You will notice that 80% has been written off for depreciation in these four years; and yet the truck, like all the rest of the fleet, is good for years and years to come.

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what will astonish him even more is that he will go on marrying her just the same, for the genius of the race does not care a great deal for private opinions, either.—*Mary Austin.*

**Y**EARN for a future which shall see no poverty, no crime, no vice, no unpaid labor nor any children's blood coined into dividends. When there shall no longer be any wars or rumors of wars; when famine and pestilence shall be forgotten. When no longer

one class shall enslave another to its tasks. When every man who will may labor freely, gladly, whether with hand or brain, and receive the product of his toil undiminished by any theft or purloining whatsoever. When governmental corruption shall become a thing of the oblivious past. When the earth and the fulness thereof shall belong to the whole people; and when its soil need be no longer fertilized with human blood, its crops brought forth watered by human tears.—*G. A. England.*

**P**REFER to believe that the men who torture dumb animals would torture the talking ones quite as readily,

and quite as selfishly if they only had the chance, all their wish and aim being to gratify, at the expense of humanity, a morbid personal curiosity, while excusing their savagery under the cloak of humanity.—*Robert Buchanan.*

**W**AIT not till you are backed by numbers. Wait not until you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.—*Channing.*



THE thoughts that breathe and burn are the loving and inspiring thoughts that encircle the world and embrace all humanity.

Love is service, the joy of service is consecration, and the crowning of consecration is immortality.

The greatest souls spring from the greatest struggles. Only they who lose all find all; only they know the joy of triumph and the grace of exaltation.

Every homeless brother challenges the validity of my title; every sorrowing sister rebukes my Christless complacency, and every neglected child smites my conscience in the name of Humanity.

Not until all are fed are any fed; not until all are sheltered are any sheltered; not until all are free are any free; not until all are civilized are any civilized.—*Eugene Debs.*

THE courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty: this is the moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood—it is the courage without which no great, permanent success in life is achieved.—*Samuel Smiles.*

THE career of the farmer must be dignified, and the well-being of his family conserved; the farmer's standards of living, of intelligence and of happiness must be raised to those of other callings. The city has ignored the country. Now the time has come for the strengthening of country life, which will mean the strengthening of the nation as a whole.

—*David Franklin Houston.*

Home is where the heart is.—*Pliny.*

Men with the finer dress instinct always favor



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**A Marvelous Synthetic Gem Not Imitation**

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Will cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

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—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Address  
**Rémoh Jewelry Co.,**  
615 Washington Ave., St. Louis

He reached the Pole, only to find that another, Amundsen, had been there before him. He could not, therefore, claim or enjoy the glory of original discovery.

He fought his way back after that first bitter disappointment, only to find fuel missing where it should have been, only to realize that in the end he must die in that barren land, never to see the child born to him in his absence.

As he wrote his last message with stiff fingers Scott felt that his effort had failed.

But how far from failure it is—how this dead man, his body lying near the frozen Pole, stands high above the most successful discoverers and

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**ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT  
THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**



**C**APTAIN SCOTT typifies, above all others in recent days, the extraordinary qualities that have made the history of England a great history, and that have made the men of England rulers over so great a part of the earth. ¶ First we learn from the work and the death of this brave Englishman that to the world as a whole failure is often more valuable than success.

In his own eyes, of course, Captain Scott's noble effort was a failure.

adventurers of his age. ¶ His short message has done more for humanity than he could possibly have done by discovering both Poles, or in any other way, proving once again, which was not necessary, that Englishmen are courageous and reckless of life with an object in view.

Those few words from the land of perpetual snow and ice, "These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale," are worth more to the world than all the thrilling accounts of



success; worth infinitely more to humanity and to the inspiration of humanity than the success of a Peary, an Amundsen, or a dozen like them. ¶ And as it is with Scott, glorious, useful, an inspiration to humanity, in what he thought was failure, so it has been from the beginning of history—one failure after another, failure so called, has set before the world the examples that it needed, and lifted humanity up to a success greater than any for which the "failure" had ever hoped.—*Arthur Brisbane*

IN the language of man, everything lives that he ever experienced—his descent, his birthplace, his destiny; his mother lives in it even though she may have died long ago; the father, the teacher, the sweetheart; his good hours and his bad ones, his noble passions and his base ones; his ecstasies and depressions; his triumphs and his failures; the calling of his begetter, the tribulations of his ancestors; but also the last book that he put aside a minute ago; everything lives in his speech.

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THE chief reason that everybody is not successful is the fact that they have not enough persistency. Do one thing well, throwing all your energies into it. The successful man, unlike the poet, is made, not born.

—*John Wanamaker.*



# MUCH VIRTUE IN VARNISH!

A VARNISH VIBE BY ELBERT HUBBARD

**F**ew industries endure the acid test of time. And no business can long survive that does not exist to serve the needs of mankind. ¶ I feel like saluting every time I hear the name "Berry Brothers." I never see or hear "Berry Brothers," but I have visions of good Varnish—the best made. ¶ And vice versa, I never think "Varnish"—I think "Berry Brothers." ¶ The first Varnish worthy of the name was evolved in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five by Thomas and Joseph Berry, brothers. ¶ Emerson held that every institution was only the lengthened shadow of a man. ¶ The dictum holds good in the present instance, being in fact doubly true, for the Varnish Industry in America traces straight to the old copper kettle in which Thomas and Joseph Berry made their first run of Varnish, from fossil gums. ¶ Berry Brothers' products have for more than half a century been universally accepted as the standard of excellence. They are "finish" products. Also, they are "finished" products. ¶ The standard has never been lowered, and will *never* be lowered so long as there is a single Berry, either Elder Berry or Junior, at the helm. ¶ Something more than a knowledge of ingredients and methods enters into the making of Berry Brothers' Varnishes. ¶ Right intent, integrity of purpose, high manufacturing ideals—these things have helped to put Berry Brothers' Varnishes far to the fore—old-fashioned virtues all, for which the world has not yet found a substitute—nor ever will, markee! ¶ Strict adherence to these ideals has inspired the makers of Berry Brothers' Varnishes, from the very first, with the inevitable result that "Berry Brothers" everywhere stands for, symbols, and is recognized as representing, Varnish products, than which there can be no better, possibly. ¶ Berry Brothers have kept abreast of the times, or, as Ali Baba puts it, "a leetle ahead!" ¶ New blood and new enthusiasm have been injected from time to time, and have "taken." ¶ There are a thousand and one Varnish needs, the experts tell us, and while no one Varnish will meet them all, there is a perfect Varnish for every purpose, and at the right price, made under the Berry Brothers label. ¶ If by chance there should arise a Varnish necessity not already anticipated and provided for, Berry Brothers will furnish a special prescription from your data—and fill your order forthwith. ¶ All good dealers and conscientious sell Berry Brothers' Varnishes. ¶ The label and name are your guides to Varnish Value. See that they are there, and insist upon them! ¶ Special booklets for every class of Varnish user can be had for the asking. Write today, stating your requirements.

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# THE FRA

EXPONENT OF  
THE AMERICAN  
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LOVE WITH SEEING EYES?

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## THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

### Warren Hastings and Others



JUST before I leave home, when about to go on a trip, I take a last lingering look around the bookshelves where my dear and near intimate friends patiently await me.

And then I pick some particular volume and toss it into my valise.

Perhaps on the trip I will not refer to the book once; but I always kind of know it's there, and I intend to steal an

hour along the route somewhere to dip into it.

It is n't all a matter of chance as to what book I select. I have my favorites: *The Life of the Bee*, by Maeterlinck; *Memories*, by Max Muller; Emerson's *Essays*; *Walden Woods*, by Thoreau; *The Trial of Warren Hastings*, by Lord Macaulay; Buckle's *History of Civilization*; Boswell's *Johnson*.

And behold, as Fate would have it, the other day, on the way down to Pittsburgh, I read the *Hastings*, by Macaulay. Here is a book that can never get old.

Macaulay marshals his sentences in a big way, thinks with precision, glories in the bright blade of the intellect. And yet Macaulay was not a professional writer.

He was a businessman—a servant of the government. He wrote on stolen time. The *Hastings* was written on board ship, on a trip to India.

Big things are done by the amateur. The author who knows nothing but his subject does n't know that.

And so here are a few facts that I gathered, all of which I knew before, but which come to me now with a sort of peculiar emphasis, for reasons that I will state a little further on. Warren Hastings was born in Seventeen Hundred Thirty-two; he died in Eighteen Hundred Eighteen, aged eighty-six.

His first misfortune was his birth. His mother died when the baby was two days old. And so the mother of Hastings existed for him but as an ideal, just as the mother of Beecher and the mother of Robert Ingersoll existed for these in a similar way.

The father of the baby, sore beset by Fate, disappeared in the gloaming, and Warren Hastings grew up a charity child.



When sixteen, however, one of his kinsmen hunted him out, because his kinsman was told that the boy was a very likely lad; that is, he was industrious, economical and had the hungry mind. Likewise, he was healthy.

Misfortune is often fortunate. It depends upon who the man is.

Anyway, the calamities of Warren Hastings' early youth set him apart and made of him a peculiar personage.

When eighteen years old, the wanderlust was upon him, and he shipped for India, paying his passage by acting as secretary and clerk to the captain of the ship.

He entered the employ of the East India Company as a laborer.

Step by step he rose until he became practically superintendent, general manager, and his word was law.

He was given general orders from London "to use his judgment," and he did.

It took eight weeks to get a letter from London to India, and eight weeks to get one back, provided you answered soon. ¶ The East India Company wanted dividends, and it was the business of Hastings to produce them.

In the production of the dividends, through the distribution of the necessities of life as well as the luxuries, Hastings had an altercation with the Wazir of Oudh; also with the Nawab of Madras. He crossed swords with the Rajah of Nagpur; and had a few communications of a sulphuric flavor with the Rajah of Benares, and the Begum of Spearmint.

Warren Hastings was a politician, a diplomat, a financier, a merchant, a creator, a builder and an all-round man of initiative.

The English kept sending shiploads of goods, and his business was to sell the goods and send something more valuable back to England in the ships.

### The Founding of an Empire

**N**OT only did Warren Hastings have to deal with the natives, but he had to deal with Englishmen who regarded themselves as his superiors. On two different occasions they had him in jail; and on another occasion he was indicted and ordered to be shot; but as the indictment came from one of the outlying provinces, the warrant for his arrest and execution was not honored. For although a part of the time he was fighting with Englishmen, yet these Englishmen were not quite ready to turn him over to the natives.

And so Warren Hastings lived out his life in the light, and the years went by, because that is the way the years do; and the hatred toward the man died as his hair turned gray, and success came.

He persuaded the pundits of Bengal to disclose their literary treasures to European scholars. He founded colleges out of his own funds. He projected the foundation of an institution in England, so that England might study the institutions of the Far East. He said that instead of Englishmen coming to India to convert the natives, they should come to learn from them. The Bengal Asiatic Society was established under his direction.

Hastings came to know the native character. He also knew Englishmen, and he knew how to deal with each for their own advantage. Disraeli said, "British supremacy in India springs from the work done by Warren Hastings!"

But some of the Englishmen whom Hastings had benefited in India went back to England, and having nothing else to do, set out to indict Warren Hastings.

It was a savory subject, and the people liked it. It was alleged that Hastings had set up a monarchy of his own.

Warren Hastings was a big figure, a great success. He was a target worthy of the fire of the jealous and the hypocritical.

Bengal grew prosperous under the rule of Hastings. Bombay flourished. All India was being fed, and would have been fed better, were it not for the fact that the non-resident directors of the East India Company kept demanding that Warren Hastings should send them dividends.

And behold, the storm at home continued, and finally Warren Hastings was arrested and brought back to England on an indictment covering a thousand pages of legal cap. After many months of waiting, the case came to trial. Burke, Sheridan and Fox—the greatest orators of their time—thundered their invective at Hastings.

The jury failed to agree. The case was retried; sent back for a hearing; new facts were discovered; exceptions taken; the case closed and reopened.

And after twenty-one years in the courts, Hastings was declared not guilty, and the indictment of "high crimes and misdemeanors" was wiped from the records, construct-



ively, for records are never wiped off clean. The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your tears shall blot a line of it.

### Belated Restitution

**WARREN HASTINGS**, approaching seventy years of age, was literally kicked down the courthouse steps. The court had gotten tired of him.

All of the men so heartily intent on indicting him were dead, except two, who were in an insane-asylum. A new generation had come on. It was recognized that the acquisition of the Indian Empire was owing to the industry, the diplomacy, the persistency of Warren Hastings. Society was getting a perspective on the man.

The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He was sworn in as one of the Privy Council of the King.

He was Chairman of the Reception Committee that was appointed to do honor to the Duke of Wellington. The East India Company, realizing that Warren Hastings was broken in purse, granted him an annuity of twenty thousand dollars; and as a guarantee of good faith, they paid him ninety thousand pounds in gold in advance.

The dreams of his childhood were satisfied when he bought back the ancestral manor of Daylesford, where his mother was born. And the fact that she was only a servant-girl made no difference to Warren Hastings. He was proud of her—she had produced a worthy son. Why should n't any good man be proud of his mother! ¶ Hastings passed his days in honorable retirement, farming, stock-raising, writing history, occasionally going up to London to give a lecture.

He organized schools for apprentices, made bird-boxes, wrote on natural history, restored the parish church and turned the chancel into a schoolhouse. And then one day he laid down to take a nap, and forgot to awaken. His dust was buried in the chancel of the parish church at Daylesford, and there it rests.

Macauley says that Hastings looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. His body was servant to his soul. He ate little, drank no spirituous liquors, used no tobacco—rode horseback, gloried in the out-of-doors, kept his health (and temper), even among the ravages of disease in the tropics.

His private character was untouched by the breath of scandal. As brother, husband, father, friend, his affections were as steadfast as the tides that flow. He was reserved, proud, patient, and even in the darkest days of his trial, when his enemies were clamoring not only for his imprisonment, but for his execution, he sat unresentful, answering calumny with silence.

And there was a touch of humor in the man's composition, otherwise he could not have lived out eighty-six years and endured to plant flowers on the graves of all his accusers.

Twenty years after that wonderful speech of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wherein he indicted his subject with all the withering scorn of which his masterful brain was able to bring to bear, Warren Hastings said, "As Sheridan talked, I listened, and I became fully convinced that the individual that he was indicting deserved every and any punishment which human ingenuity could devise; and if a vote had been taken immediately and I had had the privilege of a ballot, I would have voted for the execution of the culprit!"

### The Crime and Its Punishment

**WARREN HASTINGS** was a product of his time. His name is linked with the greatness and the power of Great Britain. ¶ That his methods, viewed in the light of modern ethics, were indefensible, is admitted. There is a maxim in law that no good deed shall act as a set-off against bad deeds. This is where life forges ahead of the law. Law always lags and limps behind. Blackstone says, "The business of a good lawyer is to bring the law abreast of the times."

The punishment must fit the criminal, not the crime. Down in our hearts, when we hear a man indicted, we all say: "Who is this man? Is this all?" And we usually know it is not. The indictment mentions only the worst, and it repeats this over and over with malice prepense and aforethought. The business of an indictment is to indict. Law is one thing and justice another. All good lawyers and judges now admit this. They do not prate glibly about justice as they once did, any more than doctors talk about "curing" people. We think of how the greatest men in history have been berated, reviled, imprisoned, and property confiscated; and if they lived long enough, they were executed, and the public was given a holiday.



We think of how Pericles, who built the city of Athens, was destroyed and disgraced, and how he had to go in the Forum and plead for the life of his wife, Aspasia. ¶ We think of how the son of Pericles and Aspasia was executed on order of the Government.

We think of how Phidias, the right hand of Pericles, and the greatest artist the world has ever seen, was executed for blasphemy on account of having put the picture of his patron on a sacred shield; how he was dragged at the cart's tail to the place of execution, and his body thrown to the wild beasts.

We think of how Socrates, the greatest mind, perhaps, the world has ever known, was passed the deadly hemlock on order of a jury of five hundred who sat on his case. Surely, Socrates could not complain that he did not have a fair trial. He had his day in court, and his passing, written by his pupil, Plato, is one of the immortal things in literature.

The glory that was Greece lingers around the life of Socrates, Aspasia, Pericles, Phidias, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Aristotle—all criminals before the law—all disgraced, exiled or executed. Greek History lives but for these, and the men most instrumental in destroying them live in letters, if at all, simply because they linked their names with greatness.

Follow down and see history repeated in the rule of Rome!

And the Middle Ages come with their night of a thousand years, when man forgot how to smile, how to laugh; when enterprise died and originality languished; when the world did not produce a poet, an inventor, a painter, a sculptor, a man of originality.

#### The Finder of a Continent

**B**UT the world awakens from sleep in the year, say, Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, when Columbus sailed, when Martin Luther sang in the streets and held up his cap for pennies, and Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci lived, loved and worked.

And for a hundred years thousands on thousands of the best, the greatest, the brightest men who lived were executed, reviled, disgraced, imprisoned—men like Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo and Balboa.

Columbus, who had given the world a continent, was thrown into prison, and was only liberated when death filed his chains, and set the captive free.

And but recently the narrow-minded attitude

towards this great world-maker was displayed when an attempt was made to canonize Christopher Columbus, and the move was tabled when the proof was brought forward that Columbus had an illegitimate son of whom he was very proud, and when other accusations were made to the effect that he had treated the Indians unfairly.

#### A Modern Case

**A**ND then, as I laid down my copy of Macaulay and looked out of the window, thinking of the wonderful energy, intelligence, persistence and lifelong fight of Warren Hastings, a newsboy entered the car, calling, "Cash Register found guilty—all about the conviction!"

And so twenty-two men connected with the Cash Register Company were indicted, tried and convicted, and given jail sentences of from three months to a year.

And who are these men who were convicted? Are they criminals at heart and by nature? Not at all. They are businessmen, each and all, born in decent poverty, fighting difficulty and obstacle, trial, trouble, tribulation, loss. All these have been theirs; but they overcame, they grew strong, and they introduced to the world a great and wonderful invention, which makes it easy for every clerk and cashier to do what is right, and difficult to do what is wrong.

They took a crude, rude, defective invention, and made of it not only a work of art, but a thinking thing, mathematically exact, safe, comprehensive, a servant that never tires, goes on a strike or talks back. ¶ The difficulty of the Cash Register people was not to manufacture the machine, or even to sell it.

It was to educate the world to its use.

In the characters of Warren Hastings and John H. Patterson there is much in common. In both you discover the tireless muscles, the seething brain, the "autocratic altruism," the far-reaching imagination, the hunger to know, the love of children, flowers, birds and pets, and the ascetic habit that dines on a crust and gives away millions.

With Warren Hastings you will find that his faults sprang out of his virtues, and it is the same with Patterson.

#### Creating a Market

**T**HE open cash-drawer dates back to a day when money-changers piled their money up on a table in front of them, and



watched it in order that no man should take that which was not his.

The Cash Register has added greatly to the well being of society. Granting for argument's sake that the law has been violated in the management of this business, it was competitors who suffered and not society at large. That the competitors were honest and virtuous men, intent on obeying the Sherman Act, is gratuitous, and that they would have given the world a better machine at a lower price is conjectural.

The Cash Register has helped to civilize business. It has preserved the innocence of many a boy and girl, and prevented them from succumbing to a temptation to which they never should have been subjected.

No argument is needed for the beauty and excellence and value of the Cash Register; nor need any apology be made for that big band of energetic workers who have educated the world to its use.

In educating the business world to use the Cash Register, these men thought that they should receive a due and just reward, which the evolution of a great monopoly implies. In their methods they used the customs of the time. They made war on competitors with all the weapons that everybody in business used. They bought back, in exchange for their own machines, quantities of machines made by competitors. These machines were piled up like a haystack, in one of their rooms at Dayton, Ohio. This mass of discarded cash-registers was shown to the visitors as proof of the power and prowess of the Cash Register Company.

They made a better machine than any one else. They were working for a monopoly; and monopoly is the logical end of competition. ¶ Some one, in merry jest, called this room "The Gloom Room." Every visitor saw the room, and nobody was made very gloomy over it.

In all there were just one hundred fifty, and no more, of these competitors that were sent to the wall by the Cash Register Company. Most of these men went to work for the Cash Register Company. All were offered jobs.

One company in Toledo, Ohio, was paid one hundred fifteen thousand dollars in cash for its output and patents, and its manager given employment.

The Cash Register Company paid bigger

money to young men of the right quality than had ever been paid before—seventy-five thousand dollars a year, say, to a man of twenty-nine, a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks. Dozens of men made from twenty to forty thousand dollars a year. Many of these got rich. Some went into other business, and the methods of education used in evolving a sales force were borrowed from the Cash Register people and became the possession of the business world.

### Factory Betterments

THE Cash Register folks evolved the first factory betterments in America. They were the first people to study the laws of light and its effect upon workmen.

They put in shower-baths, supplied a physical director, employed a physician, and then a corps of physicians, studied dietetics and fed their people superbly well; banished the roller-towel and gave individual towels for the use of the helpers. And then there came a strike because these towels were not laundered by union labor.

They devised auditoriums, gave lectures, stereopticon shows, theatricals; took their people on tours around the country and across the sea, as a reward for special service; established kindergartens, school-gardens; studied the sciences of road-building, tree-planting; gave instruction in all of these and in the arts manifold and many.

They entertained visitors to the extent of several hundred thousands a year, who came from all over the world to study their methods. ¶ As housekeepers, the Cash Register people have set a pace in cleanliness, order, system, decency, unequaled. The Krupps of Germany sent a man to America, just to study factory betterments at the N. C. R. This man made a written report on what he saw at Dayton, and his people adopted many of the N. C. R. ideas.

Others, perhaps, approximate the N. C. R., but they were the pioneers in factory betterment. If any criticism can be made on them, it is that they carried the humanities beyond the point of diminishing returns. They reached the pivotal point and went past. They did more for their people than the people could fletcherize, still less digest, and a natural reaction took place.

All of the jealousies that Pericles, Phidias and Socrates excited, these people excited.



There is something about power that repels as well as attracts. Power is always got to be trimmed, and certainly there is somebody usually at hand to do the job.

But now we believe in Nemesis. We believe that punishment and reward are automatic, or should be.

### The Scarlet Letter

**A**RCHBISHOP LAUD was a thoroughly good and honest man, but his virtue overflowed until he became a beast of prey. He wanted to make men good by legal enactment. He slit their noses, and branded them on the forehead with a letter F, standing for "Fool." On the fair flesh of thousands of young women he branded the latter A with a red-hot iron. The Puritans learned from him; and although he sent them out of the country, yet, when they arrived in New England, it was they who pinned on the breast of Hester Prynne the scarlet letter of shame, and placed her on high in the market-place.

Archbishop Laud filled the jails to overflowing. The headsman worked overtime. The gallows groaned with its burden. Receiving ships lay in the Thames to receive the culprits, and as fast as they were filled, sailed away, and those they carried saw the shores of England for the last time.

And still humanity did not become wise nor gentle and virtuous. The reason is that Government is always educating its people, and the thing that the Government does legally, the people will occasionally do illegally. The rule has been to destroy the best—those who think, aspire and perform.

As long as Government sets the example of destroying its enemies, or its supposed enemies, individuals will occasionally seek to destroy theirs.

Prosecutors thrive by prosecution. That is their business. They may hate vice so much that they themselves become vicious.

### Righting a Wrong

**W**E are all bound together, and Government is never any better than the people. Government will always be found imitating its criminals, and the people in turn imitating the Government.

We have had the "Bloody Assizes," the reign of "Bloody Mary," and 'Angin' 'Arry Jeffreys the sanguinary, with his contemptuous disregard of human life and his hot desire to destroy the wrong.

John Calvin sought to bring about "The Reign of God in Geneva." He killed, he imprisoned, and then he had to kill more, so as to imprison more. Not only did he kill men and women, but he killed joy, ambition, enterprise, and the grass grew in the streets. ¶ Preceding Napoleon there was the "Reign of Terror," when France killed many of her best and brightest men. Brissot, aged thirty-nine, writer and economist, put his head under the knife on order.

Following him came Armand Genoué and Vergniaud and Collot d'Herbois.

Then comes Jean Baptiste Carrier, man of energy, gone wrong, perhaps, but able in many ways, aged thirty-eight; and with him, with firm, set face, unflinching, walks Chaumette, aged thirty-one.

Then come Hebert, Desmoulins and Danton, aged thirty-nine, thirty-four and thirty-five, respectively.

Quickly follows Robespierre, aged thirty-six, and with him his brother, known as "The Younger Robespierre"; and their blood is caught on the handkerchiefs of the ladies, and the handkerchiefs kept as souvenirs of a great occasion. Couthon and Saint Just walk arm in arm—one watches the other die—aged thirty-eight and twenty-seven.

Mirabeau dies in his bed—for accidents will happen. Marat sat in his peaceful bath, as his heart was reached by the glittering steel in the hands of Charlotte Corday, whose reason had been unhorsed by the rising tide of events.

Will we never learn that the violent method of doing things is the wrong one? Can we afford to disgrace ourselves by classing these Cash Register businessmen, manufacturers and educators with the hoboos, the stealers of chickens, the purloiners and the pickers of pockets?

The times have changed. What these men did was what everybody did. To receive a pass or give one is now a crime. To leave a coal-car on your switch more than forty-eight hours, without charging demurrage, is a misdemeanor.

A few years ago everybody rode on passes who could secure them—politicians, lawyers, judges, writers. Preachers yet ride at half-fare, but they will not next year. Clergymen and schoolteachers were rebaters, getting ten per cent off at department-stores.



### Technical Violations

THE misdeeds of these Dayton men are economic, that is, technical and constructive. They are matters of time and geography. By indicting them, over against their misdeeds, we must, as just men and women, give them credit for the good they have done. When we brand world-builders as criminals, we run a risk of indicting ourselves.

¶ The railroads of America are the chief factors in our civilization. We are a land of inventors, of builders, of creators, of distributors. We are what we are on account of what we have done.

Warren Hastings was a product of his time, and so are those men in Dayton, Ohio, now fighting in the courts for sweet liberty.

These men maintain big payrolls. A hundred thousand people or more, directly and indirectly, look to them for a meal-ticket. Thousands and thousands of people have bought homes and are paying for them out of the savings of the envelope that comes every Saturday night from the Cash Register people. Factories run day and night to supply their materials.

To put these men in jail for a year—these active, intelligent men who love the open—is to visit on the United States a great economic loss. We strike the wrong individual. We strike stockholders, workers, children, mothers, old people, cripples. It is n't that you put this man or that in jail: you imprison enterprise, faith, hope, joy, animation, and in degree smother society. That is what happened in Athens and again in Geneva.

The N. C. R. men are not repining. They are not making any plea for mercy. You can kill them, and you'll never hear a word or whine out of them. They are as brave as those victims of the French Revolution who heard their names called in the Luxembourg and kissed each other good-by, and went out and climbed into the death-tumbrel, unassisted.

¶ But when you smite these men, you smite their wives, their daughters, their growing boys and fathers and mothers and kin; you strike the societies and clubs to which they belong; you strike their business interests in a thousand ways; you punish society, and not the individual.

Is crime personal? I say, No; and I quote you Ben Lindsey, who says, "When a bad boy is brought to me, I look upon the quiver-

ing, rebellious, little culprit, and I say to myself, 'Ben Lindsey, Ben Lindsey, what have you been doing all these days that this thing is possible?'"

### Redeeming the World

SOME years ago a bankrupt railroad was taken over by the Government and a receiver appointed. Thus the railroad was actually being run by the Government, and while being run by the Government, the railroad indulged in the usual practise of rebating, and all this since the passing of the Sherman Act, which remained on the law-books a dead letter for two decades and more. Thus in the case of this railroad, the Government transgresses its own laws, and becomes a criminal before the law.

As for monopoly, the Church has always set us the example; and various denominations yet are using unfair methods in their treatment of competitors, since they will push to the wall any man who does not agree with them in their beliefs. So the question of how far we can go, even in religion, in stamping out competition, is a problem yet unsolved.

¶ The mental attitude of prosecutors is easily understood. Lawyers and judges are but men. They see only one side. The so-called law-violators of this Trust and that escape them. They catch somebody else—oho, and oho!

But the better judgment of humanity must prevail. The Zeitgeist in America is awake. We are ruled by public opinion. Rebating, the giving of passes, and the acceptance of them are things past and gone.

The Government has shown its power to control big business. That is all it should ask, expect or demand. To destroy business and to whip society for the sins of society belong to a day that lies behind.

Archbishop Laud is dead. Judge George Jeffreys sleeps by his side. The terrors of the French Revolution live embalmed in the throbbing words of Thomas Carlyle.

John Calvin, who inaugurated "The Reign of God in Geneva," banished God from his heart and introduced instead fear; and so died Calvin, in middle life, frightened by the illusions that he had conjured forth from his teeming brain.

Geneva exists as a place of pilgrimage principally because Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire once lived there—faulty men, to be



sure, but teachers and inspirers. ¶ The strong can afford to be generous, and they who have suffered should be forgiving.

Men are what they are. We are all bound up together, parts of each other, divine molecules in the mass. Society moves like the glacier, and we all move with it.

The world is moving, and moving toward the light, and this largely through the evolution of business, the recognition of truth as an economic asset, and the realization that we can help ourselves only as we help humanity. That twenty-nine-million-dollar fine was never paid, because its assessment was confiscatory and revolutionary in character, and thus was opposed to the spirit of the age.

That action did, however, play a big part in bringing about the panic of Nineteen Hundred Seven.

For let it once be felt by the business world that the financial guillotine is to be worked by the courts, then enterprise will languish and ambition die a-borning.

We do business on animation and enthusiasm, and when these are destroyed the Dark Ages are again upon us.

We are passing through a time of transformation. It is a day of adjustment; all things are being made over.

We would do well to exercise patience and cultivate a human attitude, instead of a strictly judicial one, eliminating the religious muriatic acid and the legal aqua fortis.

In one sense we are all criminals, since we think the thing, and often do not have the courage to do it. This inability to read the mind of the accused is what makes justice a matter of guesswork.

When the world is redeemed, it will be by constructive good-will—not by punishments and negations.

**A**RT is not a thing separate and apart—art is only the beautiful way of doing things. And is it not most absurd to think, because a man has the faculty of doing a thing well, that on this account he should assume airs and declare himself exempt along the line of morals and manners? The expression, "artistic temperament," is often an apologetic term, like "literary sensitiveness," which means that the man stuck to one task so long that he is unable to meet his brother-men on a respectful equality.

## Ambassador Bryce



F his countryman, Andrew Carnegie, wishes to do a particularly gracious act at this time, let him pension Ambassador Bryce with a stipend of, say, a hundred thousand dollars a year for life and give him the title of Ex-Officio Ambassador Emeritus, with an official residence in New York City.

There let the Ambassador Emeritus consider all questions in international dispute, and put in a minority report as his good judgment may decree.

We have been told that republics are ungrateful, but the same remark can be applied to monarchies, granting the hypothesis that the British Nation is a monarchy.

No man of recent times has been more pecked at by young ducks and hissed at by ganders than has Ambassador Bryce. The Tory press of England have united in making silly, absurd accusations about him. The standard of stupidity was set when one of the leading London papers declared that Ambassador Bryce, although in the employ of the British Nation, was really an American at heart, and placed the interests of the United States before those of Great Britain.

That great and good man, Orange John, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was once asked to give the English translation of the Latin motto to be seen over the gates of fair Harvard. And Orange John replied, "What them words mean is this, 'To Hell with Yale!'"

### What Is Patriotism?

**I**N spite of Doctor Johnson's dictum that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," many people in England, and alas, in America also, think that patriotism is a matter of hate toward every nation but your own. And as some of our natives are still fighting the War of the Revolution, and boastfully referring to Jackson's defeat of the British at New Orleans, so there are Englishmen who never use the word "Yankee" without the classic prefix prescribed by the Solid South.

Bryce has had a long and varied career, and he has gathered strength and increased per-



sonality with the years. But his frame is light, strong, agile, and his mind is keen and crystalline. Great Britain should take a great and pardonable pride in this man's achievements. He will live in history.

His book, *The American Commonwealth*, is the best picture of the United States that has ever been presented. It is a book that no American could have written. It has the value of perspective. It told us some unpleasant truths—truths we should have known, and that we did know, but which we tried to conceal.

When James Bryce said that municipal government in America was the weakest point in our entire fabric, he put his thumb on a very sore spot. But this weak point we have been and are strengthening.

The English papers have criticized Mr. Bryce severely on account of his friendly attitude toward commercial reciprocity between the United States and Canada.

This is something that, officially, was none of Ambassador Bryce's concern. Canada enjoys fiscal freedom, and it was for her to decide whether she wished commercial reciprocity with the United States.

England had no right to interfere, and Mr. Bryce, as England's representative, would have been very much out of place in interjecting himself into the argument.

That an ambassador should not be allowed to hold private opinions on any subject is a rather strange proposition to bring up at this day and date.

Bryce has done the United States great good in disillusioning us in reference to some of our fallacies concerning the British nation.

#### A Universal Citizen

**B**RYCE is essentially a democrat in his mode of thinking and in his habit of life. He is get-at-able, approachable, kindly, generous, friendly. He toadies to no man.

As a public speaker he is frank, witty, appreciative, unresentful. He does not wear his prejudices pompous.

He is essentially an economist and a worthy successor to Adam Smith.

He mixes in no idle gossip. He is above all petty scimmages and scrambles for place and power.

He has dignity without ankylosis, and decided opinions without dogmatism.

Essentially, he represents the new time. He

is a businessman. He believes in creation, evolution, development, transportation, distribution. Nothing that is human is alien to him.

To part with this man seems like losing an old-time friend. The English newspapers are certainly right: he is an American by habit of thought. Better still, he is a universal citizen. And while he is eminently loyal and true to England, at the same time he is friendly toward America.

He realizes that we are practically one people, that England's Shakespeare is our Shakespeare, and that our history merges off and becomes English history. Largely, our interests, our hopes, and our destinies are one.

Our hearts are with the Honorable James Bryce. Let Carnegie do his duty!

Do not go up against another man's game: get a game of your own and play it to the limit. And by the way, a game where both parties do not win is immoral.

## Turkey and the Balkans



THE war in the Far East is a fight between Christians and Moslems.

In a war of this kind both sides are right and both sides wrong. Religious wars all turn on the point of view. Argument, logic, reason, justice, are idle words when fanatical passions are involved. Each side earnestly and honestly thinks that it is fighting for freedom, for human rights, and in this instance both sides claim to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord.

The Balkans ablaze with the red torch of war make a pitiful sight, but the danger is that the fight will spread and all Europe become involved.

The great powers of Germany, France, Russia and England can not stop this fight. The men are in the field and hot hate is in the saddle. The best that the great powers can do is to keep the peace in the remainder of Europe. The seriousness of the situation is shown in an order issued by the War Department in Germany to the effect that no officer shall absent himself from the active list and be



gone from the country more than four days without special permission.

Austria is mobilizing her forces, and Russia is counting the money in her strong box and calculating how many men she can put in the field. ♣ ♣

### Turkish Amazons

ONE curious feature of this war is the fact that Turkish women are being armed and sent to the front. Heretofore the women of Turkey have kept themselves segregated from the men. If any nation has stuck closely to the slogan that woman's place is in the home, it is Turkey. And occasionally she has amended the proposition by declaring that woman's place is in the harem. But now there are hundreds of women uniformed as men.

♣ Women are never neutrals in time of war. The Indian squaw plays a prominent part in battle, and when religious fetish is involved, women are the last to give quarter or to ask it. They are sincere.

The bloodiest wars this world has ever known have been those where religious questions were involved. And this war between Turkey and the Balkan States is not one of property-rights. It involves the wildest passions that have palpitated the human heart. It is a fight to the finish.

The present conflict in the East is exactly the same old fight that has been on since Alexander of Macedonia, aged twenty, was made Captain-General of Greece.

### Europe Versus Asia

WE say that the fight is between the Christian and the Moslem, but it is really Europe against Asia. If the Turks were to become Christians tomorrow, they would still be Turks. The acceptance of this religion or that does not greatly change the nature of the people. The fighting forces are pretty nearly evenly matched. Perhaps the numbers are in favor of Turkey, but the four Balkan States—Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Greece—have a grievance, and they have the impetus of aggression. They are fighting for freedom, whereas Turkey is fighting for conquest. ♣ ♣

The general idea seems to be that the Balkans will win. If so—and granting the fact that right is on their side—the difficulty then to be faced is that the victors drunk on power will do what many American editors advise, that is, wipe Turkey off the map. This will

mean a new map of Europe and will disturb the balance of power.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria has intimated his intention to take charge of the situation. ♣ If the Slav of the South captures Turkey and sets up a new Empire, made up of Turkey and the Balkan States, we will get a power that will be a menace to all of the other powers of Europe.

The danger of the complication arises from the fact that Russia will object to this new combined empire, just as we always object to the strength of any one individual or institution when it becomes passing great. Take the case of Napoleon, who, coming in the names of justice and liberty, would have subjugated the world. And so the allies arose and put him down in self-protection.

Power unrestrained tends to tyranny.

The new empire of Bulgaria, under Sir Ferdinand, when Turkey is subdued, would mean the ability to put in the field a million and a half fighting men.

Russia wants the Balkan States to win, but she also wishes to act as suzerain for the whole group, and to do this she might have to fight them with Turkey's help.

Austria, with Germany in her sympathy, is willing and anxious to act as a protectorate over the Balkans. But if the Balkans win they will not tolerate a protectorate, any more than the Philippines tolerated one.

### The Real Trouble

THE trouble will come when the war is over. ♣ ♣

"To the victor belong the spoils," is an old, old maxim; and just as in Cuba, when the Cubans were freed from the rule of Spain, we had to fight the people who arose in revolt against Spain, so will Europe have to fight the Balkan States. And in the fight Turkey may again regain her lost breath and be a factor in the scrimmage.

In Mexico, a somewhat similar situation has been working itself out, only in a smaller degree. The success of a revolt against Diaz was met by general revolt against the man who conquered him.

No one dare say what the outcome of the war in the East will be. Everywhere throughout Christendom it is agreed that the unspeakable Turk must go, but nobody says just where he shall go to, and what he shall do when he gets there.



It is easy enough to talk about the atrocities of the Turk, but these are the atrocities of war; and the truth of Sherman's remark about war still holds. War is no afternoon four-o'clock tea.

The great powers of Europe sympathize with the Balkans, and they realize that they can manage the Sick Man of Turkey, and also the aspiring ambitions of the Bulgar, better with the map as it is than when Turkey is picked, plucked, carved and divided among the Balkan States.

There is no unanimity among the four great Balkan States as to what will be done if they finally win.

Austria is of the opinion that if the powers of Europe would keep their hands off, civil war would be sure to follow among the Balkan States in the division of the spoils, and this would give Turkey her final opportunity. Safety lies in the balance of power, and as the opposition of forces is the only thing that holds the planets in place, so it is with nations and individuals.

If the empire of Turkey could be subdued and fall into the hands of the Bulgars, and Russia should interpose, Austria and Germany would, of necessity, have to step in and put the snuffers on Russia.

#### The Final Outcome

**R**USSIA'S religion is that of the Greek Church.

The crisis will probably not come until either one side or the other in this war is thoroughly subdued.

In Russia there is a strong sentiment in favor of the Greeks, and Russia would not see Greeks suffer at the hands of either the Turks or the Austrians.

What will then happen, no man can say, but let us hope that the good sense of the nations will prevail. It is suggested that a congress be held of the eight leading powers that control the world and let these decide, after the question has been discussed from every standpoint. But the time is not ripe for this.

The whole situation is one where if mad medieval rage and ambition prevailed, the entire world could be plunged into the red abyss of warfare, and only Mars would be supreme.

Latest advices show that intervention has come from a new and unexpected source. Cholera is in Constantinople, and the exultant

desire of the Bulgars to march a victorious army into the city of Constantinople has received a chill and a pause.

This pause may give both sides an opportunity to think twice.

Constantinople is the largest city in the world without a sewer system. She is ripe for a plague, and the plague may destroy half of her population. Dogs and birds look after her street-cleaning. Her water-supply is defective and inefficient.

A protectorate over Turkey, and another over the Balkan States, is a suggestion which the diplomats are earnestly considering.

If you want something, you should pray for it as if you had no hope on Earth, and work for it as if you expected no help from Heaven.

## The Hike to Washington



THE hike, the trek, the exodus are very alluring things, and have been used over and over again in the history of the world as a means of calling attention to wrong and registering a protest in italics. There is a lure in motion. We all want to go somewhere. The Jews made their exodus out of Egypt. The Crusaders left their work on farms, in shops and fields, and went hiking to the South, filled with fanatical zeal. Coxey's Army was a very natural effort.

The women who went tramping out to Versailles from Paris got an unforgettable chapter in Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*.

O'Leary and Weston, tramping across the Continent, passed in a continual review before many admiring friends. Very, very seldom did they walk alone. People went out to meet them, and others sped them on their way.

#### A Good Advertisement

THE hike to Washington has certainly advertised the Cause. Beside that, the question of walking has become almost a lost art, and it is well that attention should be called to it.

Few women know how to walk. Most women waddle, mince, amble or jig. Even among advanced women—women who are in the



vanguard of thinkers—very few have the ability to hike. ¶ They do not dress for walking. They are prisoners in their clothes: pinched at the waist, wearing hobble-skirts, preposterous headgear, and shoes that would shame the women of China.

A few years ago I visited the George Junior Republic. On the same day there was a convention of women's clubs in Ithaca. These sent over a delegation of about a hundred women to Freeville.

The Republic is a scant mile from the station; and yet more than half of those women waited several hours at the station until the single solitary bus could go backward and forward and take them over. They could not walk, especially on the country roads; and these were women far beyond the average in point of so-called "independence."

The average hike on the trip to Washington was about twelve miles a day. A few days they made sixteen miles. To people who are used to walking, sixteen miles in the course of a day is a very moderate day's work. Postmen walk an average of twenty-five miles a day, every day in the year. Girls in department-stores, who stand on their feet all day, do a task which is much more difficult than the walking of, say, twenty miles.

Usually, if the person has a long walk to take, and is not used to the game, he will start out with his mind on his destination. He will walk at the rate of four miles an hour, and at the end of the first hour he feels pretty tired. If he keeps it up, however, the second and third hours are not so hard as the first.

#### A Day's Hike

**T**O walk easily and moderately at three miles an hour is something that any man or woman can easily do. Eight hours at this rate means twenty-four miles. Four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon make a very comfortable day's work; and although one may not be used to much walking, if this is kept up for three or four days, the speed can be increased to three and a half or four miles an hour, for eight hours, without inconvenience.

I expect to see more of these walking tours. Let the Suffragettes work off their surplus animation in this way, rather than break windows and put vitriol and tar into post-office boxes, as they do across the sea.

I should like to see a hike to Washington, this

to begin at Chicago and take in the cities along the route. The women, as they walk, could distribute literature along the way. Let them make speeches, too. It would bring out the indifferent and impress upon the many that there was really an issue.

The newspapers have had a deal of fun with the girls on the Washington hike. Just the same, this was all good publicity; and every town, village and city through which the walkers passed got thoroughly awake on the subject of Votes for Women.

One girl in a printing-office on the route, when asked to join the walkers, replied: "The rich women can't walk, and us poor folks can't spare the time. But if you'll pay us girls ten dollars a week, I'll get you a hundred marchers in an hour."

While only a few stayed in the game from New York to Washington, yet there were relays along the way, and thousands of women went out to meet the walkers and walked with them for several miles—and many of these women were women who had never before walked a good, straight, clean, honest mile on a public turnpike.

It was good to see that on one day, when there was a heavy snowstorm and the blizzard was blowing, the walkers, who were not numerous on pleasant days, turned out, fifty strong, to meet the handful of women who composed the "army."

The inclement weather was a sort of challenge to them, and they were not to be frightened out of the game. Fifty women walked two miles out, two miles back, and accompanied the walkers for three miles beyond the town. So they got their ten miles, all right.

Some of these undoubtedly knew it the next day, and will talk about it for many moons to come. But anything that gets us out in the storm, out on the open road, and makes us bigger than the elements, is good.

Life is a fight—a fight against inertia, against the love of ease, against "well-enough." And these Suffragettes are certainly doing the world good in their invitation to "fall in, everybody!"

Not only will we fall in line with them for a few miles, but we will, in sympathy, fall in love with the cause which they represent. Votes for Women, or the good old question of "no taxation without representation!" Surely, yes; our hearts are with the hikers.



## The Camorra



HE Camorra trial lasted two years. The testimony fills a thousand volumes of three hundred pages each. No one could ever read it, much less understand it.

One lawyer made a speech three weeks long, and then stopped in the middle of it, worn out, and was sent to a hospital. This speech was also the finish of some of the auditors. Several of the men

indicted have died. Three have gone insane through emotional pressure. The judge had an attack of nervous prostration.

The Camorra was a systematized assassination association. It did business even in America, having branch offices here.

A highly efficient New York detective was slain in Sicily, where he had gone in search of criminals who had done a few killings in New York.

There were forty-one of the defendants, including one priest, who occupied reserved seats in a steel cage especially built for their accommodation in the courtroom. After a few days the priest was permitted to occupy a special chair near the judge, because his colleagues threatened to kill him in the presence of the court. So there he sat, clasping his crucifix and counting his beads in the courtroom during the long trial. A visitor would have thought he was the spiritual adviser of the court, rather than one of the criminals. Now, however, the court has fixed his guilt as that of an accomplice to murder, and his sentence as six years.

### A Sixteenth-Century Performance

IN Italy, it is interesting to know that capital punishment has been done away with. If history has not misinformed us, this has not always been the case. These Camorra convicts now have been sentenced to terms in prison of from five to thirty years.

The spectacle of the prisoners in the cage interrupting the proceedings of the trial, crying aloud, weeping, praying, cursing, contradicting, is a scene that Americans can not understand. It looks like the setting of a play cast in the Sixteenth Century.

But the result of this long trial, the vast

amount of work and expense involved in marshaling the testimony, the charging of the jury by the judge, and the final verdict, reveal the fact that Italy does not stand for violence. The orderly procedure of the law must be supreme.

The entire civilized world breathes a congratulation to the Italian Government for the outcome of this most extraordinary trial.

Life and property are not only safer in Italy, but the entire world has been taught a lesson, and that is that men can not bind themselves together now in secret compacts and work a harm to humanity, without also working their own undoing. We thrive only as others thrive, and hate, vengeance, murder, have no legitimate place on the Planet Earth.

Hate, wrath and vengeance are forms of fear—that is, forms of death.

## Women as Conductors



HE Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company have been putting women on some of their cars as conductors, this as a sort of experiment.

They began first by taking two of the cashiers from elevated-railway stations. A little cashier's office, enclosed in wire, was arranged on two pay-as-you-enter cars.

The girls wore no uniforms, but were becomingly attired.

They were just plain, sensible, commonsense women.

They took the money as the people entered, and made change for those who needed it. Some of the people asked to be let off at certain streets, and I noticed that the girls made a quick memorandum in pencil of this, and called the streets where parties had asked to alight; otherwise the streets were not called.

I found out, also, that the calling of streets had been discontinued, anyway, on all lines.

By the use of electric call-buttons, the passengers notify the motorman where they want to get off.

And the good old trick of the trolley jumping the wire has been done away with, through improved equipment.



Years ago, when we used to ride on railroad-trains, a part of the joy was in seeing conductors and trainmen put obstreperous passengers off the cars.

This has been occurring less and less as the years go by.

The assumption is that Americans are ladies and gentlemen. They pay their way, and do not interfere with other people. They are able to take care of themselves. They know where they are going, and they know when to get off, and which way to face. And in going behind one car, they look the other way.

Once we were told that women had no real right to vote, because they could not fight. The same argument was used years before in saying that women could not do business because they could not fight.

We find now that violence is not a necessary part of commerce.

### How It Works Out

INTERVIEWED one of the officials of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit on the subject of women conductors. He was not inclined to talk very much about it, and waived it off as an experiment. But I found that the company is putting on more women; and on talking with one of these lady conductors, I learned that they are greatly pleased with their jobs.

¶ When I asked one of them what she would do if a passenger pushed on into the car and refused to pay his fare, she said, "We have our instructions as to just what to do." "Well, what would you do?"

"Why, I would simply ask the gentleman to pay his fare. And if he did not, I would not enter into any argument with him, but would simply notify the motorman by a specially arranged signal to stop his car and take on the first policeman he met."

"Well," I said, "how many policemen have you stopped to take on, under these conditions?"

And she said: "I've been on this car just three weeks and two days, and so far, we have n't had any trouble. Everybody has treated me kindly and courteously. A few instances have occurred where men have gone into the car without paying their fare, and when I called their attention to the oversight, they smiled, and several of them actually blushed, and wanted to pay double fare."

"I like my job first-rate. I am well paid, and

I understand that the motorman gets five dollars more a month than he formerly received as conductor. No men have been laid off—they needed extra help to run cars, and have promoted the conductors to motormen and hired women.

I suppose they raised my motorman's pay because they thought he would have to look after a woman in addition to his other duties. However, I know that the work for the motorman is not any harder than it was before. I am on very good terms with my motorman. Usually, we have the same run, but occasionally we are shifted around. Anyway, this job is one that a woman can look after, just as well as she can run a cash-register in a restaurant or in a department-store. I really like the work a good deal better than I did on the elevated. There is more variation and a little more time to get acquainted with myself and with the people.

"I work nine hours a day. As far as I can know, the company are well satisfied with my services; and I believe in a year or two you will find that a woman on a street-car, as conductor, will not be a curiosity. But, of course, you know that my title is not that of a conductor. I am a cashier.

"Perhaps you remember the time when they ran, what they called, 'Bobtail cars.' The driver not only drove, but collected the fares. Some of the funny ones tried to make out that this is a bobtailed car, but I do not consider it so.

"Several of the regular patrons of the road have offered me tips; but, of course, we never accept them. I am paid all I am worth by the company."

### A Matter of Efficiency

PERHAPS it is worth while to note the fact that the cars that carry lady conductors have received from ten to twenty-five per cent more receipts than the regular cars with the men conductors. This is attributed simply to the curiosity of people who wait for the lady conductor, and is no reflection on the honesty of the man who formerly collected fares.

A small cyclone has been aroused by a protest from one of the labor-unions that seems to see a handwriting on the wall; and that is, that, in case of a strike, women will act as conductors; and enough of the old conductors replaced by women can be secured to act as



motormen. Thus will a possible labor climax be avoided.

In the meantime, everybody who wants to work finds work. There is no such thing in this country now as there being two men for every job.

Railroads say they are putting on women as cashiers on street-cars simply because they are unable to get enough efficient men for the purpose

We certainly are living in a new time.

Live in the present—the Day is here, the time is Now.

## Child Slavery



THE Factory Commission has done good work in New York City in showing how children are being employed in tenements

There are laws against employing children in factories, but there is no law forbidding a parent going to a factory and getting work and taking it home and having his children do it there.

This, the Factory Commission have discovered, is even a deal worse than to allow the children to work in a factory.

In the factory there are definite hours, and the life and health of the workers are safeguarded. Factory inspection demands proper light, heat, ventilation, toilet facilities and a degree of recreation.

But in the tenements, the child may be a slave under conditions which put to shame our boasted civilization.

Children of three and four years old have been found who turned doll-dresses inside out for many hours a day.

The child learns to do just one thing, and he may begin this, and has in many instances, at five o'clock in the morning.

He is pulled out of bed, shaken into wakefulness, given a drink of strong coffee, and there he stands for three, four, five or six hours and does one monotonous task.

The making of willow plumes is a work that is carried on in the tenements. The separating of the feathers has to be done by hand in order to get the best possible effect.

Girls of six were found who worked from six o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. And this in tenements where there was a diphtheria sign on the door. The place was found to be without ventilation. People eating, cooking and sleeping in one room! And there the willow plumes were made—this gaudy finery to decorate the headgear of the proud!

Work for a child is just as necessary as for a grown-up, but it must be work of a kind that develops body and brain; and in it, there should be a certain mingling and blending of joy

## Our Factory Laws

OUR Factory Laws forbidding child labor are wise and well, but they are not as wise as they might be, or as they will be. There are factories where children could be employed for several hours a day to the great profit of the child. This would be far better than running the streets.

There are factories where playgrounds are attached; factories that have school-gardens, play-rooms, and shower-baths for the benefit of children and their parents.

These should have a certain recognition from the factory inspectors, and in time, undoubtedly, the laws will be changed so as to allow children to work in factories under proper conditions

Also, it is good to know that the so-called privacy of the home has been invaded, and there are a few things which people can not do in the castle called a "home."

In this work of investigating the condition of children in the tenements, Julia Lathrop, of the Children's Bureau in Washington, has been a great influence for good.

Only a woman could investigate the conditions of a home and do it delicately, discreetly, thoroughly and well.

Miss Watson, one of the inspectors in New York City, and Doctor Anna S. Daniels have done a distinct service to society in investigating the work done by these little slaves of the tenements.

Where one suffers, all suffer. Where one enjoys, all enjoy. And the knowledge of this weary, monotonous grind of the little children born in the tenements, slaving with tired bodies and aching fingers far into the night, will tend to make us all a little more sympathetic, a little more gentle, a little more considerate, toward those less fortunate than ourselves



## The Value of a Man



HE late Charles Melville Hays, President of the Grand Trunk Railway System, drew a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

Alfred W. Smithers, Chairman of the Grand Trunk Board of Directors, has recently said that this was an insignificant sum to pay to such a man.

Mr. Smithers avers that the services of Mr. Hays added one hundred million dollars in assets to the company in five years' time.

Our Socialistic comrades declare that monetary rewards are not in proportion to the productiveness of a man's labor. The salary of Mr. Hays, however, might be considered excessive, from a Socialistic point of view, since orthodox Socialism provides that we shall all receive a like amount for our services.

¶ But figure the wages of Mr. Hays out in per cent, and we will find that it is infinitesimal, according to the productive capacity of the man.

There is one woman in America who carries one million two hundred thousand dollars life-insurance. I know of quite a number of men who have a million dollars, and my experience with insurance companies has shown me that whenever an individual applies for two, three, four or five hundred thousand, or a million dollars' life-insurance, the record of this man and his productive value are gone over with a fine-tooth comb. No one physician's report will satisfy. He is examined by different physicians in different cities and under various conditions.

And above all, no man can get big insurance unless he is a man whose life is worth the money.

For instance, in order to get a million dollars' insurance on your life, you must be an individual whose loss to the world would be more than a million dollars if you were snuffed out.

¶ That is to say, you can not overinsure an individual, any more than you can overinsure business property.

Hays was a very remarkable individual. And yet his virtues were of a kind in which we can all participate. He had strength, patience,

persistence; and his freedom from all petty jealousy, his breadth of vision, set him apart. He was loyal to the institution that employed him. He gave an absolutely undivided service. He was true to his colors—nights, days and Sundays.

Mr. Smithers intimates now that if the Grand Trunk System had insured the life of Mr. Hays for, say, ten, twenty or twenty-five million dollars, it would not have made a mistake.

Here we get figures in the line of life-insurance that absolutely stagger the old-time actuary.

¶ Mr. Smithers intimates that the time is not far distant when twenty-five million dollars will be considered a moderate estimate to put on the value of the life of a great business general.

Here is something to fletcherize on.

When the whips of the Furies have lashed us sorely, Pride still serenely smiles and we congratulate ourselves on having stood the ordeal. This is happiness!

## Eugenics



HE word "eugenics" simply means perfect generation.

Disgenics means a departure from perfect generation.

Emerson said, "I have never seen a man!"

What he meant was that he had seen only pieces of men, fractions of men, caricatures of men.

In order to get a perfect man you have to take the virtues and strong points of all excellent men you have ever seen, and leave out the faults.

We have produced what is called, "The American Trotting Horse," a type of horse that approximates the perfect: medium in size, with great courage, great docility, tremendous strength. Dozens of these horses have been produced, trotting a mile around two minutes; and this was once the running record. There are hundreds of perfect horses.

¶ These are good horses under the saddle, good drivers, useful on the farm, valuable anywhere. Equally well have we improved the breed of sheep, hogs, cattle, poultry.



# KELLOGG'S TOASTED WHEAT BISCUIT

**K** When flood and flame came to Dayton, John H. Patterson did not send to The Roycrofters for de-luxe books and art-products. ¶ What he did do, however, was to send for Kellogg's Wheat Biscuit. ¶ Why? Because good foods are of value — a thing of value is that which sustains life.

No one in Dayton needed art. Everybody in Dayton needed Wheat Biscuit. Cut off from such supplies for a few days, and there would have been no people in Dayton. ¶ Those who distribute foods are ministering to man's primitive needs. Without this ministration man dies.



The more perfectly man is nourished, the better service he can render to humanity. Food must have nutritive qualities in order to be of value. In order to be of the best value, it has to contain all of the qualities of nutrition. ¶ Kellogg's Wheat Biscuit do. ¶ It must also be appetizing. Food that does not taste, loses much of its value.


Kellogg Products taste. They are delicate, most carefully prepared, thoroughly cooked, and are ready for man's use. ¶ Kellogg's Wheat Biscuits invite Fletcherism. And to fletcherize your food is the only way its value can be appropriated by the genus homo.

Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuits are delicious, delicate, desirable. They are simple. They nourish. They reduce the high cost of living to a plane where rich and poor alike can afford to live and be well fed.

Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuits are valuable. King Midas, he of the Golden Touch, has no wealth that can compare with the output of the Kellogg Factories that can feed the world.



# THE BE-GUM

YSPEPSIA is all that William Te-gum-seh Sherman said War was---and more.

The world is full of Dietetic Sinners.

Steer clear of the Gorge Route, if you would experience the Peace that passeth understanding.

Chew **WRIGLEY'S**  
**SPEARMINT**

the gum that is good for the gums, & tokens white teeth.



# OF SPEARMINT

Spearmint jogs the appetite, and gently aids digestion.

Pin your faith to the man with the clear eye; the sweet, wholesome, unoffending breath; the hand-grasp that vibes Good-Will, Good-Cheer, Health and Heartiness.

☪ The god Billiken is deposed.

We bow to the Be-Gum of Spearmint.

"Get next!" says Harry Lauder. "Chew Spearmint, and buy it by the box!---Box-Vobis-Gum!" and so say I.





# KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES



When Pompey and Cæsar were in competition in Rome, who was the more popular man was decided, when Cæsar turned the tide of popularity in his direction by adding corn to the list of gratuities proffered to Roman Citizens.

Pompey had played his last card before Cæsar threw on this trump. ¶ The trick was taken. ¶ Cæsar was supreme.

Pompey went off into Egypt and died. This was because he knew that when Cæsar had given corn, he had given the best there was.

What might Cæsar not have done to all of his contemporaries had he known of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes?

Possibly Cæsar would not have died had he been nourished on Toasted Corn Flakes. ¶ And surely the Romans, high in office, who killed him, would not have had murder in their hearts had they been nourished on Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

No man is quite sane who is not well nourished. Jealousies, unkindness, inefficiencies, taking every form and shape, belong only to people who are not well fed.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes nourish. They are a most delicious food as well as a nutritious.

Corn Flakes and cream help to start the day right. They are exactly what you want for a breakfast-food. Crisp, tasty, delicate, delicious, easily digested, because perfectly prepared.

The Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company select with the utmost care the materials that they use in making the Toasted Corn Flakes.

Their process is right. ¶ Their product is correct.

The people who eat Toasted Corn Flakes are nearer right than they would be, were it not for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.



KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



But the perfect type of man still lingers on the skyline, lost to view in the twilight zone of romance.

One thing, we have never dared to discuss frankly the question as a scientific proposition. We have always been afraid of it; and the clergy, who have practically monopolized the supervision of marriage, saying who should marry and who not, have made the ceremony the most important thing in the entire marriage contract.

As a class, clergymen have not refused to marry the diseased and the defective. They have, however, received definite orders from their superiors not to marry a man to his deceased wife's sister, or to marry any one who has been divorced.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the time to begin the education of a child is a hundred years before he is born. Here was a poetic remark that the world has remembered, but which we did not analyze in a scientific way until day before yesterday.

#### What Is Eugenics?

**T**HE study of Eugenics dates back only ten years. It was founded by Sir Francis Galton, who defines Eugenics thus: "The study of agencies under control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally." ❧

This is the definition adopted by the University of London, where Galton founded a Chair of Eugenics.

This last Summer a convention was held in England, known as the "First International Eugenics Congress." Major Leonard Darwin, son of Charles Darwin, presided. There were present more than two hundred delegates from Europe and America—men and women of high intellectual type and noble purpose.

❧ The ancient Hebrew laws and the laws of the Spartans and the Athenians took into consideration the questions of producing normal children.

Medieval theology, however, seemed to scorn all scientific investigation. The idea was that man was above Nature, created by fiat, totally different from the world about him, and the laws that might apply to living things in the physical world did not apply to man. ❧ It was a great stride to the front, however, when it was discovered that criminals breed criminals, that the insane produce the insane,

that epileptics reproduce their kind, and that high physical, moral or mental qualities could not be hoped for in the child of parents who did not possess these qualities.

Here were general observations which the world has accepted as eminently scientific. ❧ When we discovered that one particular woman—an insane criminal—produced six children that were all criminals or insane—and the difference between insanity and criminology has not yet been established—we put our thumb on a very important fact.

Then when some one took the pains to trace out the children of these six children of the original criminal mother, and the discovery was made that more than half of these grandchildren were cares upon the State, being in prisons or public institutions, we fixed in the popular mind a thing that a great many people have not forgotten.

Any woman who marries a man who has been a social rounder and has a taste for strong drink takes a terrible risk. The children of such a mating are apt to be feeble-minded, neurotics, dipsomaniacs, or positive departures from the normal.

The continued breeding from imperfect people is what fills our jails, asylums, prisons and hospitals. ❧

More than half of the cases of blindness are traced directly to infection at birth.

Worry, fear, apprehension, sickness, are all disgenic, and all superstitions have had a great deal to do in depriving the world of the happiness that was its due.

Misery has an effect on the mother, and the mother would impress her offspring, and so cowards have been produced, instead of the fair, the happy, the faithful, the beautiful and the normal.

#### The Carnegie Institute

**T**HE Carnegie Institute has established an office of Eugenics Records, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. This office is under the immediate direction of Doctor Charles Benedict Davenport.

An immense mass of data has been gathered together, and from these certain generalizations have been made.

It has been found that weak family stock produces weak children; that inclinations and propensities as well as physical qualities are not blended between the father and the mother, but that the children will take after



either one parent or the other. Also, that the characteristics of the grandparents are often revived **••**

"Young men and women would do well," says Doctor Davenport, "to study the habits and qualities of their ancestors, and the habits and qualities of the individual that they purpose to marry. The most important thing in the world today is physical reproduction." Luther Burbank has changed the nature of plants in a single season by artificial selection.

¶ The Funk Brothers, of Bloomington, Illinois, have made a study of seed-corn and the value of planting from perfect stock.

Perry G. Holden, of Ames, Iowa, has done the same, and added millions to the wealth of the world thereby.

Eugene Grubb, in *The Study of the Potato*, has shown us how to raise three or four hundred bushels to an acre, where we only raised one hundred before.

And what these men have done in the world of agriculture, Doctor Davenport is doing in the culture of the human plant, with this difference, of course, that with the human plant the individual himself has to make decisions.

¶ Young men and women should realize that the trousseau and wedding journey are not all there is to marriage; that these things in themselves are trivial and unimportant; but the effects of marriage on the race lay hold on eternity.

The fact that the study of Eugenics is no passing fad is shown in the sale of the books of Ellen Key, who has been declared the world's greatest woman thinker; Mary L. Reed, Director of the School of Mothercraft; Professor Irving Fisher; and perhaps best of all, in the works of Doctor Hugo De Vries, the great Dutch biologist, who is now in this country **••**

The Science of Eugenics is no passing, transient fad. It is receiving an earnest, sincere, serious attention from many very great and noble minds. It has been taken out of the hands of theology, the fortune-teller and the sensational reformer, and is being dealt with as it deserves, by men and women intent on leaving this world a better place than they found it, and who are not afraid to follow a reason to its lair.

**••**  
A gentleman is one who is gentle toward the friendless **••**

## Three Magna Chartas

By Alice Hubbard



NE of the first symptoms of civilization is manifested when men arbitrate in a quarrel, instead of fighting until one of the combatants is dead.

When quarrels were carried to a superior and his judgment was accepted as a settlement, wisdom began to develop in the human race.

War antedates history.

Referees or judges come in with civilization.

That is primitive government wherein the power of making laws and executing them is vested in one person.

Paternalism and absolute monarchy are primitive. The strongest man rules.

Paternalism was the first government of the Jews. This was followed by the reign of the judges, and the rule of the judges was followed by that of kings.

To govern was easy so long as the force of one man was unquestioned.

When several strong men measured their power with the king's and said, "I am as strong or as great as he is," a House of Lords became necessary.

When the common people evolved, there entered other measures of power beside that of physical force or property, and a House of Commons became a necessity.

A representative government followed.

At the present time, a representative government is the nearest approach to a democracy that we have.

The government is nominally representative in England, America, France, Switzerland, China, Germany, Mexico and South America. A representative government is a direct result of the enlightenment and education of the people. ¶ When a human being recognizes that all men are born to the right of freedom and equality, then paternalism and monarchism are outgrown.

When men who have been governed by others first make the demand for the exercise of freedom, their natural right, there is always a fight **••**

The monarch clings to his power, because to him it is property and also his right.



Almost all of the wars that have been fought have been between those who wanted to retain their ancient property-rights, and those who wanted to exercise their individual rights to freedom.

Few rulers have been able to see that the natural right of the individual would ultimately win. Natural law has never been successfully opposed by man-made desires.

¶ In England, in the year Twelve Hundred Fifteen, the barons, the entire nobility, the yeomanry and free peasantry all joined in the demand for a representative government. Their demand was made to King John, who fitly represented the weakness of force.

The concession to this demand for the privilege of the exercise of rights is called the Magna Charta.

As a surety that the charter would be executed, this "Army of God and the Holy Church" compelled John to surrender the Tower and City of London, and they held this until the King had completely executed the charter. Copies of the Magna Charta were read publicly, twice a year, in every county and every diocese of the kingdom. This caused the people of England to contemplate their natural rights.

The Thirty-ninth Article of the Chapter of Liberties contains the Writ of Habeas Corpus, the Trial by Jury, and the statement that justice, which is the debt of every government, can not be paid without rendering law cheap, prompt and equal. It provided that the supreme civil court shall be stationary instead of following the king's person. This implied the stability of government, not dependence upon one man, but, like a corporation, to "have a body without death, a mind without decline," a place where justice could be administered independent of an individual. The Magna Charta was the greatest textbook ever devised by man for instilling into the minds of men an intelligent understanding of natural rights.

And Englishmen learned their lesson well. Englishmen, like Norsemen when hailed upon the high seas with "Where are you from and who are your masters?" would ever fling back the defiant cry, "We are from the round world, and we own no man as master."

The kings had descendants.

The freemen had descendants.

The kings' descendants wished to retain

property and rights which they had not individually earned.

The freeman believed in and demanded equal opportunity for all.

The continent of America was open to Europe. The world was wide. So when oppression oppressed, Puritans and Pilgrim fathers came to America to form a government of their own, and to exercise rights which their mother country had not allowed.

But the new Americans were still Britishers. They had the same qualities. They were brothers to the British who remained at home.

¶ To make the soil produce a living was once a very serious task for mankind. Then the consensus of opinion formed into a law, that the father was entitled to the work of his children until they were twenty-one years old. This occurred when to eat, to be protected against the elements, was man's most difficult problem.

Children were minors until they were twenty-one. The father assumed certain protection and control. The child rendered service.

#### Taxation Without Representation

ENGLAND considered her Colonies in America as minors. While the Colonies were small and unprotected she gave protection. She controlled and she demanded service.

The Colonies attained their majority. Their love for freedom was as great as, if not greater than, that of Englishmen. They were no longer in need of England's protection.

England still demanded service. Her control became irksome to the Colonies.

The Colonies demanded the rights of majority.

¶ England refused, and the cry arose, "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

It was a terrible, tragic time. England, the parent, had great pride and some love for her children, the Colonies. It was a family quarrel.

The Colonies demanded their Magna Charta.

¶ The unwise king tried to compel obedience. The Colonies asked for co-operation.

"You are children. Do as I say!" was England's response.

#### Edmund Burke's Plea

A JUDICIAL mind is a fair mind. It is also ethical.

In all English history there is no more judicial, discerning, logical, prescient mind than that of Edmund Burke.



The judicial mind of Edmund Burke turned its attention upon the quarrel between England and the American Colonies. He realized how grave was the situation for England if peace was not restored. He presented to Parliament a plan to secure peace, and that was to remove the grounds of disagreement.

¶ The English government had admitted that the Colonies had cause for the complaint of taxation. Burke showed that the dissatisfaction of the Colonies was not the dissatisfaction of a child, but that of a full-grown, independent mind. The American Colonies were peers of the mother country and they must be so recognized in their treatment by England. This was just before the Declaration of Independence in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six.

Burke did his best to avert the catastrophe of the Revolutionary War. But England did not listen to reason and right.

She deeply regretted the separation of the Colonies that became the United States of America.

Now Englishmen read Burke's argument and say: "Why did not our forefathers understand? Why did they fight for seven years to conquer their brothers, their equals?"

#### A Parallel Instance

THE struggle that is consuming so much of English strength today is a repetition of the struggle of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six. There is only this difference: The combatting elements are more intimate, more closely bound by natural ties and racial instincts, than were the mother country and her children.

The threatening war is men against women, women against men.

The Cause leading up to this conflict is similar to the Cause which led to the Revolution.

Women are becoming educated.

Schopenhauer said that all women were minors, fit companions only for children. There was something of truth in the statement when he made it. But women have been growing up. Some of them have reached their majority.

They are individual, independent, thinking beings. They are making demands for their Magna Charta.

And again the cry is: "Taxation without representation is tyranny. Give us representa-

tion in this representative government. We should neither be owned, nor are we dependent children. We do not need protection. We demand our rights, and desire the privilege to co-operate with men as their peers."

Throughout the kingdom of Great Britain their Magna Charta has been read more than twice a year. The women of England have heard it and have become educated. They realize that freedom is woman's natural right, just as it is man's natural right.

England concedes that her women are taxed without being represented, that they are held amenable to laws made by men.

English women are the daughters of English men who love their freedom, who demand their rights. These daughters partake of the nature of their sires.

One of the first points that Burke makes with regard to England's obligation to concede to the American people their demand is the number of people in the Colonies—"Two million people," he says, "of our own blood."

¶ Half of Great Britain is now demanding of the other half the inherent right of freedom. Burke brings forward the fact that the English Colonies are producing great wealth, that they are able to earn their own living, and, therefore, they must be treated as reputable citizens, capable of taking care of themselves; if they sever their connection from the mother country, that the mother country has no right to the earnings of the Colonies, taking their money as tribute—receiving something for nothing.

Women in Great Britain today are earners: their earning capacity is being developed rapidly. If they are not economically independent, it is because their services have not been compensated for. They have not received money for their expenditure of time and energy.

England felt severely the withdrawal of the commerce of the Colonies; but she waited, delayed, held on to that which was not her own until the Colonies rebelled and became an independent people.

English women have the same blood running in their veins that the Colonists had, their demand is the same, and their Cause is just the same.

When it was suggested to Burke that the Colonies should be forced into obedience, he said:



"My opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force. I say this, considering force not as an odious, but a feeble instrument. The use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again: and the nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

"Conciliation failing, force remains.

"But force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

"A further objection to force is that you impair the object by your very endeavor to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover.

"I do not choose to break the American spirit, because it is the spirit that has made this country."

Probably the greatest danger that England is facing today is in using violence to force her women into quiet submission. If English men fight and conquer English women, they will not recover what they have fought for, namely, the child mind in women.

English women have grown. They are no longer children. They can not be children. The more their demand is resisted, the more insistent will be their demand, the more rapid will be their growth.

English men are again meeting in mortal combat their peers. And again they do not realize that it is true.

English men are combating English women, their descendants, who have inherited their fathers' love of freedom and independence.

¶ And Burke said, "An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery."

If English men can remove the love of freedom from the hearts and minds of English women, then English men need not give to English women the rights which English men have demanded and held for themselves.

Referring to the Colonies, Burke said, "This is impossible, because pedigree can not be altered, education can not be changed; it is impossible to prosecute the spirit of freedom as criminal; pleading for a privilege is not rebellion; to punish as criminals people who are demanding rights has never proved expedient." ❧ ❧

He affirms that the question before the English Parliament is not whether they have a right to render their people miserable; but whether it is not to the advantage of the English nation to make them happy.

Burke then calls to the attention of Parliament the advantage of having the Colonies interested vitally in the Constitution.

For six hours Burke stood before the English Parliament and gave reason after reason why peace must be made between England and the Colonies. Conciliation at any price would be cheap. To continue the dissatisfaction was ruin ❧ ❧

No clearer thinking than this has ever been done, no wiser argument has ever been urged.

¶ And yet it is said that members of Parliament yawned, went to sleep, left the House, while Burke laid before them a plan which would have reunited a nation and established a precedent for justice.

Today England is dallying with the same dangerous condition.

It has been demonstrated to her again and again that there is no scare in British blood; that English women can die, can suffer just as bravely as English men; also that English women are fighters, just as are English men, and that they use any weapon which they can get, just as English men do.

And still English men do not recognize that there is something better for England than to develop the fighting spirit in English women.

¶ Only two ways seem open to English men: either to take the motto of Huerta, "Obey or be exterminated," or to remember Burke's advice and recognize that English women are full-grown. They are the peers of English men ❧ ❧

There was a time when the British Colonies said, "Daughter am I in my mother's house," and a time, later, when they added, "But mistress in my own."

This time has come for English women. They are individuals, thinking, deciding, acting for themselves.

A house is divided against itself, husbands against wives, sons against their mothers; women fighting men.

England's citizenship would be doubled if the women were enfranchised. Now this fighting is consuming British strength.

English men complain that the English women are changing, and the change is not for the



better, that it is not desirable that women become warriors.

England does not want a rival power in her women, neither a conquered, impoverished half of the British people.

Burke warned Great Britain, when it was trying to compel Colonial obedience, that the thing she fought for was not the thing she would recover, that co-operation was by far more desirable.

Unless England intends to take Huerta's attitude, she must grant women the franchise on equal terms with men, for in the English blood there is no compromise.

### Emiline Pankhurst

ONE of the names most prominent among the English suffragettes is that of Emiline Pankhurst. There is scarcely a day that Mrs. Pankhurst has not been doing something. The daily newspapers do not go to press without referring to her.

At first she was ridiculed. Caricaturists made people laugh at her.

She came to America. We did not smile at her. We listened with reverence and respect to what she said. Her singleness of purpose commanded our admiration. We knew *there* was a woman with a Cause, and we spelled it with a capital. We knew she would win, or die fighting.

The English papers have ceased to smile at Mrs. Pankhurst and the women who are doing work similar to hers. London takes pains to have police-officers know where Mrs. Pankhurst is most of the time.

English men have become uncomfortable. The situation is serious. They realize that the women's demand is not a fad, a fashion; but there is something deep, underlying this demand.

Most people consider Mrs. Pankhurst, and the women of whom she is a representative, unladylike, undignified, and worse. They have applied the names of haridan, hoodlum, vixen, scapegoat, termagant, to militant suffragettes.

These women are not working for admiration. These women are working for a principle. ¶ They do what they can. They use the means at hand.

When clutched by the arm roughly by policemen of more than twice their strength, they have asked to be released, and when the policemen tightened their grip, they have

used the only weapons they had, as any natural being does.

When Marie Antoinette asked what that noise was outside her window, she was told it was hungry people, crying for bread.

"Have they no bread?"

"No!"

"Why do they not eat cake, then?" was the queen's conclusive question.

Why are these ladies, women of noble refinement, not ladylike when they are attacked by a burly policeman? The policemen do not understand gentle courtesy. The time and occasion will not permit gentleness.

We are very proud of our American ancestors who tipped a carload of tea into Boston harbor.

Militant suffragettes are making the only kind of tea-party for which they have the means.

Mrs. Pankhurst is arrested. Like Thoreau, she repudiates the right of the legal authorities to deal with her. She says:

"I am a woman and have no control over the appointment of these men, and they have no right to try me. I refuse to consent to a legal farce being enacted, and I shall begin by refusing to conform to the prison discipline while on remand. I shall take no food from the moment I enter prison. If I am still alive when the time for the so-called trial arrives, the judge, the counsel, the jury of men, will have the shameful task of pretending to give a fair and impartial trial to a sick and undefended woman."

It is easy to criticize this woman. It is easy to ridicule her. But we can not, in justice, criticize her Cause, for it is the Cause of Freedom.

We can not consistently ridicule the defense of the English Suffragettes, because they are using the only weapons of defense they have. We have no right to oppose their insistence to win, because they are exercising a natural right, the right whose exercise has so far evolved the human race.

POLITICIANS who have interests aside from the interest of the people, are—that is, the most of them are, taken as a mass—at least one long step removed from honest men. ¶ I say this with the greater freedom because, being a politician myself, none can regard it as personal.—*Lincoln*.



## A Visit to Professor Haeckel

By Fleet-Surgeon C. M. Beadnell



SINCE the name of Haeckel is to all good Roycrofters as the bugle to a war-horse, a brief description of both his museum and an interview with which he recently honored the writer may not come amiss to readers of *The Fra*. ¶ I was attending the International Public Health Congress in Berlin, and as, thanks to the courtesy of one who above all others has wielded the cudgels in this country on behalf of the great German Monist, I had already corresponded with Haeckel, I thought it only meet and fitting, now that the time was opportune, to pay my respects in person. Accordingly I caught a train which reached Jena at a little after noon, and, leaving the station, walked to the town, which lies about half a mile away. A table set in a shady corner of the pavement outside a hotel drew me lunchwards, and as I rested I gazed with interest at the town that shelters so famous a man.

A delightfully quiet Old-World spot, it lies cozily tucked away among surrounding hills, laved by the Saale, whose leisurely motion harmonizes with the serene and studious atmosphere of the whole town. When, after lunch, I started for Haeckel Strasse and the Phylogenetical Museum, my way led past statues of some of Jena's most illustrious men—Schiller, Goethe, Fichte, Humboldt and Oken.

### The Museum

THE museum, which is Haeckel's crowning work, is devoted exclusively to organic evolution, especially to the evolution of man. In the entrance-hall stands a large bronze statue of a woman, grasping in her left hand the "citadel of what was once a human mind," and in her right, held aloft, the flaming torch of truth; near by, in a glass case, a group of young primates—the first order of mammals, not bishops—are seen gamboling among the hills of the Kameruns. Passing on into the museum proper, one is confronted with a giant male gorilla, a facsimile of the monster depicted in Haeckel's *Evolution of Man*. In

other glass cases are lifelike Veddahs, the male with his bow and arrow, the female clasped by her child. Apes and monkeys, ranging from the intelligent chimpanzee to the agile *Ateles*, with tail acting as a fifth limb, peer and scowl at one in the most natural manner from various parts of the room. In one spot is a case devoted to the comparative anatomy of the vermiform appendix with its various stages, from the large functional condition in certain herbivorous animals like the rabbit, through the degenerate and dangerous condition in which it exists in man and the higher apes, to the final stage when, in purely carnivorous animals like the lion and tiger, it has entirely disappeared. Other things that arrest one are some realistic drawings of Pithecanthropus, Neanderthal man, and *Homo Mousteriensis*; also a case in which Haeckel has so arranged the limb bones of the five anthropoids—man, gorilla, chimpanzee, orang and gibbon—that a glance shows how negligible are the anatomical differences separating man from the higher apes; far wider is the gulf between the higher apes and the lower. Splendid models illustrate the evolution of the brain, both philogenetical (past racial history) and ontogenetical (past individual and embryonic history), all degrees being represented—from the smooth and relatively small brain of the lower mammal and human embryo up to the deeply fissured and relatively huge brain of the human adult. In another cabinet are casts of the hands of man and ape lying side by side, to show how even these delicate lines—beloved of the fortune-teller and palmist—pursue similar curvilinear courses. Again, there are fetuses of man and ape covered with the hairy coat that clothes each one of us prior to our entry into a cold and callous world; other specimens show the thatchlike arrangement of the hairs in all animals, not even excepting the lord of creation, such an arrangement being for the express purpose of throwing off rain.

### Convergence in Evolution

EVEN the ceiling of the museum is artistically decorated with paintings of gorgeous coelenterates and other organisms of the sunny seas. Inset in one wall are sculpturings of great evolutionists, among them the illustrious Goethe and our own Darwin. One pauses long before those cases devoted to the study of mimicry and to the exemplification



of "excessive development," or, as Professor Dendy has recently styled it, "momentum in evolution"—a momentum that has already carried many species out of existence altogether. The bills of the Toucan and Hornbill, the ornamental appendages of the Umbrella Bird and Bird of Paradise, the unwieldy antlers of the Irish Elk, the upper canines of the Saber-Toothed Tiger, the tusks of the Mastodon, the huge-sized bosses, plates and spines of the old giant Saurians, are one and all good cases in point. "Convergence in evolution" is beautifully portrayed by the different organs brought into play for the one specific purpose of aerial flight—the feathered arm of the bird, the membranous hand of the bat, the skin-fold of the flying-fox, the fin of the flying-fish, and the modified breathing apparatus of the insect. Many staunch friends of the evolutionist introduce themselves—the mudfish, that links fish to amphibian; the King Crab, a veritable living fossil; that museum of antiquities, the duck-billed platypus,

That Monotreme absurd,

That lays eggs as though it were a bird.

Finally, there are a series of wax models that represent the individual evolution of man. If any special creationist can gaze unmoved and unconvinced on this series, he must be indeed in a parlous state; for these models show every step in the evolution of man, commencing with the single cell, passing through the gastrula invertebrate stage to the primitive fish stage, where gill-arches and gill-cliffs and a swim-bladder come on the scene, thence through reptilian and early mammalian stages to that of the simian, until finally the embryo announces itself as unmistakably of the genus *homo sapiens*. Reluctantly I had to tear myself away from the fascinations of the museum, for the appointed hour of my interview had arrived.

### The Apostle of Monism

**H**AECKEL'S house stands near by, in a peaceful garden sheltered by large trees; the building is picturesquely creeper-covered, and one wall was a blaze of purple clematis blossom. I knocked at the door, and a servant-maid piloted me up a flight of stairs to a spacious library, where, half-reclining on a sofa and actually painting some zoological drawings, was the world's great zoologist and embryologist—Haeckel. He rose with a smile

of welcome, shook hands, and greeted me in the most fluent English. When I apologized for my lamentable ignorance of the expressive language of his country, he, with characteristic amiability, assured me it was a pleasure to him to exercise his powers of English. He still suffers with his leg, the fracture having apparently left in its wake a good deal of chronic arthritis of the hip-joint. "But what can you expect," said he, laughing, "at my time of life? I ought to be, and am, thankful it is no worse."

In spite of his seventy-eight years, Haeckel looks wonderfully fit. He is tall and straight; but for the slight stoop incidental to a studious life, his bearing would be almost military; his eye is keen and bright, his senses alert, and his cheek flushes with an almost boyish enthusiasm as he discusses the child of his old age, the Museum of Phylogeny. He told me that he goes there almost daily, and watches with the keenest interest its rapid growth. Haeckel is very proud of his son-in-law, who for many years has been engaged in scientific work in Central Africa, and has not only discovered in that region a hitherto unknown lake, but was, moreover, the first white man to reach the summit of Kilimanjaro. Wishing to show me a work containing some of his son-in-law's paintings of this mountain's scenery, Haeckel crossed the room with the intention of reaching down a book from an upper shelf; but I had vivid recollections of the cause of his injury, and, declining to be responsible for a second accident, suggested I might be allowed to get the book. He laughed, saying, "But I do not like to give you so much trouble." Such is the modesty of greatness; what I regarded as a great privilege and honor, he feared might be a trouble! Haeckel himself is renowned for his dexterity with the brush, and, apart from his purely scientific drawings and paintings, has executed some charming little scenes of tropical Ceylon.

As I have been on three occasions to Ceylon, and have also been on a shooting expedition in the Athi plains, from where, day after day, one sees the snow-capped peaks of Kenia and Kilimanjaro, we found no lack of conversational subjects of mutual interest. He afterwards told me of his student days, of his electing for a biological career, of the great molding influence which Darwin's writings had on him, and how he was the first German



to accept and promulgate the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, and especially of the origin of man. Huxley he admired immensely, and his favorite of Huxley's books—perhaps it is superfluous to say it—is *Man's Place in Nature*. He waxed enthusiastic over Sir Ray Lankester, his eyes glistening as he said, "He was one of my first and most promising pupils, and he translated into English my *Natural History of Creation*." ¶ And so we chatted, and the time flew by until I arose to go, when, with a final admonition to me to convey his best wishes to all members of the great *Fra* Family, we shook hands and parted.

The wide domain of happiness has never been mapped; but sorrow has been surveyed and known in every part.

## Counts Against Tobacco

By Doctor David Starr Jordan



WE have three main counts against tobacco. The first is that it contains a poison, nicotine, which, in small quantities, is a nerve-irritant under the guise of nerve-quieting.

With the false impression of soothing the nerves it sets them on edge, producing a condition which demands more nicotine as a means of allaying the irritation it has already caused. It is one of the peculiarities of the nerve-disturbing drugs that, when taken, they seem to quiet the pain they have caused. But when the effect passes, the pain reappears. The system calls for more, and thus the drug habit begins.

The man who smokes feels comfort when he has a good cigar. But the fact is well attested that, at best, he is capable only of suppressing the feeling of unrest caused by tobacco. At his best, he feels only as a non-smoker of like physique feels all the time. The nervous system of a man is the most delicate piece of machinery known in the universe. Any drug which affects the nerves, no matter what—nerve-stimulant, depressant, soporific, whatever it may be—can act only by putting the nervous system out of order. It may be much

or it may be little, but whatever it is, it does its share of mischief. And that tobacco does mischief to every one that uses it is our first count against it.

Our second count is that to young boys it does far greater harm. It retards development and prevents maturity. A cigarette boy of sixteen rarely becomes a man: He falls like a wormy apple. And the presence everywhere of tobacco, and especially of cigarettes, ruins many boys who have good stuff in them. The cigarette is at once a cause, an effect and a symptom of lack of virility. All vices have this threefold relation of cause, effect, and symptom of injury.

Our third count is this, that consumers of tobacco soon lose consideration of the rights and comforts of others. If they could or would consume their own smoke, the affair would be their business mainly and not ours. But this they do not do. They pollute the air almost everywhere, and in a greater and greater degree. To the man of normal nerves, there is nothing in the way of odors more offensive than that of stale tobacco. Besides this the smoke is intensely irritating to the eyes, nostrils and lungs of those who have not become casehardened to it. And to be thus hardened is not a sign of strength, but rather of disorder, the loss of sensitiveness of nerves that should be on the alert.

We may not cure our neighbors of smoking. We would not interfere with the right of any man to do what he likes with his own body. But we would protect our children and his from injuring themselves permanently before they are old enough and wise enough to choose.

And as citizens of a republic and joint owners of the atmosphere, we, the one million of men and the forty million of women who do not smoke, have the right to ask the others to put away their cigars when they are in our company. We will grant them all the smoking-cars and smoking-rooms they like, and will not begrudge them their pleasures (though we believe them spurious), but we ask them for a free passage through the world, with pure air all the way. This their innate courtesy would grant cheerfully, if they realized how "good smoke" affects the non-smoker.

This is the hope of the race: to travel, but never to arrive.—*Alice Hubbard.*



## Oral Hygiene

By Cordelia L. O'Neill



RECENT experiment made at the Marion School in Cleveland is believed to be a valuable proof of the efficiency of emphasizing oral or "mouth" hygiene.

In line with the predominating thought today, conservation of energy, of time, and of resource has entered the educational world quite as strongly as it has laid hold of the commercial and economic

field. Educators have long realized this fact, but so sacred is the subject to the public at large that no profession is obliged to be as conservative in establishing innovations as is that of teaching. In America, and in fact throughout the world, we are gradually becoming an urban people. Our industrial growth has drawn us in large numbers into the cities. Nowhere has city planning sufficiently anticipated the influx to avoid serious congestion. It exists in varying degrees of density according to the poverty, occupation and race of the people.

With it has come a new and serious problem to be solved in education. The old-time conditions in the days of the little "red school-house," with its pure air; ample exercise in connection with the necessary duties of the average boy and girl; plenty of plain but wholesome unadulterated food, gave the teacher very little concern for the physical condition of his pupil.

Poorly ventilated and lighted homes and present-day preserved foods increased the number of anemic, tubercular children. Eye and ear defects multiplied, and the task of equipping children with the required foundation for life became more impossible.

Yearly, thousands were falling below the accepted conventional standard and repeating their work. This entailed immense financial loss in supplying teachers and equipment, besides the additional serious loss of discouraged children dropping out as soon as the age limits were reached. This threw on the market many uneducated, in fact almost illiterate, children.

Physical culture and playgrounds were called

into use. They did their part to ameliorate conditions. About a decade or so ago, medical inspection was conceded to be a necessity, and its installation in the larger cities of the United States urged and, after some heroic struggling, adopted. It has made the work of the teacher possible and saved to the nation many bright-minded, useful citizens that would have been thrown on the scrap-heap of mediocrity, deficiency or crime. But medical inspection with its very great value is incomplete without dental inspection and oral hygiene, directed by the professional dental expert.

The foregoing statements are made because of the special thought and attention that has been given to this subject for more than a year by the writer of this article.

### The Marion School Experiment

DURING the past six years we have had at Marion School the services of a medical inspector. He was a man of training and ability far above the average, and temperamentally was fitted for the work, and had for the first four years given gratuitous service. I mention these facts to make clear the point that our medical inspection was of the highest type and the work thoroughly done. Marion School is in the congested section of the city. It is peopled with either the foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents. They represent various nationalities, and there could be found all the variations of poverty, misery and crime that characterize any similar quarter of a large manufacturing and commercial city. Four years of medical inspection, together with systematic daily attention to rhythmic work and gymnastics, completely transformed our children. While in school they had the appearance, manners and characteristics of children coming from homes of a more fortunate type. Invariably visitors at the building judged them to be a better class of children than those attending neighboring schools, notwithstanding that their homes and families, from an economic, social and industrial standpoint, were identical.

In June, Nineteen Hundred Nine, a general inspection of the entire school was made by ten dentists and their attendants, under the direction of the chairman of the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association, by permission from the Cleveland Board of Education. Out of the eight hundred



forty-six children examined that day, just three were found whose oral conditions were perfect—one a little Slavish girl, one an American born of Russian parentage and one a little colored boy. One boy was found to have three abscesses, two well developed and one forming. Many were found who had lost their first permanent molars, and scores of malformations and malocclusions were noted.

### Remarkable Results

**T**HE discovery to us was startling, and we hailed with joy the decision made during the next year to have a more specific examination made, with the hopeful outlook of having the indigent cases cared for in the building by the local dental society. Previous to that time we had occasional serious cases treated at the clinic of the Western Reserve Dental College.

Through the usual enterprise of the then existing Board of Education, four clinics or dental rooms were fitted up in four widely separated buildings of the city and equipped through the efforts of the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association, and manned by the local dental society. On March Eighteenth, Nineteen Hundred Ten, our clinic was dedicated. Immediately following, a systematic and careful examination of each child in the building was made by Doctor L. A. Kreji, a local dentist of ability. He and his attendant worked during the morning hours and were able to inspect daily on an average two classes of forty each. While the examinations were being made, the attendant recorded on specially prepared charts the teeth affected, the condition of the mouth in general, the name, age, and address of each child. The charts were made in duplicate, the original kept by the dentist, the copy sent home to the parents. There was a footnote from the superintendent of schools printed on the bottom of each chart, appealing to the parents to give the proper dental treatment and endorsing the efforts of the dentists. As this work was completed, Doctor Ebersole, the chairman of the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association, requested that we form a special class for scientific experiment. He was firm in his belief that proof could be established that the mental ability of a child would be increased more than fifty per cent if his teeth, mouth, and oral habits were kept in good condition.

Up to that time I had lent co-operation to the work of the dentists, because I am a firm believer in a "healthy mind in a healthy body," and I had just seen the marvelous results obtained by our medical inspector. But for a while I hesitated. If results were to be tabulated I would see to it that no credit went to the oral hygiene that had belonged to medical inspection. Accordingly I secured written affidavits from reliable and important sources concerning what they had seen accomplished at Marion School by the medical inspection of our school. I held that in readiness to bring forward if the oral-hygiene committee took to itself any undue share of honor. I have not used my carefully collected affidavits nor has there been the slightest need to use them. The result of our dental experiments were so manifestly due to oral hygiene that from a skeptic I have become an enthusiast and can not too strongly recommend a prominent place to oral hygiene for all of us who are trying to conserve the child physically, mentally, morally, and fit him for his place as a citizen of the United States.

I do not wish to be misunderstood in this matter. I was at first not antagonistic to the dental work, but I was not willing to permit my school or my services to contribute to any advertising scheme or agitation that was in any way removed from fact. My attitude during the entire fourteen months from the time of organizing the class till the presentation of my report at the convention of the dental association has been that of censor. Having agreed to assist in the experiment suggested by Doctor Ebersole, we began work as soon as Doctor Kreji had completed the inspection of the building, and with his assistance we looked over all the charts of the children from the fourth to the eighth grades, inclusive. We did not take any below the fourth grade, as their ability and knowledge would make the test we were planning to make practically useless; nor did we select from the eighth grade, as they would soon be graduated and would be too scattered to make any adequate supervision feasible. From the charts mentioned, of the children specified above, we selected forty of those that showed the worst oral conditions. Our experiment, as I understood, was to prove the efficacy of good oral conditions and their superiority in maintaining a high order of mentality.



The selection gave us a variety of children typical of our building. We had children of good mentality represented and those of the poorest; in fact, one of the little girls had been pronounced mentally defective by our medical inspector. We had well-meaning tractable pupils and incorrigibles among the group. Three truants among the number were on the verge of being called into the juvenile court, and one boy who had repeatedly given trouble both in the schoolroom and on the playground had his papers made out for his transference to our "Boys School," a place where very special attention is given to pupils who can not fit harmoniously into their surroundings in the regular schools.

These forty children were assembled on May Eighteenth, Nineteen Hundred Ten, and told that we were going to make an experiment of the value of oral hygiene and wanted their help. They were to consult with their parents and let us know in a few days if we might count on their assistance. The work required of them was the following: They were to permit the dentist to put their teeth in perfect condition free of charge to the parents; they were to brush their teeth three times daily, the brushes and tooth-powder being furnished free; they were to take a series of psychological tests and attend any meetings that may be called; and they were to live up to any and all directions given by Mrs. Van Gastle, who was acting in the capacity of supervising nurse. If they lived up faithfully to requirements they were to be rewarded at Christmas-time with a five-dollar gold-piece. If not, they were to be dropped from the class. Their work would be of no value to us if it were not complete and thorough.

The reward was given as something tangible which the child could look forward to as an incentive, since children could not be supposed to appreciate the value of dental prophylaxis nor expected to demonstrate its worth altruistically.

At the end of three days, when the second meeting was called, five children withdrew, as they would not undertake the burden. The remaining thirty-five agreed to organize. Toothbrushes and tooth-powder were distributed and a lesson on the proper way of brushing the teeth was given by Doctor Ebersole. The nurse supplemented this lesson with personal instruction, and in some few

instances it took many lessons to produce ability to use the brush properly.

The following week the first of the series of psychological tests was given. These tests were prepared by Doctor Wallin, a psychological expert. They were to test memory, quickness and accuracy of perception, rapidity and accuracy of association and differentiation of ideas, and rapid calculation. Six tests were to be given: two before any work was done on the teeth or before they were rightly started in their practise, two while the teeth were being treated, and two after all work was finished.

The time, condition and manner of giving the tests were scrupulously uniform. The method of credits was strictly in accordance with directions laid down by the psychological expert.

The third week the children were given a lesson in mastication. A saucer of puffed wheat and cream was furnished each child. Then Mrs. Van Gastle explained carefully what mastication meant; the necessity of complete insalivation; the chemical virtues of the saliva; and in unison, mouthful by mouthful, the wheat was eaten, giving an intelligent understanding to the children of what was being attempted.

Then frequently, but at irregular intervals and at different times in the day, the children were visited in their homes. Their work was closely observed. During the time eight were dropped for non-conformity in some particular absence from test, failure to brush teeth, persistent continuance of impeding insalivation by moistening their food with tea or water before it was thoroughly chewed. Every aid was given in perfecting oral conditions, but nothing was said or done to aid the mental improvement or in any way to attract attention to the pupil in the school. All meetings were held after school, and so unnoticed were they that six months after the work began, some of the teachers did not know who of their children were in the dental class. Any improvements made were due to oral hygiene and that alone.

### The Remarkable Results

WHEN the final records were made, in May, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, the average gain in the psychological tests for the twenty-seven children was 99.8+ per cent, almost double what Doctor Ebersole had



predicted. Not only was this mental gain made, but there was a physical improvement very marked in every case and a spirit of self-respect was engendered that corrected disobedience, truancy and incorrigibility. The greater the need to the child, the greater seemed to be the gain.

One girl made a gain of 444 per cent; another 101+ per cent. Six of the children were able to complete the usual thirty-eight weeks' work of the eighth grade in twenty-four weeks. One boy did two years' work in one year.

The girls, who before had sallow complexions and pimpled faces, finished up with clear skins and rosy cheeks. A girl who suffered much from flatulency and sick headache was entirely relieved. A case of kidney trouble was almost entirely cured. A boy was immune from contagion of scarlet fever, though living in a family and helping to nurse six younger members who had contracted the disease. Undoubted proof was established that by keeping the teeth in perfect condition, by living up to the laws of oral hygiene, these twenty-seven children doubled their mental ability; gained in power and endurance and bodily strength; and showed marked improvement in personal appearance and habits.

A physical, mental, moral gain in the child produces an economic and financial gain to the community. Can any one question that practical working knowledge of oral hygiene is worth while?

Some folks have more temptations than others because they are always hunting for them

## The Invitation

By Percy B. Shelley

**A**WAY, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild-wood and the downs  
To the silent wilderness  
Where the soul need not repress  
Its music lest it should not find  
An echo in another's mind  
While the touch of Nature's art  
Harmonizes heart to heart.  
To the wild-woods and the plains  
And the pools where Winter rains  
Image all their roof of leaves,  
Where the pine its garland weaves.  
Where the lawns and pastures be  
And the sand-hills of the sea.

## A Message to Housekeepers

By Elbert Hubbard



**NE-THIRD** of all deaths in America are the result of lung-disease, pneumonia and tuberculosis—the Great White Plague.

The chief cause of lung-disease is dust.

All occupations that render it necessary for the operators to breathe in dust have now come to be regarded as hazardous, and as such are frequently the subject of special

legislation by our lawmakers.

The broom has been called woman's weapon. With it she fights dirt, dust and her enemies—including man.

Sweeping with a broom is a most unsanitary operation. It starts an agitation of circumambient microbes, and causes a circulation of dust. After sweeping, the housewife always has to go over the furniture with a cloth, by hand. Some of this dust is taken up on the cloth, but most of it is simply rubbed off and again chased through the air.

So it is a transfer of dust and dirt from one part of the house to another.

Necessarily, a considerable quantity of this dust is inhaled by the occupants of the room.

¶ An eminent physician and surgeon of Minnesota—a man of worldwide fame—has recently said: "More women patients, three to one, are sent to hospitals than men. This comes, in large degree, from the fact that women live indoors and breathe a dust-laden, secondhand atmosphere."

No matter how beautiful the house, or how exquisite the furnishings, if pure air does not circulate in every room, the family suffers

### Resiliency

**A**LL life is a fight between the opposing forces of life and dissolution.

Happily, there are millions of germs in every human body that are fighting for health, and when these health-germs are in the ascendent, we are well.

And whenever the malevolent germs, or germs of disease, outnumber the germs of health, we decline, grow weary, tired, sick and die. The thing is to preserve resiliency—and resiliency is resisting-power.



Doctor Wier Mitchell, one of the most eminent physicians in the world, has recently said: "What we call diseases are only symptoms of conditions. Allow the man's vitality to be reduced to a certain point, and he is ripe then for any of these weaknesses, or certain conditions which we call disease." Disease is an endeavor on the part of the malevolent germs to force the man into bankruptcy. They have appointed themselves receivers, and they are foreclosing on the claim.

### Oxygenation

**M**AN is an air-breathing animal. He begins to breathe the moment he is born; and when he ceases to breathe for four minutes, he is dead; the spirit takes its flight, and the body returns to the elements from which it was formed.

The integrity of the body is maintained only so long as the blood is oxygenated through the breath. The air we exhale is laden with carbonic-acid gas—a violent poison. In a house where the air is not in circulation, the room gets saturated with this carbonic-acid gas. All things in the world have three forms; these are gaseous, liquid and solid. Everything is moving from one of these forms into another. For instance, the sputum is a liquid. Dried in the open air, it soon becomes a solid. Then, pulverized, it is taken up by the air and circulates in minute particles, some of which are too small to be seen.

Air, out of doors, in motion, is in a state of purification. Only running water is pure. Activity is the one great secret of life. Everything is in motion. Movement is eternal. There is nothing permanent but change. Air in a house is pretty nearly static. In the enclosed walls, the air is caught and held, and we breathe it over and over and over.

Windows are very imperfect ventilators. They are good, as far as they go; but in Winter we have double windows and storm-doors, and these are nearly as bad for shutting out fresh air as the old-time custom on the farms of banking up the house with manure, chinking the front door and nailing it tight, and putting strips of cloth in all the crevices of the window-frames, fastening them close until Spring-time came.

Such condition made the family physician a necessity. Mumps, measles, whooping-cough, typhoid, ague, chills, intermittent fever, pneu-

monia, sciatica, rheumatism, granulated eyelids, colds, followed as a natural result.

### Fresh Air

**N**O man ever successfully made love when he had a cold in the head. Also, no man ever devised a great business scheme when he had asthma.

Adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective hearing, come from bad sanitary conditions that weaken the individual, until the germs of disease get him in their despotic clutch.

Appendicitis follows faulty circulation, imperfect elimination, impaction. Then come congestion, inflammation, and a condition is ripe where the surgeon's knife is a necessity in order to save the life of the patient. No physician of skill will dispute these simple propositions.

The air is the life. We can go without drinking water for six days. We can go without eating forty days. But we can not go without breathing for four minutes.

We eat our peck of dirt, all right, and then go on and eat another; but we can not breathe a peck of dirt without stopping up lung-cells; and then follows a condition where the blood is imperfectly oxygenated. Faulty elimination results. The germs of tuberculosis jump the claim, and the toxins that these "tubercs" exude, poison the well-springs of life.

It is only within recent times that we have recognized the necessity of fresh air. Sleeping out of doors in open-air sleeping-porches will add twenty per cent of efficiency to the life of the individual.

### "The Chautauqua Salute"

**H**OW slow we have been to recognize the value of fresh air, is shown by the following bit of history: In the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five, a great and learned man, an educator of international repute, concluded that the applause of great audiences, by clapping of hands, was rude, coarse and inharmonious. Instead, he devised something which he proudly called "The Chautauqua Salute." This consisted in, at a given signal, every one in the audience taking out his handkerchief and waving it.

This flutter of five thousand handkerchiefs in an auditorium produced a wonderful spectacular effect. But the great and good man who devised the Chautauqua Salute never comprehended for a moment that this violent agitation of handkerchiefs scattered and dis-



seminated through the air untold millions of disease-germs.

The handkerchief, as a toilet requisite, is something that is not really transferable, any more than is a toothbrush. It is a private belonging, and, for the most part, we use it with becoming reluctance in public.

Its purpose is hygienic and proper; but handkerchiefs, fifteen or twenty years ago, were used until they took on, what the artists call, "tone." The handkerchief was the natural receptacle of the unmentionable.

So behold, our great and good educator, in the kindness of his heart, and out of a love of harmony, advocating as beautiful the flutter of this toilet adjunct as a mark of esteem and approval!

Juliet, on a balcony, fluttering her handkerchief to a distant Romeo, is all right. But thousands of handkerchiefs, in a confined space, flopping and fluttering, mean disease on the high speed, with brake broken and the chauffeur drunk.

The Chautauqua Salute lived its day without rebuke or protest.

Twenty years it existed, before a scientist came forward with his protest. He was listened to at first with scorn. Now the entire world sees the force of his argument, and realizes the wrongness as well as the silliness and the tragic part of scattering filth and disease.

### "Good Queen Bess"

IN the time of Queen Elizabeth, carpets were not in vogue. The halls and rooms of the great castles were covered with rushes. Spitting in the rushes, or anywhere, was quite in order.

At the table, anything that they did not care to eat was flung on the floor. Plates came in later: "queensware," they called them—made for the queen! The old methods and manners of eating were to seize your food with your hands. You grabbed the thing and ate as much as you wanted, and threw the rest to the dogs, literally. For the dogs were always there in the castles, and the beggars, too, waiting for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Even yet, in the Orient, you will find the beggars and the dogs waiting with patience for their share of your meal. You pay for your portion of bread and meat; and what you do not eat belongs to the bow-wows.

The bacteria of the beggar and the effluvia of the dog, the decaying particles of food on the floor, and the smell of cooking in the air—all these things meant disease.

When enough of the unhealthy conditions became focused, there was a plague. Thus, in the year Sixteen Hundred Eighty, one-third of the entire city of London died. So many people died that funeral-services were impossible. The death-carts went through the streets, and the drivers called aloud: "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

It was only a great fire which burned the better part of the city that stayed the ravages of the plague.

What the "plague" was, science does not tell us. There is no such thing as the plague now. We have advanced in hygiene to a point where a good many diseases have struck camp. Incidentally, as if to balance the account, acute surgeons have discovered a few more that were unknown then.

### The Festive Bacteria

BUT Doctor Wier Mitchell is right: disease only tokens a cause.

"Half of all diseases are in our heads," says Thompson Seton, "and half are in our houses."

This only means that the specter of fear in our heads disturbs our physical condition, until sickness follows.

The other half of our diseases are tangible, and they come from a tangible cause, which, happily, we now understand—that is, dead and confined air held within the four walls of a room.

Your house may be a bungalow, a cottage, a palace, a skyscraper; but if the air is not pumped out from every part at regular intervals, carbonic-acid gas and germs of disease will become imminent.

It is not enough to throw good air into a room, because this good air has n't the power and the ability to shift and drive out the bad air. The bad air has got to be lifted out by a strong and capable suction.

We are told that perfect love casts out fear. But it is a good plan to get rid of the fear first, so perfect love can come in and make her home with us.

So before we can fill our homes with the pure air out of God's great, free, open sky, we have to drive the bad air out.

The bad air, laden with carbonic-acid gas,



clings close to the carpets. It does not rise; and being heavier than pure air, it can not be displaced. It is strong, stubborn, wilful, malicious. It clings in the particles of the hangings, in the fibers of the carpet, in your clothes.

Only a strong suction will cleanse your clothes. Don't pound them with a stick or beat them with a whisk-broom, with the aid of an Afro-American, and expect that your garments will be germ-proof.

Also, while the colored man is beating up the clothes of other people, some of the germs that were on their clothes alight on you. And thus you are a collector of bacteria.

Like unto Weary Willie who, when asked his occupation, said, "I am an entomologist." And certainly, he was a culture-bed of mal-  
evolent germs.

#### An Obsolescent Method

SOME years ago, in every city, there were men who went around with tanks and wagons, usually working at night, cleaning out vaults.

Modern sewerage systems have made this business obsolete, but many of the same men now have portable house-cleaning machines. These machines are usually on wagons, and are run by portable gasoline-engines.

The men carry a hose into your house and clean your rooms by the suction process.

This scheme has certain advantages and benefits. But the men who do the cleaning, we now realize, distribute much dust and dirt and bacteria from one place to another, and so sow the seeds of dissolution.

#### The Proper Way

THE proper way is for every house to have its own stationary cleaning system, just as it has its own toilet and bathing facilities. These things are private belongings. The stationary cleaner saves the housekeeper a great amount of work.

The servant-girl question is upon us. More and more, as the years go by, our housekeepers have to organize so as to be less and less dependent on servants.

One thing sure, good servants will remain in a house that is properly fitted up.

The whole arrangement of these cleaners is fool-proof. By pressing a button you start the fan in the cellar. This fan runs by a little electric motor. It runs in an oil-bath, and only requires a replenishing of the oil once a month.

All of the machinery is thoroughly covered, so servants and children can not get into it and injure themselves. It is absolutely fool-proof.

¶ The whole thing is automatic. You press a button from any room, and the fan starts. The secret of the whole invention turns on the splendid efficiency of this fan. The fan runs at the rate of more than three thousand revolutions a minute. It creates a little spiral tornado of air that is sucked into the hose, so every particle of air is taken out of the room in a very few moments.

When the room is swept, you do not have to go over and wipe the furniture off. The machine dusts as well as sweeps.

No one has ever lived long enough to wear one of them out. When it is put into the home, it will last as long as your house lasts.

¶ The investment is a tangible asset, recognized by banks and insurance-companies. It is worth money, because it yields a very tangible revenue. In the saving of work to the housekeeper and servants, it renders house-cleaning considerably easier, which otherwise is slavery for the individual who has not the benefit of its use.

The question is not, "Do you want to fit your house up with a Stationary Air Cleaner?" but, "Can you afford to do without it?"

HONESTY, disinterestedness and good-nature are indispensable to procure the esteem and confidence of those with whom we live, and on whose esteem our happiness depends. Never suffer a thought to be harbored in your mind which you would not avow openly. When tempted to do anything in secret, ask yourself if you would do it in public; if you would not, be sure it is wrong. In little disputes with your companions, give way rather than insist on trifles, for the love and the approbation of others will be worth more to you than the trifle in dispute. Above all things, and at all times, practise yourself in good humor; this, of all human qualities, is the most amiable and endearing to society. Whenever you feel a warmth of temper arising, check it at once and suppress it, recollecting it would make you unhappy within yourself and disliked by others. Nothing gives one person so great an advantage over another under all circumstances. Think of these things, practise them, and you will be rewarded by the love and confidence of the world.—Jefferson.



**You - as a tire bill payer - now demand a vise-like rim grip - with no cutting or breaking above the rim - and here it is →**

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires.

So we said to our Engineers:

"You must build us a tire with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact."

*They did* — and they also added the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection in



Then we called in our Chemists and said:

"Tire buyers are demanding a tough, flint-like, but resilient tread — a tire made of lusty young rubber — a tire giving the utmost mileage at no additional expense."

And the answer is

**Vitalized Rubber**

**Diamond {No Clinch} Tires**

**Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact**

Here is a No-Clinch tire that appeals to the hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer — the man who insists on easy riding comfort and a good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of rim contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens? The result is a terrific strain on the tire that results in rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the Diamond No-Clinch because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect* — the annealed steel cable wire bead holds with a vise-like, rim-grip.

Add to this the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, the Vitalized Rubber advantage, the famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee Tread) and you have bought rubber shod mileage that has no equal at any price.

**Diamond  
Safety  
(Squeegee)  
Tread for  
Automobiles  
Motorcycles  
Bicycles**

The guarantee on Diamond Tires becomes null and void when the tire is used in connection with any substitute for air, or when fitted to rims not bearing one of these inspection stamps or having had its serial number removed in whole or part.



**So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires — you can get them to fit your rims at any of the**

**25,000 Diamond Dealers**  
always at your Service



# The Book-Rebinding Department



ENTER Spring!—the glad, buoyant, surging Spring.  
Everything is being renewed!

You owe a new binding to your old books, that  
have never tired of giving you their cheer, their  
courage and their inspiration.

They deserve new life, that they may give it  
again to you. Worn, broken covers tell the tale of  
faithful service.

The Roycrofters will protect these old standbys with covers to  
match their sentiments and perpetuate their services.

And perhaps in the Spring house-cleaning you will come across  
some magazines you will want to consult later, gems worthy of  
setting in good solid Buckram.

The Roycrofters have a special department to care for these  
needs, some of their work being listed below.

## BOOKS IN SIZES UP TO OCTAVO

Ooze-sheep, silk-lined . . . . .	\$2.00
Ooze-calf, silk-lined, turned edge . . . . .	3.50
Plain Boards, leather backs . . . . .	2.00
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Three-fourths Levant or antique pigskin . . . . .	5.00 up.
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Full Parchment, boards . . . . .	10.00 up.

Mending, Cleaning, Plate-Inserting and Jobs requiring more work  
than usual, extra charge. Special estimates submitted when desired,  
with suggestions for individual books *See See See See See See See See See*

## THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, N. Y.



# Tel-Electric and the Music of the Masters

*"Explain it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front rank of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse."*



**W**HEN Big Ben the First went kiting in the clouds, and drew the lightning down, he little dreamed, wise though he was, the full significance of his scientific fooling.

At times we are prone to imagine ourselves far advanced along the path that leads to knowledge. As a matter of fact, we have but started, and the way is all before us, unknown and strange as the Course of the Crusader, who pricked forth in quest of knightly derring-do, bound for the Holy Land, down across Europe, in the days of the Fiery Fervor.

Electricity does much for us now, but it can be trained to do more.

¶ The time will surely come when this marvelous force, now but partially understood and comprehended, will make the world go round.

"Give me a place to stand," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world."

Benjamin Franklin was the first to demonstrate to the world at large that lightning and electricity are one and the same thing. ¶ We are harnessing the "juice" and putting it to work.

It carries our messages, heats our houses, and floods them with light. It cooks our meals, runs our industrial plants, and now, at last, it plays our pianos.

No mechanical, cut-and-dried, sawed-off-to-

order, union music, either, Terese. Nothing of the sort!

The greatest virtuoso of them all can produce no more masterly and magnificent music than the Tel-Electric.

Why "Tel-Electric"? you may ask. And thus do I anticipate:

"Tel" is a word appropriated from the Greek. It is an adverb, and means *at* or *from a distance*.

"Electric" is self-explanatory. Electricity furnishes the motive power.

The Tel-Electric is famed for perfection of artistic control. ¶ From the softest, most

delicate pianissimo effects, to the thunderous fortissimo of a Valkyrie crescendo, all the intermediate shadings and variations of musical expression are absolutely at the command of the manipulator.

Tel-Electric music-rolls are prepared in the Tel-Electric Factory, under the direction of musical experts. These rolls follow the interpretations of the greatest musicians, and are guaranteed correct in each minutest detail. There are

so many excellent features about the Tel-Electric, that to touch on them all, and do it adequately, is impossible.

So I suggest that you get in touch with the Tel-Electric people, and write for information regarding the new eighty-eight-note Tel-Electric Player-Piano, than which nothing finer has ever been evolved.



**The Tel-Electric Company - 299 Fifth Avenue - New York City**



# MODELED-LEATHER MATS



**Dragon-Fly Design**

18 inches in diameter

Price, \$5.00

**A**RT came into being to voice man's ideals and emotions. History is divided into periods according to the art standards of each.

Lately, man's art is his business, and his emotions have been too occupied with that to evolve any characteristic art.

The result has been a gathering up of past forms and ideals to match his moods. So it is that man is reviving the beautiful and distinctive Moorish art of modeling leather.

**M**odeled leather has a richness and primitive vigor that is set off strikingly by the art-shades of the Roycroft artists.



**Moth Design**

22 inches in diameter

Price, \$10.00



**Conventional Design**

12 inches in diameter

Price, \$2.25

8 inches in diameter

Price, \$1.25



THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



## Commercial Conquest via the International Motor Truck



HE concern that waits for business to come and be taken care of, will spend most of its time on the "waiting list."

❑ If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

❑ There is always plenty of business for the men who are on the job to corral it.

❑ The firms that are handling great volumes of business, and planning extensions to their plants, are managed by live wires whose constant aim and ambition is to widen the company's sphere of influence.

❑ Thousands of these ambitious businessmen, the country over, are realizing handsomely on their dreams of commercial conquest by using the International Motor Truck.

❑ The International is just one more in the long list of I H C contributions to progress which have helped to make this the greatest nation in the world.



❑ For light hauling and quick deliveries, the International Motor Truck is indispensable. It enlarges your sphere of active influence, wins more business and better business. With each International Truck sold, goes the full and complete assurance of I H C service—a service which keeps your truck working on schedule wherever you may be. I H C service stations and I H C representatives form a team unbeatable. *Literature that is vastly interesting will be forwarded to any address on request.*

**International Harvester Company of America**

(Incorporated)

160 Harvester Building

Chicago

## Plant Collections at a Reduction



Whiting Nursery Stock, sold over the Whiting guarantee, is the best nursery stock grown. Or we will put it this way—there is no *better* grown! To prove the truth of the assertion, here are two TRIAL OFFERS that will surely stimulate the nerves leading to your walletoski.

### OUR HARDY COLLECTION

2 June Roses—Madam Plantier  
—Persian Yellow  
1 Hybrid Perpetual—Paul Neyron  
1 Moss Rose—Henry Martin  
1 Creeper—Pink Roamer  
1 Rambler—Crimson Rambler  
**Six Plants for One Dollar**

### COLLECTION OF SHRUBS

10 Irises, Mixed ..... 50c  
5 Tiger Lilies ..... 25c  
10 Gladioli ..... 25c  
10 Dahlias ..... 50c

**Price of this collection, One Dollar**

Please note that you are getting a double reduction, one-third less than the regular collection price.

**For the Cemetery** Get something that will last from year to year, an Evergreen, say, a Spruce or a Pine. Or possibly, one large tree for a background. Plant Irises, Peonies, and Spirea Van Houti, hardy plants all, blooming annually. For a small cemetery lot we submit the following suggestion:

1 Black Hills Spruce; 1 Spirea Van Houti; 1 Niobe Weeping Willow; 1 Rose—Henry Martin; 5 Irises; 2 Peonies

**We will send you this collection for just Two-Fifty**

Or, if you like, we will make up a larger collection, using our best judgment for your location, for Five Dollars. ❑ Send cash with order, and ask for WHITING'S NEW 1913 CATALOG, and a book on SPRAYING, both sent free upon request. Drop us a line!

**Whiting Nursery Company**

Box R, Yankton, South Dakota

Established 1884

Capital Stock, \$100,000.00





# TO CONVINCE YOU

THAT ROYCROFT  
FURNITURE IS ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT,  
THIS OFFER IS MADE

**H**ERE is one of our most popular pieces—a combination reading-table and bookshelves—the regular price of which is Fifteen Dollars F. O. B. East Aurora, N. Y.

Just so long as the orders keep coming, we will send one of these pieces anywhere in the United States, East of the Mississippi, freight prepaid, for the one sum of Twelve Dollars, cash with order. To Western points, we will prepay freight to the Mississippi, and you pay the rest.

¶ Now this is not a “knock-down” offer, but is what most people know as a “leader.” It is at one time a generous and a selfish proposition. You are offered a piece of furniture below its usual selling-price, and we sacrifice profits on it, hoping to interest you in further purchases of other pieces. Don’t you see, we

make this simple, substantial, straight-line furniture with our head, hand and heart. We believe that which serves best distracts least. Things in evidence must be unassuming and dignified. You can



Combination Reading-Table and Bookshelves, No. 922  
Top, 15 x 26 inches; Height, 30 inches

not afford to harass your nerves with gaudy and noisy surroundings. ¶ This particular piece of Roycroft Furniture will lend itself to the surroundings; and no matter what the style is, there will be no clash. There is a quiet dignity about it that is well substantiated by its utility and

capacity to serve. ¶ Just see for yourself how useful it may be—and it takes up very little room. ¶ We finish it in Roycroft Brown, a soft, deep shade that peculiarly brings out the beautiful grain of quartered oak. ¶ Your order will be filled promptly, on receipt. Write us about it today. 🌿 🌿

The Roycroft line of furniture includes a varied assortment of designs for Dining-Room, Den, Library and Bedroom in quartered oak or solid mahogany. Send twenty-five cents for a complete catalog.

THE ROYCROFT FURNITURE SHOP  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



## ELBERT HUBBARD

Will Give His Lecture

### "Making a Living"

in the following cities, on dates named:

- Winnipeg, Canada, May 5, 1913  
 Regina, Canada, May 6, 1913  
 Saskatoon, Canada, May 7, 1913  
 Edmonton, Canada, May 9, 1913  
 Calgary, Canada, May 10, 1913  
 Vancouver, Canada, May 12, 1913  
 Seattle, Wash., Christensen Hall, May 13, 1913  
 Monmouth, Oregon, May 14, 1913  
 San Francisco, Cal., Scottish Rite Auditorium,  
 May 16, 1913  
 Los Angeles, Cal., Blanchard Hall, May 19, 1913  
 Phoenix, Ariz., May 21, 1913  
 Tucson, Ariz., May 22, 1913  
 Silver City, N. Mex., Elks Opera House,  
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Protect your home against germ infected water—install a "Fulper" Filter.

The clearest spring water frequently contains millions of bacteria. Water filtered at a distance often becomes laden with germs before it reaches your home—through leaky conduits and other causes.

The only sure way to protect your family against germ-laden drinking-water is to filter it—in your home—through the "Fulper" Stone of the



"The Filter that Filters"

## FULPER Germ-proof Filter and Cooler Combined

The "Fulper" Stone is a fine, dense, natural stone, specially processed to prevent the passage of the smallest bacteria. It is 100 per cent. efficient.

### Our Free Book, "Nature's Laboratory"

tells of the dangers that lurk in impure drinking-water. It also gives numerous tests, by an eminent bacteriologist, which prove the efficiency of the "Fulper."



The "Fulper" is made of glazed stoneware, in two parts. Family size, \$1.85; separate ice chamber, 55 cents. If your dealer hasn't the "Fulper," send us the money, with his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

FULPER POTTERY CO.,

21 Fulper Place,

Your Guarantee

Established 1895

Flemington, N. J.

## MAXWELTON IMPORTED DUPLEX OATMEALS

O, Terese, not a Breakfast-Food, and not in competition with Battle Creek—yet assuredly "there is a reason." ¶ Just that vexed question of interior decoration that most of us have to face, sooner or later. ¶ We are learning that that is most beautiful, and most truly artistic, which attracts the least attention. ¶ The things that clamor for notice may attract, or rather distract, temporarily, but there is more to a good advertisement than a headline that "listens." ¶ I have been in rooms where the frieze (appropriate word!) represented a band of cosmic Crusaders, setting out for Holy Land, hellbent. ¶ Figured papers are no longer in repute in the best homes. ¶ Nor is it now considered *de rigueur* to have crimson ramblers, in hideously conventionalized designs, rambling up one side of the room and down the other. ¶ People of taste, discretion and advanced commonsense prefer the quiet, the restful, the elegant, to the gaudy,

bizarre and outre. ¶ "Maxwelton's braes are bonny," sang the Poet. And so, we might add, are *Maxwelton Imported Duplex Oatmeals and Clothettes*. ¶ Imported direct from canny Scotland, these deep, rich, beautiful-tinted wall-coverings are typical of a race that has dowered the world with ideas and ideals. ¶ What would we do without the Macs, or "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled"? ¶ *Maxwelton Oatmeals and Clothettes* constitute refined backgrounds that show off pictures to excellent advantage, enabling the housewife to change their position from time to time without fear of exposure. ¶ *Maxweltons* are impervious to light, fast to alkali, marvelous in depth and brilliance of coloring. They are the kind you can live with, and not grow weary. Familiarity breeds content. ¶ Get your dealer to show you his line of *Maxweltons*, or if there is no "Maxwell" dealer nigh, write for information direct to



## S. A. MAXWELL & COMPANY

67 35th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

729 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1800 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.





# OPPER SETS *for* the **SIDEBOARD**



Copper has the warmth of a Summer sunset. Its sheen is like the burnished West. It lends itself to color-harmony as readily as does gold, with a luster that is richer and more subdued.

Nature must have loved copper better than gold — she gave us so much more of it.

Above is pictured a wrought-copper crumb-tray that will serve you well, and enrich your sideboard.

*The Price is Three Dollars*



Here is a nut service in hammered copper, complete with six plates, six silver-tipped nut-picks, nut-spoon and nut-bowl. The designs bear out the quaint and hearty spirit of the metal.

*The Price is Ten Dollars*

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**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

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## GET THE "NEW IDEA"!

For more years than the Oldest Inhabitant can remember, the vexed question of hose-supporters has been worrying the Genus Homo. ¶ The orthodox garter is an imperfect and inadequate solution of the problem.

¶ Please note the NEW IDEA in Hose-Supporters. No experiment. It has arrived. NEW IDEA does not strangle the limb, choke and cut off circulation, as did the old-style leg-binder. ¶ NEW IDEA makes for comfort, convenience, security, economy and peace of mind, being simple, safe, sane, certain and sure. ¶ Adjusted in an instant. ¶ Fits the leg closely, but not too closely. No metal can touch you. NEW IDEA is a physical necessity—endorsed and O.K.'d by leading physicians the country over. Nickel-plated, 15c the pair, Roman gold-plated, 50c the pair, postpaid. Or send 2c stamp for a pair on approval.



MODERN SPECIALTY COMPANY

Dept. F

Racine, Wisconsin  
Sole Distributors

## Yellow or Green?

Is your lawn a mass of yellow or a sea of green? It all depends.

If you would have a smooth, green lawn that will be the envy of all the neighbors, plank down a Fifty-cent piece for a Hall Dandelion-Puller, then get radio-active.

Your efforts will be rewarded right speedily. The Hall is an ingenious and effective device for eliminating that hardy perennial, the Dandelion.

A trowel-shaped blade slips into the subway; a clog-proof, patented prong encloses the root in a loving embrace. That's Hall there is to it.

¶ Ask your hardware-dealer for the Hall Dandelion-Puller, or order direct from the makers, who will supply you by parcel-post.



**The Hall  
Manufacturing  
Company**

812 Main Street  
MONTICELLO, IOWA

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT OF The Fra Magazine

Published Monthly at East Aurora, New York  
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Editor . . . . . Elbert Hubbard  
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Owners (if a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock): Elbert Hubbard, Elbert Hubbard II, Miriam Hubbard, and Alice Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y.

## A BOOK OF REVELATION

HAVE you read Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey's *Magic Story*? If not, then you had better. I recommend it to all good folks who will come to the reading in the right spirit, that is, with open mind and judgment unbiased.

¶ *The Magic Story* is one tale in ten thousand. At least one man I know of insists that it has something on the *Message to Garcia*. Praise superlative! Thousands of potential world-beaters have read *The Magic Story*, and hundreds have written declaring it the greatest thing of the kind they ever encountered. For a Mental Martini, redolent of Divine Energy, Cosmic Schnapps, or whatever you choose to call it, *The Magic Story* constitutes a pungent pick-me-up that will leave no dark-brown taste.

Its appeal is universal. Its influence, far-reaching. Its Dominant Sixth, Success. "Failure exists only in the grave. Man, being alive, hath not yet failed."

Send me a dollar today for this magic story of achievement (Two dollars for Edition de Luxe), and I'll send you the book tomorrow. If you don't get a dollar's worth of spinal starch from Part Two, return the book and I'll return your money.

**FRANK E. MORRISON**  
Publisher

811 St. James Building, New York



Well did Ernest Seton-Thompson say, "Half our diseases are in our heads, and the other half are in our houses." Do away with the half in your houses, and those in your heads will take to themselves wings and fly away, like unto bats from a belfry.

¶ Elbert Hubbard has written a booklet entitled, *A Message to Housekeepers*, explaining how dust and the disease-germs found in dust that lead to the Great White Plague can be permanently eliminated from the home.

¶ To get a copy of this booklet, just fill out the coupon and enclose it in an envelope addressed to

**THE UNITED ELECTRIC CO.**

Canton, Ohio



### COUPON

Send me, gratis, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Booklet, *A Message to Housekeepers*

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## Self-Reliance

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON



¶ "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string."

¶ To believe that what rings true in your own heart is true for all men—that is Self-Reliance.

¶ Faith in yourself attracts to you the faith of others, and approval is plentiful after you have proven yourself able to do without it.

¶ "No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory" is the note Emerson sounds in his inspired and inspiring *Self-Reliance*.

¶ The Roycrofters offer this work in Alicia binding for Five Dollars. Boards, with buckram back, Two Dollars.

## Woman's Work

By ALICE HUBBARD



¶ Alice Hubbard's life has taught her that woman is first of all an individual human being—actuated by the same desires, the same will, the same hopes, the same aspirations, as man.

¶ Woman has every mortal capacity. Capacity left idle, unexpressed, is demoralizing to the woman and to the race.

¶ Alice Hubbard knows work, for she is a worker. She knows happiness, for she has worked herself into her ideas.

¶ And from her knowledge of life springs her theory of living—so comes the only workable theory.

¶ Here is a special binding of *Woman's Work* in modeled leather. Its dignified beauty is a fit setting for the text. The price is Ten Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



# THE SHERMAN ACT

An Appreciation by ELBERT HUBBARD

**T**HE Sherman Act means checking your baggage, and going direct to the Hotel Sherman.

People who thus do the Sherman Act merit the degree of C. S. M.—

Common Sense Man. ¶ They are happy, healthy, prosperous, kindly, sympathetic folks.

That is the kind you see at the Hotel Sherman.

¶ Plato pictured the Ideal Republic as a place where everybody would have enough, and no one would have too much. His Republic was to be the home of the demos, or the average intelligent man. Plato said that we should all be happy, healthy and efficient all of the time—and some day we would.

"The Sherman" is the home of the democracy—advancing, growing, progressive democracy. The first "Sherman House" was built in 1837 on the identical spot where the Hotel Sherman now stands.

Chicago then had a population of four thousand people. ¶ Now it has over two million.

But the "Sherman" now, as then, symbols the home of the people who make the wheels go round.

And although the "Sherman," poetically, is the same old Sherman that it was when Emerson stopped here, yet the fact is that everything that grows and evolves is born again and again.

¶ And in the Hotel Sherman today there is n't a dish, nor a rug, nor a curtain, nor a piece of bedding or furniture that was in use prior to January, 1911.

The place is spick, span, new, clean, free from the dusty, the musty and the microby. Here health is a hobby and sanitation a specialty. It is absolutely abreast of the times. Every room has a bathroom attached, finished in nickel, glass, enamel, concrete and marble. Hot and cold water, iced water, electric lights: everything which the American demos—who is the American King—demands.

Americans want the best. They know what they want and are willing to pay for it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson stopped at the Sherman in 1857. The Honorable Stephen A. Douglas made it his home and resting-place in the same year, when he was on his way to hold those immortal debates with Abraham Lincoln.

Douglas was victor in the debates. He went to the United States Senate, and Lincoln went back to his law-office in Springfield.

Some people said we would never again hear of Honest Old Abe. But they were wrong. When Lincoln went to the White House, the hands of Stephen A. Douglas were folded forever and his eloquent tongue was dumb. Such is the hurdy-gurdy of time.

Ulysses S. Grant stopped at the Sherman in making his way from Galena to Washington. When Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency in 1860, in Chicago, it was through the instrumentality, largely, of David Davis of Bloomington, whose headquarters were the Sherman. Here came to visit him "Dick"

Yates, great and able War Governor of the Illini. Here also stopped, from time to time, as shown by the old registers, General John A. Logan, whose form and features are to be seen in deathless bronze on the lake front, but whose soul goes marching on.

"Phil" Sheridan, Irish by pedigree, valiant fighter and heroic gentleman; Clark E. Carr, born in Erie County, which is in York State; Lucian Carr; Shelby M. Cullom; Isaac Funk; William Tecumseh Sherman, who left his footprints all over the Far and Middle West—all made this their home.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon, General Sherman was just a College President, down at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Over the rostrum in the main hall of the University at Baton Rouge is a heroic picture of Sherman. A duplicate of this painting was over the desk of the old Sherman, which was built on the site of the Sherman that was destroyed by the fire of '73. This picture was draped, becomingly, with the Stars and Stripes.

John Sherman, father of the Sherman Act, when he came here made the Sherman his home. But he had to explain many a time, and oft, that it was an error to state that he and his brother were once the owners of the Sherman; it was merely their home, that was all.

The Sherman was named for the man who owned the real estate on the river front and who built the best "first-class hostelry in Chicago."

If Emerson and the Sherman brothers and Ulysses S. Grant and John A. Logan and Phil Sheridan and Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas should come back to Chicago, they would say to the bus-driver, as a matter of course, "The Sherman."

And here they would come, to this new and lovely modern Hotel Sherman, the hotel that supplies the best; the home of the men and women who are making the world go round—the people who are doing the big things; the people with faith in other people and who believe in their own divinity and in the greatness and the future of the United States of America.

The Hotel Sherman is still managed by its owner. The owner now is Mr. Joseph Beifeld. He and his sons are to be found here—quiet, capable, alert gentlemen, intent on the welfare and the happiness of their guests.

The active manager—the man who never takes a vacation—happy, smiling, omnipresent, is Mr. Frank W. Bering, the "Oscar" of the West.

¶ So there you get it—the Hotel Sherman—the first hotel in Chicago; also the last word in hotelkeeping—with all frivols, fuss, flunkies omitted. ¶ College Inn? Sure! That's where you dine. It's a part of the Hotel Sherman. A place where music, laughter, good-cheer and good things to eat and drink abound. Here youth and beauty meet and everybody is young—no matter how long he has lived. College Inn—most certainly, Terese, most certainly!

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# THE FRA

**A**

RT is the Beautiful Way. Business is the Convenient Way. Religion is the Devoted Way. THE FRA is the New Way which reconciles them all! THE FRA merges art, business and religion into one gospel of Useful Service. It holds that Man is the finest thing out; that this world is the best yet; and

human service the divine calling.

THE FRA believes that progress consists in transferring art, business and religion from the hands of vying specialists to the daily work of every man.

Only as man is a beautifier, a helper and a worshiper all at once, can he live and work with all his heart.

New power, new joy, new breadth of vision come with this oneness of purpose which THE FRA is teaching men, in its own vigorous, hearty way.

The subscription-price is Two Dollars a year, with your choice of one of the following books for a premium:

### *An American Bible.*

A bound volume of the classic *Little Journeys*.  
(with portraits)

*The Book of Business*, Mr. Hubbard's latest contribution to America's Literature of Life.



FILL IN THE FOLLOWING BLANK

To THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, Erie County, New York:

I enclose Two Dollars for THE FRA Magazine for one year, and the premium book which I have chosen.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Foreign Postage, Canada excepted, Seventy-five Cents



## Stationers Extraordinary

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



I am a printer by profession. The smell of printers' ink is cakes and ale to me.

I think I know the emotions of the old warhorse on the Glorious Fourth. ¶ Engraving is akin to printing. They are twin sisters. I can not tell them apart.

And apropos of engraving, I can tell you where you can get it done de luxe. Take my advice and consult Hoskins, Social Stationers and Engravers to Philadelphia's First and Finest.

Hoskins turns out Wedding-Invitations that are a Bridal Chorus in themselves.

They cost Ten Dollars a hundred, are worth more — and will be delivered FREE within a radius of six hundred miles of Philadelphia.

¶ The copper plate is hand-engraved in Script.

¶ The wedding-paper stock is of the most elegant, and in perfect taste, being absolutely correct in form.

Hoskins will gladly submit samples, and a complete price-list.

In case more than one hundred invitations are wanted, there's a special price for printing from the plate.

Give Hoskins your order.

They will do the job correctly and with attention to detail.

Also, they will get it out on time.

This alone is worth the price asked.

Drop in, call up, or write.

**Hoskins, Stationers and Engravers**

900 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.



## Dining-Table Protection

THE housekeeper who has nice things is anxious to keep them looking so.

The old-time padding under the tablecloth was a makeshift, at best, and the corners were a constant source of trouble. ¶ Nowadays, provident housekeepers are using the Star Asbestos Dining-Table Pads and Dolly-Mats. This pad is the result of experiments conducted for years by a practical furniture-maker.

It is made to fit any-sized table. Standard sizes are kept in stock, but prices for special sizes made to order will be quoted on application. ¶ The Star Asbestos Table-Pad will add to the life and looks of your dining-table. ¶ It covers the entire top of the table and does not overhang. It can be folded up in convenient compass and stowed away when not in use.

Particulars and prices furnished by the

**KERNEY MANUFACTURING CO., 151 W. 62d St., Chicago, Ill.**

## IF YOU CAN MAKE A BULLIER MOOSE TRAP THAN YOUR NEIGHBOR

we want you to write and tell us all about it. ¶ We act as Agents for Manufacturers, and our Salesmen can deliver the goods, speaking literally, figuratively and parenthetically. ¶ Of course, we could and would consider Rat-Traps—in fact, anything you can make that is better than your neighbor's. ¶ We cover the entire Province of Saskatchewan, and we do our business the Roycroft way. ¶ The Merchants' Bank of Canada, Moose Jaw, Province of Saskatchewan, will testify to our dependability.

**THE H. C. ATTACK COMPANY**

Manufacturers' Agents Moose Jaw  
Saskatchewan, Canada

N. B. (Please tie that Bull-Moose-Trap outside! — Thank you!)

## Let Cheerfulness Abound—With Industry

—said Robert Louis the Well-Beloved, and so say I.

George Ade tells of the plumber, newly rich, who attempted to butt into swell society, and finally took Paris Green, after buying a book of helpful hints, from which he discovered that he had never done anything "au fait" in the whole course of his life.

I am not quite sure, but I think the book in question must have been Bert Milton's clever skit entitled, "How to Behave at a Banquet," published by the A. M. Davis Company, of Boston.

"Cut in your muffer," roared Chesterfield, as Ursa Major gulped his tea in oceans, and added, as the lexicographer attacked the entree, "Kill it, why don't you, so it won't suffer so much!"

By following the instructions laid down in this amusing manual, we can add to "the general joy of the whole table," and land in the limelight on the double-quick. ¶ For banquets, spreads and orgies of a convivial nature, this unique booklet makes an appropriate favor, one that will make for merriment, and conduce to good humor and right digestion.

Bound in fringed napkin covers. Price, Thirty Cents, including postage. At any bookstore or direct from



**The A. M. Davis Company**  
Publishers of  
Quality Cards

702 Russia Building, Boston, Mass.

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?





## COPPER DESK-SETS



**Stationery-Rack**  
Poppy Design. Price, \$5.00

**F**OR cold utility, another set might do as well.

But cold utility is not the mood in which you would write your friends. To them you must send a note of warmth, of color and geniality. Beautiful things wrought in copper will lend this tone to your writing-table.

The marks of the worker's hammer give these designs an added touch of the human.



**Paper-Knife**  
Price, \$2.



**Inkwell and Tray**  
Length of Tray, 11½ inches. Price, \$6.00.



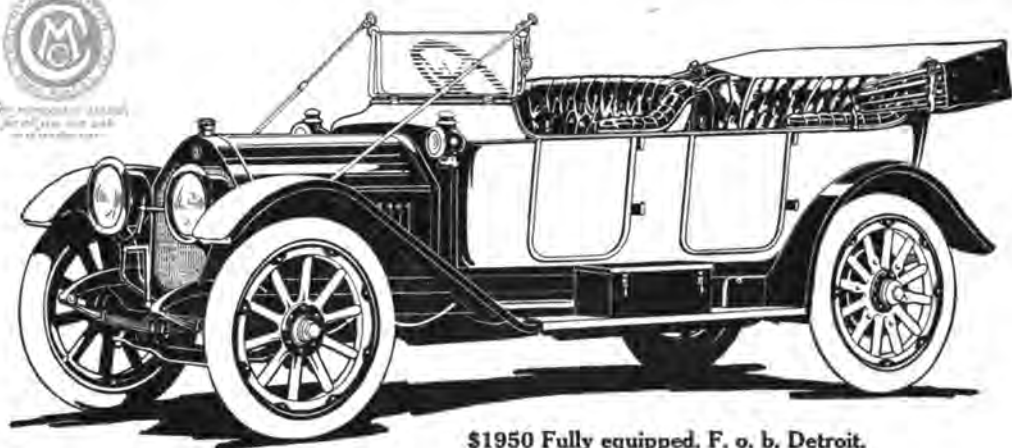
**Stamp and Pen Box**  
Length, 4½ inches. Height, 1½ inches.  
Price, \$2.00



**Copper Desk-Pad**  
16 by 22½ inches. Price, \$5.00

**The ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N.Y.**





\$1950 Fully equipped. F. o. b. Detroit.

## Chalmers "Thirty-Six" gives the answer to both

### —to the man who is thinking of buying a cheap car:

The difference between the Chalmers "Thirty-Six" and some other car you may be thinking of buying is probably about \$300 or \$400.

But the difference in value, we can honestly assure you, isn't less than \$1000.

Nowadays it is not merely enough that an automobile run. You can take that much for granted with almost any car. What you should look for is permanent satisfaction, comfort, good looks, elegance of equipment. You want a car you can be proud of. You want a car that will be good 5 or 6 or 8 years from now.

The Chalmers "Thirty-Six" is such a car.

Built in the Chalmers shops, manufactured—not assembled—made of the best materials and under the most rigid inspection, the "Thirty-Six" offers all you can ask in a motor car. If you are going to spend your money at all for a motor car, isn't it wise economy to put \$300 or \$400 more to it and make your first investment really good?

### —to the man who is thinking of buying a high priced car:

Just what more do you get in any high priced car than you get in the Chalmers "Thirty-Six," at \$1950? Can you go any further in a day or a month? Can you go any faster (except at great risk)?

Can you ride with any greater comfort? Can you get any more conveniences to make driving easy and pleasant?

We honestly believe that many people choose high priced cars simply because they are high priced.

We know of many who have paid more than they really needed to pay—simply because they didn't realize that a medium priced car like the "Thirty-Six" would give maximum service.

We know these same people are paying out monthly far more in upkeep than they would need to pay for such a car as the "Thirty-Six."

To all such we say, "See the "Thirty-Six"; ride in it; try it out thoroughly. It is a car you can be proud of—a car that will save you money—but not at the cost of satisfaction."

Please see the Chalmers "Thirty-Six" at our dealer's. An early order will insure prompt delivery.

**Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit**

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## HAND-BALLS AND MEDICINE - BALLS



Hand-Ball  
Price, \$1.00

If you feel good, so much the more fun!



Medicine-Ball. Weight, 5 lbs. Price, \$4.00  
Postage Extra

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

"Head, heart and hand," runs the Roycroft creed.

HERE is something for the hand—something to send the blood fresh-bounding to the wearied brain.

## Roycroft Stationery

Take advantage of the first impression:



It is the eye that gives the brain its first impression of a letter. The letter's contents are second to be appreciated.

Unique and distinctive stationery gives color and originality to a letter, and to the personality whose expression it is.

The Roycrofters have lately put their mark on some letter-paper and correspondence-cards imported from Italy. Its colors are white, and rare shades of tan and green.

The paper, cards and envelopes all have four deckle edges, characteristic of handmade papers.

The paper is 6 by 7½ inches. The cards are 3¼ by 6 inches. The envelopes fit snugly. The letter-paper is One Dollar a box. The correspondence-cards are also One Dollar the box. Postpaid.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

## Roycroft Neckties

The quality streak runs through Roycrofters and Roycroft products alike



IN some of the Faithful, the spirit runs so high that they must have Roycroft quality even in things of dress.

Hence the official ties of fine crepe-de-chine, in black and brown, grey, ecru, red, white and blue.

These are long enough to allow for a good bow with a collar of any size.

The Price is Two Dollars

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

## MAPLE PECAN PATTIES

ROYCROFT PECAN PATTIES are a product of purity and right intent.

Their ingredients are the best New York State maple-syrup, the finest Texas pecan-nuts, and honest effort.

The sap of the maple-tree contains, besides its quota of sugar, certain aromatic substances which give these candies their peculiarly delicious flavor.

Only the first, freshest, clearest run of sap enters into Roycroft Pecan Patties.

No other sweets so luscious, so nutritious, so satisfying. One Dollar the Box, Postpaid.

THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Work Habit and the Study Habit in proper proportions.  
The Roycroft School of Life.



# HERE IS A BOOKCASE

that will just take care of those few books and magazines that are always knocking around on top of the library-table — but which must be within sight and easy range. ¶ Very substantially made, mortised and pinned, best quartered oak and Roycroft dull weathered finish. ¶ You need this in your library — and we can fill your order on receipt \* \* \* \* \*



No. 087 1/2

**THE  
ROYCROFTERS**  
*Furniture-Shop*  
East Aurora, N. Y.

32 1/4 inches wide, 15 1/4 inches deep, 39 inches high.

Oak, \$16.00.

F. O. B. East Aurora, N. Y.

Send 25c for elegant catalog of our furniture

## The VANDERBILT HOTEL

34TH STREET EAST AT PARK AVENUE, N. Y.

Subway Entrance



An Hotel  
of Distinction  
with  
Moderate  
Tariff



T the focal point of the terminal zone, on the crest of Murray Hill, cooled by Southern breezes from the sea, artificially fed by chilled air, 600 sunlit rooms.

### TARIFF:

Single rooms . . . . .	per day — \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6
Double rooms . . . . .	" " \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8
Double bedrooms, boudoir, dressing-room and bath . . . . .	" " \$8, \$10, \$12
Suites — Parloir, bedroom and bath . . . . .	" " \$10, \$12, \$15

*Each Room with Bath    Special Rates for Summer*

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# The Roycroft Convention

*From July First to July Fifteenth, The Roycrofters, "still at large," will hold an unconventional Convention*

There will be two formal programs—but not too formal—daily, in The Roycroft Music-Salon. General subjects—HEALTH, HAPPINESS, TRUTH. Among others, we have the written promise of the following eminent speakers and thinkers to be with us on this occasion:

Mr. M. M. Mangasarian  
Mr. William Marion Reedy  
The Honorable Quin O'Brien  
Mr. Ewing Herbert  
Mr. Byron King

Mr. Bolton Hall  
Doctor C. S. Carr  
Doctor Frank G. Lydstrom  
Doctor F. M. Planck  
Doctor G. F. Butler

Doctor Charles E. Still

Alice and Elbert Hubbard will be on hand and agitate the ether, modestly, daily. July Fourth, as usual, will be the big day at East Aurora. The Honorable Quin O'Brien is slated for the principal address. To say that Mr. O'Brien is one of the silver-tongued is trite, bromidial, and also true. (Not German Silver.)

It is quite possible that there are not half a dozen public speakers in America with the linguistic skill and the phosphorescent purview that Mr. O'Brien possesses. He has the grace of person, the ease of manner, the bubbling wit, and the intellectual challenge that command respect, admiration and love. Mr. O'Brien is the Nineteen Hundred Thirteen model of American orator, brought forth by The Roycrofters. They are very proud of him and proud of themselves that they have located him and discovered him to the world, liberating him from the obscurity of Cook County, Illinois.

Ewing Herbert is a great Kansas editor. Byron King is the Only.

Bolton Hall is the richest Anarchist in the world.

Bill Reedy is the only man in America who has everything he wants and therefore is free to speak his mind. The rest of us are tethered by our eczema for this and that, and the gyve of convention is upon us.

Mr. Mangasarian occupies a position all his own. He jostles nobody from his pedestal, pushes no one to the wall. He is America's foremost Rationalist—so far ahead of the mob that he has no competition.

Doctors Carr, Still and Butler are eminent physicians, who are showing the world how to get along without doctors. And the doctor who shows us how to get along without him is the one we can not do without.

Doctor Frank G. Lydstrom is a famous physician and dietetist who knows more about health than about disease, and therefore has achieved distinction and the enmity of many an ethical.

Doctor Planck is an eminent physician and psychologist, head of the Temple of Health in Kansas City.

The Roycrofters have ample accommodations for visitors in The Roycroft Inn, Emerson Hall and the numerous Roycroft cottages.

Rates, on the American Plan, run from Two Dollars to Five Dollars a day, according to accommodations. The table is the same, but room accommodations vary. Perhaps you had better write now, stating when you will be here.

## The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

A Summer School for your boy—The Roycroft School of Life.





## PLASTERGON TREATED WOOD FIBER WALL-BOARD

### Better Results and Less Expense

❑ Modern housekeeping was not in the mind of the man who invented lath and plaster as a finish for a room.

❑ Falling plaster and plaster dust work mischief wherever they go, and make dirt that is an enemy to all good housewives.

❑ In response to modern needs, a far superior finish has been invented.

❑ This is the Plastergon Wall-Board, which, from the standpoint of both utility and art, is the best ever known. It is superior to plaster, in that it is strong, impervious to moisture, shuts out sound, and does not crack nor crumble.

❑ Plastergon is made of the choicest spruce wood fiber. The weather does not affect it. It neither shrinks nor expands.

❑ Plastergon Wall-Board is put on to the wall in panels. These can easily be removed when it is necessary to repair plumbing, gas or water pipes, or electric wiring. ❑ These panels can be made a most artistic finish in the most artistic home. The fiber will take any tint or shade of any color that you want. The panels can be adapted to the shape of any room.

❑ And here is a most attractive point with regard to Plastergon: it is not only cleaner, better, more artistic and desirable in every way than lath and plaster, but it is cheaper.

❑ It costs less to finish a room in Plastergon Wall-Board than it does to lath and plaster it. ❑ This Spring, when The Roycrofters were looking about for a more beautiful finish for their already beautiful dining-room, after careful investigation of all wall-finishes, they chose Plastergon Wall-Board.

❑ See for yourself what can be done with this finish by visiting The Roycroft Inn dining-room at East Aurora, New York.

❑ For further information concerning the most desirable wall finish now on the market, address

### The Plastergon Wall-Board Company

Tonawanda, New York, Dept. F.



# Flower Bowls & Vases



**Silver Vase**

With glass flower-holder

Price, \$3.50



WELCOME the May-flowers! brave little flecks of Spring-time, peeping out from bog, knoll, vale and dell! Mayflowers need for their abiding-place vases and bowls that share their own chaste grace and simple purity

To get the symphony, The Roycrofters make distinctive things in silver and copper, such as are pictured here, hand-hammered, finely lustrous.



**Tall Shaft Vase**

Diameter of shaft, 3 inches  
Diameter of base, 6½ inches  
Height, 10½ inches

Price, \$5.00



**Violet-Bowl**

Diameter, 4 inches  
Height, 2¾ inches

Price, \$2.00



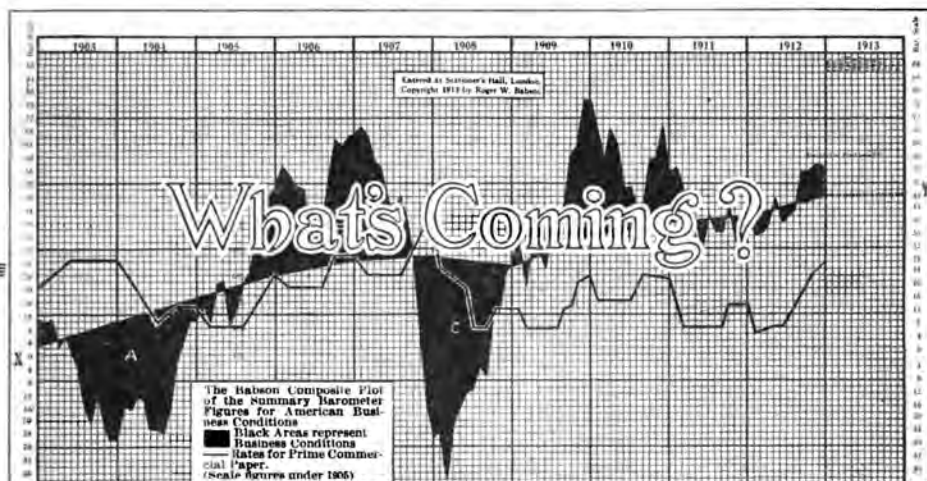
**Roycroft Bowl**

Diameter, 10½ inches  
Height, 5½ inches

Price, \$6.00

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York**





**Every manufacturer wants to know "What's Coming." And the most successful manufacturer is he who looks ahead most carefully.**

**Carnegie made his millions by seeing the future of steel. So with Rockefeller, Havemeyer and Gates. They capitalized their ability to prophesy.**

**To study the future—and correctly interpret conditions—is a wonderful asset to any business. Babson's Reports comprise vital facts on country-wide conditions to help you see what's coming. No other means gives you this information so promptly and clearly.**

## Babson's Reports for Manufacturers show how to

### What are Babson's Reports?

Monthly Sales and Credit Maps in colors, graphically portraying present sales, advertising and credit conditions in each section of the country.

Weekly Barometer Letter and The Babson Composite Plot, showing where business is today compared with the past nine or ten years, containing clear, concise information on the present situation together with a Monthly Report and Special Letters.

Monthly Desk Sheet giving the figures for the many vital fundamental business factors month by month for the past ten years with Plots of these figures in graphic chart form.

The  
Babson  
Statistical  
Organization,  
Wellesley Hills,  
Mass.

Gentlemen:—Send me  
details of your Service on  
Fundamental Conditions for  
merchants and manufacturers.

Send the coupon and  
learn how this service has  
a practical application to  
your own business. Also,  
ask for the booklet,  
"Ascertaining  
Business  
Conditions."

Name .....  
Firm .....  
Address .....  
Business .....

Executive Offices Dept. F-3

### 1. Buy—When the market is weakest

The Babson Organization gathers statistics from all over the country—picks out the fundamental factors that really affect the prices of all commodities—and plots them so graphically that you can't miss their meaning. You foresee market conditions and plan to purchase at the most favorable time and terms.

### 2. Borrow—when rates are lowest

Money rates rest on a delicate balance—up today, down tomorrow. But back of all this fluctuating is a stable trend which shrewd borrowers recognize. Babson's Reports point out clearly the correct time to borrow and also indicate plainly when you should reduce outstanding loans.

### 3. Manufacture—when prosperity is ahead

Gauge production with demand and your profits are bound to increase. You know your own market, perhaps, and can see its prospects. But your line depends on every other line—good crops, for example, increase the output of the steel mill. The Babson Service sums up and supplies you with the really vital factors of business in general.

### 4. Sell—where business is best

A salesman does twice as much when the buyer comes half way. Your advertising is far more productive, when your prospects have the money. Again: The Babson Service tells when and where sales and advertising conditions are good—when and where bad. Through monthly and weekly Reports you can guide your selling emphasis to the most fertile territory.

### 5. Collect—before money becomes tight

Your customers cannot pay you when they in turn cannot collect. Wise credit men foresee stringent conditions and retrench. Conditions may be entirely different in Chicago and Frisco. Next month the situation may have reversed. The one authoritative map of today's credit situation at every important center is issued by the Babson Organization.

## The Babson Statistical Organization

Department F-5, Executive Offices Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of Its Class in the U. S.

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# Leather Traveling-Cases



## *Jewel-Box*

English Calf.  
Diameter, 4 inches.  
Price, \$6.00.

**C**ONVENIENCE in traveling does not end with accommodation-trains, easy coaches, baggage-transfers and porter service. These big things are looked after systematically. ¶ But how about the little personal accessories, for which your suitcase is acting as bureau? ¶ Jostling affects your suitcase the same way it would affect your temper. Its contents can only be kept neat and handy by separate, compact cases, such as are pictured here in handsome modeled leather.



## *Glove-Case of English Calf*

Closed,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  by  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches.  
Price, \$15.00.



## *Tie and Cuff Case*

Size, closed, 6 by 15 inches.  
Price, \$12.00.



## *Travelers' Writing-Case*

Open, 2 by 13 by  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches.  
Price, \$10.00.

# The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

The Work Habit and the Study Habit in proper proportions.  
The Roycroft School of Life.



## The Full Bread-Basket

**O**LD IZAAK WALTON, the Fisher-Filosopher, set it down in his quaint style, that no man could be termed a "Compleat Angler," who did not subscribe to the theory and practise of the "Burlington Baskette." And so, whenever Izaak Walton trolled beside the still waters, he carried a trusty *Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket*, filled with Good Stuph for lunch.

¶ Strong, light, durable and eminently good-looking, the Burlington answers every outdoor requirement.

¶ Made of best rattan, metal-lined, with two metal compartments—one for ice, the other for food.

¶ Finished in beautiful dark forest green, with polished nickel trimmings. If you own a Big Six, the basket can be finished in any desired shade to match your car.

¶ For picnic parties, motor tours, outings, and outdoor gatherings where the "bread-basket" is involved, the Burlington is a righteous necessity. Buy a *Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket* on approval. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Send for Catalog

**BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY**  
BURLINGTON, IOWA



The new Hawkeye  
"Tonneau"  
Refrigerator Basket



## AGENTS—AHOY!

¶ We have a rattling good proposition to make to reliable representatives and dependable dealers. ¶ Millions of telephones in this country alone—all to be equipped with Hygienic Phondates. ¶ We have "the goods" to "deliver," if you can "deliver the goods." ¶ Let us hear from you!

**The Hygienic Phondate Company**  
1061 Jefferson, Toledo, Ohio

Non-productive Real Estate, clear of encumbrance, is a detriment and a menace to any neighborhood in the United States



**PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.**  
**to exchange it!**

## Envelope Fillers

**T**HE Roycrofters use up waste scraps of paper by printing on them mottoes, orphics, epigrams, and beautiful, helpful and unobjectionable (please note the word) thoughts.

¶ These mottoes cost us practically nothing, and we are very glad to send them fluttering 'round the world, with the help of our friends who care to put them in their correspondence. So this is to say that if you are a subscriber to this Magazine, just ask us to send you along a goodly bunch of assorted mottoes without charge.

No, this gun is not loaded; and there is no Senegambian in the combustibles. The mottoes are yours for the asking, and you don't even have to thank us for them.

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE

**Can you use a Lawyer and capable executive who has the ability and the intention to make good? If so, write to**

**Lawyer, care of The Fra**  
East Aurora, New York

## Credo:

- (1) Work with Head, Hand and Heart.
- (2) Mix enough Play with the Work so that every task is pleasurable and makes for Health and Happiness.
- (3) Help ourselves by helping other people.
- (4) And anything else that a person of intelligence is able to fletcherize and digest, with the right to change, modify and improve our beliefs as new light and increased capacity may come.



## Bacili-Kil



THE germs of disease that kill and destroy countless lives are often so small that they can not be located with the microscope. ¶ There are germs that grow and appear in our field of vision under the microscope, which before were not perceivable under the most powerful glass. ¶ In some ways the microscope reveals to us only our limitations, just as the telescope shows us that there are worlds beyond worlds, milky ways outside of milky ways. ¶ By the use of the Petrie Plate the number of germs in the atmosphere in any given room or place can be approximately located. ¶ The Petrie Plate is simply a plate covered with a special preparation of gelatin that seizes the bacilli in the air and holds them, somewhat after the manner that fly-paper catches and holds flies. ¶ By placing a small portion of the Petrie Plate on the slide, the bacilli are plainly discernible, and thus the purity of the air, or the lack of purity, can be easily determined. ¶ By the use of the Petrie Plate it has been found that street-cars carry the most deadly atmosphere—this on account, probably, of people entering the car directly from the street, carrying on their shoes sputum, food particles, dirt, dust, refuse in a million forms. ¶ Experiments are now being made in the big cities with the Petrie Plate that reveal the atmosphere in theaters, schools, street-cars, parlor-cars, smoking-cars, dining-rooms, etc. ¶ Wherever there are draperies, carpets, rugs or hangings with plush surfaces, here the microbes gather. ¶ Sweeping, dusting and changing of the atmosphere are all excellent, right and good, but the Petrie Plate proves that even after you have exhausted the air in the rooms and cars by pneumatic methods, there still remain vast numbers of bacilli. ¶ Doctors all agree in this and insist that where there has been typhoid, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, measles, mumps, influenza, that the house must be thoroughly fumigated and sterilized. ¶ Science has discovered a preparation which is registered and copyrighted under the name of Bacili-Kil, commonly called B-K. ¶ This article can be quickly and easily used to thoroughly sterilize a street-car, railroad-coach, parlor-car, or room, and the upholstery and tapestries contained therein, without wetting them, destroying practically every germ contained in them, rendering all pure, sweet, clean and wholesome. ¶ Bacili-Kil is supplied in highly concentrated form and is diluted with water before using. Full instructions accompany every package. ¶ It is a germ-killer, a sterilizer, a deodorizer, which is the crowning result of wide experiment. It is especially valuable in school-rooms, churches, theaters, sleeping-cars, day-coaches, street-cars, because occupation is possible immediately after treatment, the air being completely sterilized, pure and sweet. ¶ It is supplied at a very reasonable figure, sent by freight or express to any part of the world. General Purification Co., 700 Pioneer Bldg., Madison, Wis.



# Three Purses of Gold

\$2000.00—\$500.00—\$500.00 to successful Artists  
painting a great subject,

## "Dangerous Servants"

The purpose of this competition is to secure original paintings so skilfully executed that they will express certain human experiences and send them clearly to the mind of any observer.

Preliminary color sketches are expected.

The judges select six of the most promising and notify the six artists who can then finish in oil.

The principal figures to be not less than one-third life size.

When the six finished paintings have been passed upon by the judges, the artist accorded first prize will receive a purse of \$2000.00 gold. Each of two others will receive second prizes of \$500.00 gold. The remaining three pictures will be returned to their owners.

Ownership in each of the accepted pictures will be transferred to me and they will be hung in my collection at Battle Creek. Plainly printed rules governing the contest will be furnished by mail on request.

Each artist should thoroughly consider the subject, and absorb the facts in order to produce a great work combining realism and art with such skill that the finished picture will tell the story of three servants who appear in many men's lives, and who might be valuable if used only as servants in time of need, but from familiarity become tyrannous and cruel masters.

Carefully observe the men you know, and perhaps study yourself and your acquaintance with these three servants, TOBACCO, ALCOHOL and COFFEE.

It will prove a most interesting occupation if conducted without prejudice either way. (The writer has "enjoyed" some personal experience.) ¶ Start with the premise that each one is a well known drug, two of them of importance in certain conditions of human disease, when administered by a skilful physician. Hence at such rare times, and when under control, these servants are useful. But drugs are intended to combat disease and their use otherwise is resented by Nature.

Certain punishment in some form or other, light or heavy, sooner or later is sure to follow continued use.

Frequently men assert, "they don't hurt me." Let us most earnestly wish they never would, for most men of that mind can't dismiss these domineering servants.

By watching men who are now being ruled, it will be observed that they use the Whiskey, Tobacco, or Coffee in a search for nerve rest and happiness.

Think it over carefully and see how close you come to that conclusion.

Now suppose that no harm to the body, mind, business or friends resulted from a man's keeping well drugged day by day, certainly no one could then object. But when the final breakdown of the nervous system shows itself in weakened heart, or failure of some other organs, caused by the lack of nervous power to properly operate them, then we realize that the daily

introduction of the drug was permitted by Nature under mild protest at first, but a rigid accounting demanded later on.

So long, however, as the user of drugs harbors the belief that they bring him happiness he will stick to them.

A man, in a supreme effort to rid himself of the whiskey habit, may go to some cure and be helped, but whenever he again believes that whiskey will bring him happiness and forgets the hurts and humiliation, he will go back to it.

So with the man dominated by Coffee or Tobacco. When he runs for a car and his "Coffee heart" or "Tobacco heart" fails him and sudden death looks possible, or when some other ugly symptoms appear, he may break the hypnotic spell for a time, but go back some day when he is better and thinks a little of his pet drug would make him happy. Once he shakes himself entirely free from the hypnotic spell and fixes his mind steadfast on the fact that health, strength of muscle and mind, power to do things and win and hold position, bring happiness, and when he remembers that haven of rest, the peaceful sleep of an undrugged body, he will never go back for he knows the falsehood behind the promises of the servant who abused him so cruelly.

That's the story. It will not be believed by the man still in the hypnotic dream of "drug happiness" until some day Old Mother Nature, tired of mild protests, will give him a sound trouncing and, with blinking eyes and returning consciousness, he will begin to wonder if the story is n't true after all.

It seems, at first thought, a pity that Nature will not allow tired and worried mankind a surcease from weariness by drugging and not demand the wretched bill, but Nature's law is fixed and finally man comes into the knowledge that only real peace and happiness is enjoyed by a clean, clear mind operating in harmony with a perfect and undrugged body.

Get that great fact clearly into your consciousness.

There will doubtless be a variety of ideas as to the most effective way to tell the story with a brush.

The ingenuity of each artist will have full play.

Each servant should depict in some manner one of the drugs and be shown with a beautiful, alluring face, also some hint of an unhealthy body, possibly with a partly hidden dagger. In some way tell the story of deceit, the fascinating promises of rest and peace to be redeemed in pain and distress.

"There's a Reason" for the picture; let the reason show forth in it.

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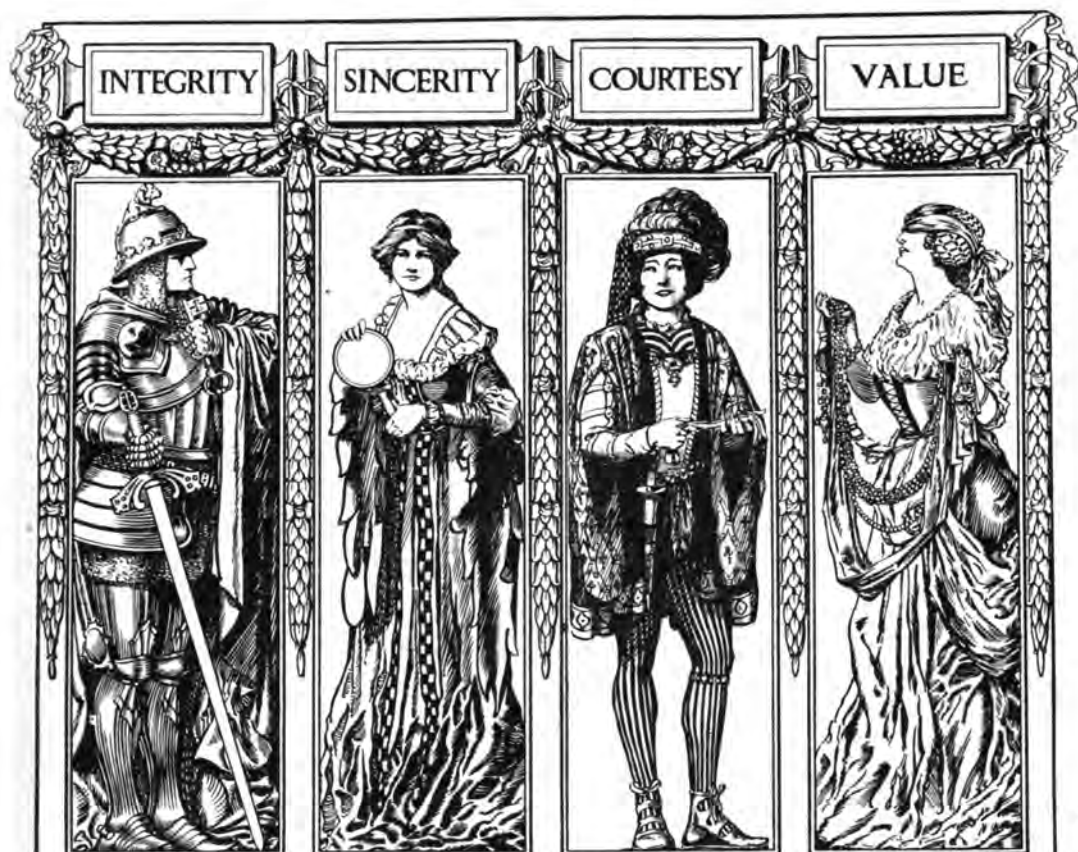
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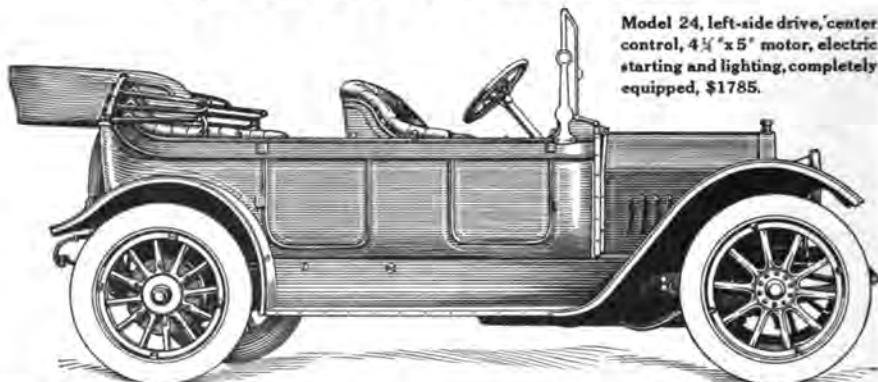
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Vol. XI

JUNE, 1913

No. 3



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Ten of our trucks are owned by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who unquestionably understand transportation machinery. During 1909-10 they bought four of our trucks—saving 33⅓% in transportation cost—then they bought the rest of the ten. Their exclusive use of our trucks proves their confidence.

These trucks are operated with full load capacity 24 hours each day, and here are the figures:

104 to 120 miles each 24 hours per truck

80,000 pounds of freight per day per truck

Two days' work for each work day; yet cost remains only 4 cents per ton-mile.

Each round trip, from the works at Philadelphia to Eddystone, is over 26 miles.

Load—5 tons going, 5 tons on the return

2 round trips in each 12 hours

4 round trips in each 24 hours

40 tons per day per truck

This story is but half told—let us tell you the rest.

### International Motor Company

General Offices: Broadway and 57th St., New York. Works: Allentown, Pa.; Plainfield, N. J.  
Sales and Service Stations: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati,  
Buffalo, Baltimore, Newark, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Atlanta, Denver, Kansas City,  
Minneapolis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, Albany and other large cities  
Canadian Sales Agents: The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal

man came in to buy, and asked some leading question, I could answer with some sense.

If I were selling books, I'd know a Shakespeare from an Edgar Poe, a Carlyle from a Pope; and I would know Fitzgerald's rhymes from Laura Libbey's brand of crimes, or Lillian Russell's dope.

If I were selling shoes, I'd seize the fact that on gooseberry-trees, good leather does n't grow; that shoe-pegs do not grow like oats, that cowhide does n't come from goats—such things I'd surely know.

¶ And if I were a grocer man, I'd open now and then a can, to see what stuff it held; 'twere better than to writhe in woe and make reply, "I didn't know."

¶ If I were selling nails or glass, or pills or shoes or garden sass, or honey from the bee—whatever line of goods were mine, I'd study up the special line and know its history.

If I a stock of rags should keep, I'd read up sundry books on sheep and wool and how it grows. Beneath my old bald freckled roof, I'd store some facts on warp and woof and other things like those. I'd try to know a spinning-jack from patent churn or wagon-rack, a loom from hog-tight fence; and if a

when some mad patron yelled. ¶ I hate to hear a merchant say: "I think that this is splendid hay; I guess it's first-class tea." He ought to know how good things are, if he would sell his silk or tar or other goods to me. Oh, knowledge is the stuff that wins; the man without it soon begins to get his trade in kinks. No matter where a fellow goes, he's valued for the things he knows, not for the things he thinks.

—Walt Mason, in "System."



THE old-time salesman with his often dubious methods is now discredited by the majority of concerns. The personnel of the average salesman is immeasurably raised from that of the brethren on the road a quarter of a century ago, as is the method by which they do business; and the salesmen are persons who, while never losing sight of the main idea of selling their goods, are trained protagonists of the new spirit of trade, the spirit which recognizes that there is a large element of science even in the smallest transaction of barter and trade.

¶ This recognition has come about through

the huge increase in competition, the changed conditions of business, and the fact that salesmanship has attracted the attention of thinkers who have successfully applied to it some of the principles of psychology. That there was any better method of selling goods than the old way, with its oftentimes shady details, its tricks and chicanery, was a subject of ridicule by many for years, but the astonishing results obtained by the alert and intelligent young men who brought to the work



ONCE let the fascination of the Starr Playerpiano grip you, once taste the delight of music produced by this instrument, and your home will not be without a player for a day longer.

¶ The Starr Playerpiano enables everyone to lovingly interpret the masterpieces of musical art—it endows even the novice with the ability to play.

¶ Let us send you catalogs showing the various Starr Models.

#### THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

Factory and Executive Offices

RICHMOND, INDIANA

ALABAMA—BIRMINGHAM, 1220 Third Avenue  
MONTGOMERY, 106-112 Dexter Avenue  
CALIFORNIA—LOS ANGELES, 626-628 S. Hill Street  
FLORIDA—PENSACOLA, S. Palafox Street  
JACKSONVILLE, 207 Main Street  
INDIANA—EVANSVILLE, 124 Main Street  
INDIANAPOLIS, 128 and 140 N. Pennsylvania St.  
MUSKIE, Delaware Hotel Bldg.  
RICHMOND, 225-226 Main Street  
MICHIGAN—DETROIT, 110 Broadway

OHIO—AKRON, Mill and High Streets  
CINCINNATI, 122 Fourth Ave. W.  
CLEVELAND, 122-124 Huron Road  
DAYTON, 27 S. Ludlow Street  
ELKHART, 346 Second Street  
HAMILTON, 10 S. Third Street  
SPRINGFIELD, 102 E. High Street  
TOLEDO, 212 Jefferson Ave.  
TENNESSEE—CHATTANOOGA, 21 North Street  
CHATTANOOGA, 725 Market Street  
KNOXVILLE, 215 Prince Street  
NASHVILLE, 240-242 Fifth Ave. S.



minds trained to regard their tasks in the light of an almost exact science have caused salesmanship to be quite revolutionized and to make it a field to be scorned by no man.

—Chicago "Tribune."

WHAT worldwide benefactors these "imprudent" men are! How prudently most men creep into nameless graves; while now or then one or two forget themselves into immortality.—Wendell Phillips.



## ROYCROFT STATIONERY

¶ Appropriate scenery is vital to effective acting. It puts the onlooker in a receptive mood.

¶ Stationery is the scenery which stages your written ideas. It gives the reader the first impression of your letter, and also influences his attitude toward it and toward you.

¶ The Roycrofts have lately imported from Italy some unique letter-paper and correspondence-cards, in tan, green and white.

¶ The paper, cards and envelopes all have four deckle edges, characteristic of handmade papers.

¶ The paper is 6 by 7½ inches. The cards, 3¾ by 6 inches. The envelopes fit snugly. The letter-paper is One Dollar a box. Cards likewise One Dollar.

The Roycrofts, East Aurora, New York

## An American Bible



HE Bible was "The Book" while it contained the best light of the times. Since the days of the ancient Asiatics, however, the world has not stood still, truth has not been static, and there have evolved many Good Books.

The aim of *An American Bible* is to minister to the needs of men and women under conditions TODAY.

In this Book, Americans are given the gospel according to America's own—Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Robert Ingersoll, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Elbert Hubbard.

*An American Bible* is "without myth, miracle, mystery or metaphysics—a commonsense book for a people who prize commonsense as a divine heritage."

In flexible leather binding, this book is \$5.00. Antique pigskin, \$10.00.

The Roycrofts, East Aurora, New York

## Bound Volumes of "The Fra" and "The Philistine"



HE FRA and THE PHILISTINE are not ephemeral publications. They are published monthly, but they publish only things that are true of all time. ¶ They apply permanent truths to current events and exigencies.

¶ They contain a philosophy that gives better results with every reading. They have personality and literary excellence that never dims.

¶ Every month brings up new or different aspects of the life of the times. Bound volumes of *The Fra* and *The Philistine* record these impressions with a vividness and variety not possible to any single writing, done all at once.

¶ We still have left a few volumes of *The Fra*, Volumes I to X, and these are Three Dollars each. Already, Volumes I to XIII of *The Philistine* have passed beyond the call of love or money. Volumes XIII to XXXV are still obtainable, at One Dollar each.

¶ Order now, for these treasured things do not long remain.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

We can accommodate just thirty boys at our Summer Session—  
write for catalog and terms





The Sylvan Beach

## LADIES' PANAMA HATS

**E**VEN if you can't make a Little Journey to Panama, get in tune with the time, and wear a genuine Ladies' Panama, made by the Panama Hat Kings of the World.

Houston Hats are fashioned from the finest materials obtainable, by artisans who do nothing else, and have all the time there is.

Please note this Senorita special. Very large shaped, made of beautiful white fiber, closely woven. Price with scarf, Six Dollars. ¶ Sylvan Beach is a high-grade Ladies' Panama of generous proportions—just the thing for Summer wear. Trimmed with silk or velvet band. Priced at Six Dollars. ¶ We have an illustrated Catalog that we would like to send you. We will forward a copy on the slightest provocation. Just drop a line saying you noticed our ad in THE FRA.

All Houston Hats sent by Parcel Post, Prepaid.

**Houston Hat Company, Houston, Texas**



The Senorita

## Via the Burlington



**HERE'S** nothing in the Simple Life for the man who has neglected to provide himself with a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket.

The Hawkeye is a rattan basket, metal-lined and divided into two compartments, an ice-chest or refrigerator, and a pantry. Finished in beautiful dark forest green, with polished nickel trimmings, the Hawkeye Basket is a handsome accessory for social purposes of an outdoor nature.

It keeps food clean, cool and fresh, is impervious to bugs and bacilli, and is warranted not to leak.

¶ Just the thing for picnics and Little Journeys via the Automobile Blue Book. Buy a Burlington on suspicion, and get your money back, if you need it.

We will gladly send you a Catalog on request.



**Burlington Basket Company**  
Burlington, Iowa

## Xenophon Took Shorthand Notes of the Lectures of Socrates

**T**HE orations of Cicero were reported in shorthand by his secretary, Tiro, who also reported the famous trial of Catiline. The sermons of the great Origen of Alexandria were noted down in shorthand, as were those of St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine and others. Julius Caesar employed shorthand writers—and Julius, it will be remembered, was some dictator, for he was credited with the ability to dictate to several scribes simultaneously and on as many different subjects.

¶ What a wealth of material college students would now have to bone over if Caesar, Socrates or Xenophon could have commanded the services of a Gregg writer like young Swem, who catches the words of President Wilson on his penpoint and transmutes them into written pages on the typewriter!

The great men of Rome did not scorn to learn shorthand. Suetonius expressed surprise that the Emperor Caligula was not familiar with stenography, and in speaking of Titus, said, "I have heard that he was capable of writing shorthand with the greatest rapidity, and that he often competed with the scribes for his own amusement."

¶ As soon as men began to walk or talk or write,

they wanted to go faster. So we have the fast horse, the fast train, the fast automobile, the fast printing-press, and the fast stenographer writing Gregg Shorthand. Today everybody writes shorthand—from President Wilson down to the office boy.

Twenty years ago a young Titian-haired Irish boy, named John Robert Gregg, landed in America and brought with him the germ of a great idea—the idea of a shorthand system that everybody could learn and make use of before he became an antique, or was damned by Oslerization. He nursed the idea; pored over it day and night; starved for it; fought for it—and won. Today Gregg is the accepted synonym for *real* shorthand. To Gregg is *accurately* to write or report in shorthand. The word "accurately" is important. Not a hamlet in America today that does not know about John Robert and his shorthand. Gregg is a benefactor. He unfettered thought by giving it accurate and permanent expression.

Gregg Shorthand is taught in more schools than all other systems combined. Of course, there are other shorthand systems—so are there stage coaches. There is a lot of interesting literature on the subject of Gregg Shorthand, that will be sent for the asking.

**The Gregg Publishing Company**

::

NEW YORK CHICAGO  
SAN FRANCISCO

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# Flower-Vases of Hammered Copper



**Single-Flower Vase**

With square base and copper handle.  
Fitted with glass flower-holder.  
Price, \$2.00.



SCIENCE now recognizes music as a therapeutic agent. This is in accordance with the modern idea of substituting natural joys for drugs and doggerel.

A symphony of color plays upon the eye quite the same as a symphony of sweet music upon the ear. All harmony is uplifting, inspiring, energizing, and there is none more beautiful than flowers in Roycroft Vases.

The warm luster of hammered copper blends with any color-scheme that lovely flowers may contrive.



**Hanging Vase**

Hand-Wrought Copper.  
Price, \$2.00.



**A New Shaft Vase**

Diameter of base, 6½ inches.  
Height, 10½ inches.  
Price, \$5.00.



**American Beauty Vase**

Height, 22 inches.  
Diameter of bowl, 8 inches.  
Price, \$10.00.

**The Roycrofters**  
East Aurora  
New York



Not what you know, but what you can do—The Roycroft  
School of Life solves the problem



# The Ara

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION  
Exponent of the American Philosophy

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Latest Model No. 8

**BLICKENS DERFER TYPEWRITER****Decimal Tabulator — without extra charge***Low in Price**High in Quality***LOOK! READ! THINK!**

over what we say of the

**BLICKENS DERFER TYPEWRITER**

**C** It has been on the market over 20 years and is therefore not an experiment. It is built by skilled workmen of the best material obtainable, will stand any amount of hard service and is easy to learn. ¶ There are over 150 styles of type arranged to write the principal languages, by merely turning a catch the type cylinder can be easily removed and replaced with type of a different style or language. Two styles furnished with every machine.

The Model No. 8 has the up-to-date typewriter features, including roller bearings, paper release, automatic pointer, margin stops at both ends of carriage, release lever which releases the carriage and automatically line spaces, writing in sight, back spacer and DECIMAL TABULATOR for which no additional charge is made. ¶ The No. 6 ALUMINUM Model is especially designed for travelers' use. It is very complete and compact and weighs only 5 Pounds. ¶ All machines are fully GUARANTEED. ¶ Either Blickensderfer Scientific or Universal Keyboard. ¶ We believe if you will investigate it will result to our mutual advantage.

*Send for Booklet A 105***THE BLICKENS DERFER MFG. COMPANY****STAMFORD, CONN.**

over-anxious. Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I can not find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet if society would or could admit it, the face of the earth would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is revolution.—*William Morris.*

**T**HE Life of Love and Service is the symmetrical life. And the Life of Love is the life which, in expression and action,

**H**AVE looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me, so looked at, to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilization. This, then, is the claim:

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor

gives wisely. It is not wise for one to give that which he requires more than does the recipient. It is not beautiful to offer to another what the latter does not wish to or may not receive. It is neither wise nor beautiful to regard one soul as superior to another, even if that other is yourself.—*Maeterlinck.*

You can never have a greater or a less dominion than that over yourself.

—*Leonardo da Vinci.*



A COOL brain is the reverse of a hot box. It carries the business of the day along with a steady drive, and is invariably the mark of a big man. The man who dispatches his work quietly, promptly and efficiently, with no trace of fuss and flurry, is a big man. It is not the hurrying, clattering and chattering individual who turns off the most work. He may imagine he is getting over a lot of track, but he wastes far more than the necessary amount of steam in doing it. The fable of the hare and the tortoise would not be a bad primer for a number of us, and the lesson relearned would not only be beneficial in a business-producing way, but

it would help us in the full enjoyment of our work.

Not long ago the great hue and cry in business was for system. It was more system for this and more for that, until the man in the problem was as hard to locate as the figure in a picture puzzle. After a time the business mind rebounded and now the thing most sought is efficiency. And efficiency is merely the knack of doing things at the right time and in the right way. In some large companies

*A refreshingly new idea in the home magazine field has been instituted by*

## American Homes and Gardens

A new Department devoted to the interest of collectors of Antiques, Curios, Old China, Old Furniture, Rugs, Silver, Jewelry, Prints and Engravings, Carvings, Books and Bindings, Autographs, Old Glass, Miniatures, Old Laces, Pewter, Bronzes, Coins and Medals, etc. This is known as

### THE COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT

This means that not only *everyone* who has a collecting hobby turns with interest to every issue of AMERICAN HOMES, but that everyone interested in objects connected with family history seeks the service of this magazine which supplies information on application to *all* its readers *whether subscribers or not* on subjects connected with collecting. The Collectors' Mart inserts subscribers' wants and offerings of antiques and curios free of charge.

*The Editor the Collectors' Department*  
**AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS**  
 MUNN & CO., INC., Publishers  
 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

*I am interested in Collecting, especially in the following subjects:*

and enclose 25 cents for a specimen copy of your magazine

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Subscription Rates: 25 cents a copy, \$3.00 a year)

this effort to attain the highest efficiency is being carried forward on a scientific basis, but after all, it strikes the Old-Timer as being the world-old search for the "handy man," the man who somehow knows how to get a day's work done, with the least friction and with nothing done that will fly back to plague him tomorrow.

☞ A big man drives his work; he never permits it to drive him. By keeping ahead his mental faculties are always clear, and in this particular we can all be big men.—C. L. Stone.



# JARDINIERES of HAMMERED COPPER



**Modeled-Copper Fernery**

Diameter, 7 inches. Height, 3 inches  
Price, \$6.00



**Copper Jardiniere**

Diameter, 10 inches  
Price, \$10.00

*THE living color of plants is first to catch the eye in any surroundings. The jardiniere affords a chance to drive home a fine sense of harmony by its being thus at the center of attraction. Hammered copper has a natural warmth that harmonizes wonderfully with the gloss and glint of palm-leaves, or the rich massed green of ferns. The Roycrofters make jardinieres of copper and brass, which, unlike fragile crockery and mortals, are not "under sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve."*



**Brass Jardiniere**

Diameter, 12 inches. Height, 11 inches  
Price, \$20.00



**Roycroft Bowl**

Diameter, 10½ inches. Height, 5½ inches  
Price, \$6.00

**THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N.Y.**

We believe in books, of course, but we believe also in the great  
out-of-doors—The Roycroft School of Life





## Classify Your Mail

Is n't it the Dickens when your mail is Oliver Twist? Mislaidd correspondence, lost documents, straying data, mean wasted time, ruffled temper, lost trade. Save yourself these worrying experiences by procuring an Oliver Office Orderly, a desk accessory that increases your efficiency. ¶ It expedites your work, clears up your desk, utilizes waste space, increases your desk capacity.

¶ The Oliver Office Orderly is an attachment to your desk, for which you will form an attachment. ¶ It stands by your side, receptive, responsive, reliable. At a touch it swings on its swivel, to do your bidding. It is silent, serviceable and secretive (except to yourself). The Oliver looks after ten phases of your business. ¶ Six of them — Personal, Correspondence, Orders, Cash, Bills, Suspense — are indexed. Four other compartments are left blank, for your own special purposes. ¶ The Oliver is the "follow-up" King, the ideal remembrancer, the methodical-man maker.

¶ It helps to keep your business in order — its smallest detail at your fingers' ends. No business is too small to be kept orderly. It is the orderly business that grows. ¶ Get an Oliver Office Orderly and watch 'er grow. The Oliver is to be had in Quartered Oak or Mahogany, beautifully finished. ¶ Style "A" is provided with a special automatically opening and closing cover, useful as a letter-tray-holder. ¶ Style "B," with a cover, heavier and strongly braced, is intended for typewriter, adding-machine, business phonograph, card-cabinet, et al. ¶ If desired, the latter shelf can be secured separately, and is superior to any swinging typewriter-shelf on the market. ¶ Prices: Style "A," Quartered-Oak Finish, \$10. Style "B," Quartered-Oak Finish, \$12.50. Typewriter-Shelf (separately) Quartered-Oak Finish, \$3.50. ¶ Furnished also in Mahogany at a slightly additional cost.

**C. HOWARD HUNT PEN COMPANY, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY**

## ARTISTIC PRINTING

THE ROYCROFTERS do not run a Job-Printing Garage. However, they are willing to lend their skill, time and talent for the benefit of the Faithful who desire printed publicity in precise proportions.

¶ We produce both Art and Artists, and what is better we produce life. We can supply you phosphorus and original designs for Folders, Letterheads, Addresses, Memorials, Circulars and Booklets.

¶ We print anything that is not kiboshed by Comstock. We fly the gonfalon of Health and Success, and never does our work border upon the gonpetyryx.

*As before intimated, if you want Fine Printing done De Luxe, come and nestle under our Paisley\**

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

The Roycroft School of Life—Summer Session—Write for information



## THE BOOK-REBINDING DEPARTMENT



**S** AID Charles Lamb : "To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately." ¶ You owe a new binding to your old books, those faithful friends that have never tired of giving you their cheer, their courage and their inspiration. ¶ They deserve new life, that they may render it unto you again. Worn, broken covers tell the tale of faithful service. ¶ "Reclothe your shivering folios—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers." ¶ The Roycrofters will protect these old stand-bys with covers to match their sentiments and perpetuate their services. And perhaps you will come across some magazines you will want to consult from time to time—gems worthy of setting in good solid Buckram. ¶ We have a special department to care for these needs, some of our work being listed below

### BOOKS IN SIZES UP TO OCTAVO

Ooze-sheep, silk-lined . . . . .	\$2.00
Ooze-calf, silk-lined, turned edge . . . . .	3.50
Plain Boards, leather backs . . . . .	2.00
Boards, ooze or plain calf back and corners . . . . .	3.50
Three-fourths Levant or antique pigskin . . . . .	5.00 up.
Full Levant, antique pigskin or modeled calf . . . . .	15.00 up.
Full Parchment, boards . . . . .	10.00 up.

¶ Mending, Cleaning, Plate-Inserting and Jobs requiring more work than usual, extra charge. Special estimates submitted when desired, with suggestions for individual books

THE  
ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA  
N. Y.

Wholesome food and plenty of sleep combine with study, work and play, in judicious proportions, to make manly boys at The Roycroft School of Life



## Red-Blooded Stuff

**I**F you have a dear friend who revels in red-blooded stuff, tell him about *The Two Samurai, A Tale of Arizona*. Better yet, present him with a copy. He will appreciate your excellent good taste. But first you should read it yourself.

¶ The man who wrote *The Two Samurai* is Byron E. Veatch, author of those other goodly yarns, *Men Who Dared*.

¶ Under the old regime in Japan, the Samurai formed the fighting class, the warriors. Sammy, the Samurai, certainly lived up to his lithograph. And so did his brother-Samurai, Sergeant Reynolds, every inch a gentleman and a soldier—"God's own soldier," as Shakespeare puts it.

¶ The delicious ad-writer, who has a firm toe-hold on the verb "grip," would be right at home in reviewing this book of Veatch's.

¶ When you begin *The Two Samurai*, you must finish it, all at one sitting. On reading the book, your first impulse is to reread it. Your next, to tell somebody else about it. And this you usually do.

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☛ Six to sixteen pound hams, each Thirty Cents per pound, f. o. b. Rural Retreat, cash with order.

☛ We are strictly reliable — look us up in Dun's or Bradstreet's.

**W. S. LINDSEY**

Rural Retreat, Virginia

## New Ropercroft Inn

**O**utside the portal of  
your Paradise,  
Childlike, I stand  
and gaze,

While through the lattice,  
paths entire,

With their bewild'ring maze;  
But not for me to tread with  
thee,

Those wondrous ways,  
flower-strewn,

For Love's dear sake, I fain  
must make

A Heaven of my own.

— Earle Remington Hines

## A Wonderful Mechanical Device



**T**HIS is not a puzzle, but a U.S. Patent—size of a watch—producing instant changes which seem to upset the Science of an age. The Hind o outdone ☛ It is a spell-binder, a world-wonder, exhibiting the "power of mind over matter" or, rather, the lack of it. It works upon what might be called

### A Hidden Principle

With it, no skill is required to put the whole world "in doubt." It is of the kind that thrills and makes one "pinch himself to see if he is alive."

**Endless Fun** goes with its possession. Being well-made it will last a lifetime and never "goes wrong." The observer is always wrong.

The sage of Science is as much "at sea" as a boot-black. Men say "shell-game" and "magic"; ladies say "bewitched" and "black-art." All say "mysterious."

Anyone, lady or gent, over 16, obtains best results. A well-known college professor said recently: "Were it impossible to get another, I wouldn't take \$10 for the one I have." Another says: "Worth the price 10 times over. I wouldn't be without one at any price."

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One Sample to agent — \$50; or 3 for \$1, prepaid.

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8 inches in diameter

Price, \$1.25



**Moth Design**

22 inches in diameter

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## Modeled-Leather Mats.

Get the start of the majestic world and give Her something that the Other Fellow would not think of selecting.

These Mats of Modeled Leather are wrought out by hand—a labor of love, so to speak.

¶ The designs are strikingly original; the material the finest obtainable; the tints such as only artists of acknowledged craftsmanship produce.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**

To be rather than to seem—that's one of the things boys learn at  
The Roycroft School of Life



# An American School of Painting

When the American School of Painting arrives it will be situated, I prophesy, in the neighborhood of Grand Canyon, Arizona.

At Grand Canyon is to be found a lavish miracle of colors and a wealth of form—wild, weird and romantic—such as exists nowhere else in America and perhaps nowhere else in the round world.

¶ The artist who discovered the Grand Canyon and gave it to the people was Thomas Moran.

¶ There are two of these Morans, brothers, Peter born in Eighteen Hundred Forty-two, Thomas in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven. Consequently, today, Peter is seventy-one and Thomas is seventy-six.

Born in Lancashire, England, workingmen, out-of-door men, athletes, filled with restless discontent, lovers of Nature, lovers of life—sort of Walt Whitman men.

Thomas Moran accompanied the United States Exploring Expedition to the Yellowstone in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-one. In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three he went on a similar expedition, and at that time painted two pictures, one entitled the *Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone* and the other the *Chasm of the Colorado*.

These most remarkable pictures were purchased by Congress and are now in the Capitol at Washington.

They are daring things, done in the Turner-esque style.

Thomas Moran went back to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and has painted many pictures since—studies, as it were, of the fleeting shadows, the gold, the azure, the amethyst and the blend of browns, yellows and russets, fading away into limpid blue.

As it is impossible for a writer to lie about the Grand Canyon of Arizona, so is it impossible for a painter to exaggerate the hues and tones and tints that appear and disappear as if lights were turned on by some Omnipotent Edison. James McNeil Whistler was once asked by an aspiring painter this question, "Shall I paint Nature as I see it?"

"Certainly, paint Nature as you see it; but I pray you, my dear, do not see Nature as you paint it."

¶ The wealth of color at the Grand Canyon has been discussed by scientific men from many standpoints. The earth there has been uncovered to a depth of several thousand feet, so you see the strata exposed as you can find them nowhere else in the world.

These strata of rocks—blue, brown, red, white—in alternate layers, hundreds of feet thick, viewed over the distance, seem to absorb the light and reflect its tints and tones in magnified form. Overhead we get the deep unclouded blue of the Colorado sky. The sun playing over all gives, in return, a depth and wealth of beauty unsurpassed, unapproachable.

The Grand Canyon is a challenge to every artist.

And now we find Thomas Moran, with the heart of youth, ambitious, aspiring, unsubdued, unconsciously, perhaps, founding a school of American art.

My friend Daingerfield, and Ballard Williams, are producing some rare and most beautiful Grand Canyon canvases. Various other artists I found from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are there at the Grand Canyon, in corduroys, flannel shirts, thick-soled shoes, reveling in the sunshine, dreaming dreams, and betimes transferring their dreams on to immortal canvases.

We are all potential artists. In any event, we are all art critics. But no one has any right to discuss color in Nature unless he has spent a few days at the Grand Canyon.

When you go there you will, of course, stop at El Tovar, the Fred Harvey hotel. There you will meet my old friends, Charlie and Mrs. Brant, formerly of the Union League, Chicago, and long before that of the Ashley House at Bloomington, which is in McLean County, Illinois, where the corn grows lush and lusty and the men grow tall. At El Tovar you get the accommodations that civilized men and women demand, and then just outside you will view the wildness and the weirdness of the desert.

There is a little book published by the Santa Fe Folks entitled, *The Titan of Chasms*. It is beautifully illustrated in four colors with articles by Powell, Lummis and Higgins.

The book is sent gratis on request. Address W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe Railway, 1046 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

¶ You had better send for the book now, while you think of it. A little later on you are going to the Grand Canyon. To know of the wonders of our own land is a duty as well as a privilege, and not to know the Grand Canyon is to roam in the desert of provincialism, wrapped in a Navajo of smug complacency.





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Truth is an asset, so is courtesy. A clean mouth is conducive to both.

¶ Chiclets constitute a sort of first aid to self-respect. There is no better introduction than a sweet, clean breath. ¶ The flavor of true mint is agreeable and beneficial. Clean, white teeth, an unoffending breath, and sound digestion wait upon the user of Chiclets. ¶ Save the Bird Cards for a Bird Album free. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent packages.

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The game ones have never a tale to tell except it be of the joys they have known, the friends they love, and the kindness that has been extended to them.

¶ They dwell not upon the future except in the bounding belief that it will bring full fruition of all their hopes.

In the days that are passing, the game ones may be carrying heavy hearts because they live in a world wherein are many tragedies, but ever, even when their hearts be heaviest, they have time to give heed to the sorrows that seem heavier than theirs, and all sorrows, when told them, seem heavier—because they are game.

They do much

**H**ERE'S to the game ones. I would render them in passing just a word of appreciation, the while forgetting that in the world there be any who are not always game.

The game ones! Should you ask them they will tell you that the only paths they ever trod were the primrose paths of dalliance; that the only days they ever saw were cloudless and of blue skies; that their nights were not for sleep, but for the admiration of the soft, soft moon and the love-engendering stars.

work in the world, and carry many burdens, but they carry them—ah, so lightly that we envy them their weight. When the plans of the game ones miscarry, you shall never hear them say that this one or that had ought to do with the result. They merely laugh lightly in their own disparagement, but always they try again, and dream not but that finally they shall win.

If they know of you that which you would not have the world know, fear not, they will



never tell. Their creed is the simple one of love and faith and hope, but it carries them far, and finally the high rewards of the world are laid at the feet of those who are game. They regret that here and there may be found one who is not game. They rejoice that every morn extends to them the opulent hand of generosity, whose eyes look ever into the future, but may never peer backward into the past. They have full faith in the value of life, in the law of compensation, in the power of love, and the eternal omnipotence of hope. They are incredulous of evil and deny despair. They rejuvenate the world, give its color to the rainbow and its fragrance to the rose. They only are real in a world which is the reflex of their minds, and which has no existence except as it is mirrored from their generous-minded conception. They are the real ones, these game ones, and their histories are to be found in the records that we have of high accomplishment. Music, art, literature and wisdom are of their domain. Seek to join their stately company, for, soon or late, you must become of them or render homage.

## AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

To me it is a source of infinite satisfaction and pride profound, to know that the largest and best-equipped china-factory in the wide world is an American Institution.

The beautiful and enterprising little City of Newell, West Virginia, owes its "reason for being" to Homer and Shakespeare Laughlin, founders of the Homer-Laughlin China Company.

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One word more: In buying China, make sure that the trademark name, "HOMER-LAUGHLIN," is on the under side of every piece of sufficient size.

## The Homer Laughlin China Company,

NEWELL, W. VIRGINIA



Here's to the game ones, the eventual winners in the pace of life.—Arthur Amundsen.

WORKING because it is right to work—working to make the best of one's self—working because unfoldment to self means good to all surrounding, are the true incentives to enable man to accomplish purpose and to unfold godship within. Always there is work to do. Reward for doing what one ought to do is a fallacy of the past.—Floyd B. Wilson.



# Eternal Vigilance

*The Price of Well-Being*

**S**AYS one who knows, "Dust-laden air is one of the fertile agencies for the spread of disease." And the same authority adds that where one disease-germ is found in outdoor air, eight are found in indoor air. The dangers resulting from dry sweeping and dry dusting are readily apparent. These operations result simply in stirring up dust from one place, and causing it to settle again on another.

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nian, thoroughly sultanesque. To local austerity his splendor was an affront, his seraglio a sin, the memory of both became odious, and in the Song of Songs, which, canonically, was attributed to him, but which the higher criticism has shown to be an anonymous work, that contempt was expressed.

Something else was expressed.

The Song of Songs is the gospel of love. Humanity at the time was sullen when not base. Nowhere was there love. The anterior stories of Jacob and Rachel, of Rebekah and Isaac, of Boaz and Ruth, are little novels, subsequently evolved, concerning people that had lived long before and probably never lived at

**S**OLOMON, typically satrapic, living in what then was splendor; surrounded by peacocks and peris; married to the daughter of a Pharaoh, married to many another as well; the husband of seven hundred queens, the pasha of three hundred favorites, doing, as perhaps a poet may, only what pleased him, capricious as potentates are, voluptuous as sovereigns were, on his blazing throne and particularly in his aromatic harem, presented a spectacle strange in Israel, wholly Babylo-

all. To scholars they are wholly fabulous. Even otherwise, these legends do not, when analyzed, disclose love. Ruth herself with her magnificent phrase—"Where thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"—does not display it. Historically its advent is in the Song of Songs.—*Saltus*.

There is no love like the good old love—the love that mother gave us.—*Eugene Field*.



SOME of my British friends warned me that the Germans would be rude to me, that I would n't like them, that the German army officers would elbow me off the sidewalks, etc.; but they didn't. They are the most courteous of modern gentlemen, and I'm sure if the folks in England really knew them there would be an end to the silly but exceedingly disquieting constant talk about the certainty of war between the two nations. The Germans don't want war, and the British can't afford even to think of such a war as that would be, yet the loose talkers keep the war pot simmering all the time. If the makers of guns and armor

are responsible for it, then the decent people of the two countries ought to take them out and hang them for deliberate treason to the Anglo-Teutonic breed and to civilization. If reckless newspapers are responsible, then the editors ought to be held under the pump until their blood cools and they acquire some realization of the mischief they are doing.

—Frank Putnam.

Push on—keep moving.—Thomas Morton.

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wear the cooling, dependable



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ARISTOPHANES is known as the father of Comedy; Chaucer, the father of English poetry; Homer, of Epic poetry; Herodotus, of History; Hippocrates, of Medicine; Palestrina, of Music; Rabelais, of Ridicule; and Doria, of Peace.

Fra Elbertus can be justly called the father of the New Religion, the religion of Laughter and Work.—George H. Maines.

Look ere thou leap.—Heywood.



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NUMBER **AND RECREATION**

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EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY

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by assuming to interpret a document that the people can not change, nine old gentlemen, or five of the nine, exercise a degree of sovereignty which has not been equaled among Anglo-Saxon people since the days of the Tudors.

Behold our kings, our nine nice old kings!

What about them?

Some say, Make this office elective; elect the judges. Others say, Recall them; make them subject to immediate dismissal.

But why not recall their decisions? Why not apply the popular Initiative to amendments of the Federal Constitution? Why not let the ninety million people decide whether that judge was right

**N**INETY millions of people are ruled by nine old gentlemen.

Not in Germany or Russia, but in America and under the Stars and Stripes.

This is the greatest hoax in history.

A Constitution, practically impossible of amendment, was adopted before any one had ever heard of the theory that the Supreme Court and not Congress was to interpret the Constitution.

Then straightway this theory was set up, and

when he went to bed, or when he got up—that judge who changed over-night his vote on the income tax and thereby overruled a unanimous Congress and a united people?

Suppose five of these nice aged persons should decide in the case now before them that the Initiative and Referendum in the States is unconstitutional? Would it not be handy to be able to start a petition for a popular vote on that decision?

Let the stagecoach, sailboat, hand-cradle



statesmen arise now and tell us why not. They will shed many tears about the sanctity of the past, and they will urge many arguments, but they will have but one reason. Their reason will be that they are royalists at heart, and like an irresponsible court and a rigid Constitution because they fear the people.

We have the Initiative and Referendum in ten States of the Union. We have it in over a hundred cities. In cumbersome form we are to have it now in every city in Ohio. Has not the time come to demand the application of this principle to Federal affairs? The popular Initiative on amendments to the Federal Constitution is respectfully sug-

gested as our means of deliverance from the Rule of the Dead.—*Herbert S. Bigelow.*

**T**HE so-called third degree is a Twentieth-Century reversion to Middle-Age inquisition. The police are the least qualified to elicit evidence. A man is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty. The police have no right to anticipate the trial of an accused man. Evidence secured by them through third-degree methods is always thrown out when

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In the matter of Silk, the American woman's O. K. is writ in letters large on all silk goods bearing the "Niagara Maid" trade-name.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves, for example, have won golden opinions from American women who, natheless, are unwilling to risk a queen's ransom.

The silk that enters into "Niagara Maid" Gloves is subjected to scrutiny of the closest and severest sort, and must be duly approved before it can be used.

Beautiful, soft, and withal, durable, "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves are granted precedence where ladies most do congregate. Moreover, the prices are wondrous low

when you consider the exquisite finish of the fabric, and the undoubted integrity of the workmanship.

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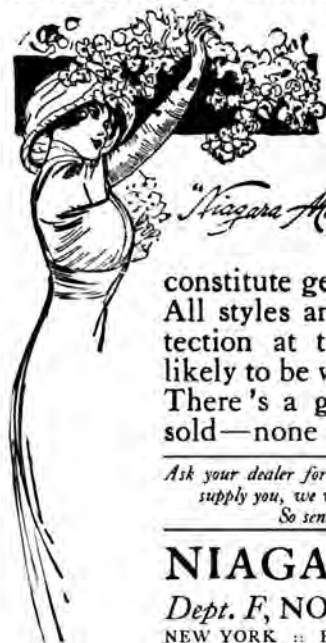
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the case comes to trial. The police are not the men to judge the motives and to extort confessions from arrested men.

If there is sufficient sense of righteousness among the people, these third-degree methods will be discontinued by laws framed to make such brutal treatment of prisoners impossible.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

What is that which the Madonna holds in her arms? It is the Future!—*Mangasarian.*





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time and in the right way;  
do some things better than  
they have ever been done  
before; work from reason  
rather than from rule; know both  
sides of a question; be enthusiastic; work for  
the love of work; "do it now"; anticipate  
requirements; master circumstances; eliminate  
errors—in short, strive toward all those ideals  
which, if they really were carried out, would  
make this world a place where competition  
would be useless.



# A TOILET REQUISITE

# IT



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SOMETIMES HAPPENS that an adverb in the positive degree is stronger than a comparative. For instance, *you* are well, but your neighbor, who is recovering from a case of nervous pros., is *better*. Your "well" is better than his "better." Get it?

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In one of the large apartment-houses in which I have lived on the West Side, my front door when it swung open touched the front door of my next-door neighbor, divided from me only by a thin wall of less than half a foot. One morning on going out I met a pleasant-faced man emerging from this door. We exchanged the casual salutation of housemates. This we repeated on several subsequent occasions, in a casual way. I never knew his name. One morning, about six weeks later, I asked the elevator-boy what had become of the man.

"He died two weeks ago," was the response, "and his body was taken out after nightfall

WHEN Henry W. Grady was hesitating whether to remain on a New York paper or to return to Georgia, he decided to go home because nobody in the apartment in which he lived could tell him about the baby whose little white coffin was carried side by side with him down the steps of the adjoining apartment. "The inhumanity of cities" overwhelmed him.

How many of us have had a similar experience? •••

and carried to the cemetery." ¶ Here was this man who by every law of life and every creed of Christianity was my neighbor—my very nearest neighbor. I could almost hear him breathe at night through the intervening wall. •••

And yet, he had sickened, he had suffered, he had gone through the agony or travail of death. He had been carried out in his midnight casket to the grave, and his family had come back to the anguish and desolation of



an unspeakable bereavement. And I who was "this man's neighbor" had neither ministered to his suffering in life, stood by him in the hour and article of death, nor comforted the crowning sorrow of those who came back to his broken and desolate home—just within a foot of the light and love and laughter of my own—because in the rush of our big world I did not know.

I have never gotten over that incident. I never will. Something ought to be done about it. If something could be done.

We pay a fierce price for the joy of cities. Too many people make any one person unimportant. Great crowds dwarf and minify in-

dividuals. In the multitudes we forget each other too often in life and in death.

When a man dies among two or three in a little community, it is a tragedy. It darkens the sky, it shadows the spirit, it bows the head in reverence and humility and sympathy.

But when one dies among five millions, the little gap made by the passing of the atom closes up so quickly from the mighty mass that it is difficult to remember that the atom ever lived or even died.

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From which I came to say that the cities are not much of a place for old people or people who die. They should find a softer and a simpler life and a quieter place in which to enact the last great tragedy of life, which is death.

I would like to live in a great city all my vigorous life.

But I would like to grow old and die in the little country town where the neighbors would come to ask after me in the last days, follow





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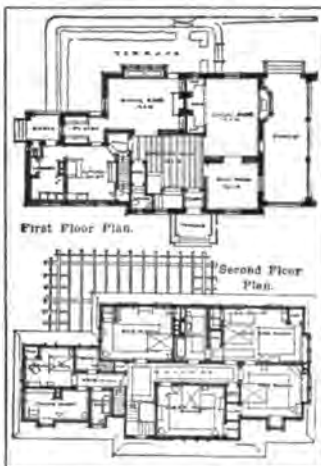
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**I** HATE the man who keeps fat carriage-horses in his stable and doesn't even know their names. I hate the man who keeps a dog or two about the place and never takes them into the house or feeds them himself. And in the same way—only more so—I hate the man who keeps books and doesn't use them. Your horse must turn his head to you when he hears your step; and your dog rush at you and fight you when you have been an hour away from him—and your books, your books, must gleam back at you when you glance at them, and this one sing to you when you touch it; that one set your blood drumming; and

me kindly to the churchyard, when I was gone, and come back for a little tender touch of comfort to those who were left behind.

Is it not well now and then to halt this mad rush of living, and give space to a little breathing time of charity and tenderness for those who die?—*John Temple Graves*.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, can not keep it from themselves.

—*J. M. Barrie*.

all of them teach you and help you to what is best in life.—*A. S. M. Hutchinson*.

**I** BELIEVE, as I believe in nothing else, in the average integrity and the average intelligence of the American people, and I do not believe that the intelligence of America can be put into commission anywhere. I do not believe that there is any group of men of any kind to whom we can afford to give that kind of trusteeship.—*President Woodrow Wilson*.



THE old completeness of view which saw this complex world in its essential unity, saw it steadily and saw it whole, man as a soul and body, life and death as two steps in the march to immortality, and the universe as a miracle with a single meaning, all that white light of vision has been broken up into a thousand prismatic and shifting reflections. We are in danger of losing the white light, not because it is no longer there, but because the age has grown so vast that we can not co-ordinate its multifariousness and multi-colored rays.

Analysis has gone so far that we are in danger of intellectual disintegration. It is time to make some syn-

thesis, or we ourselves shall be wandering through a world without meaning.

Quite apart from the perhaps natural desire to seize the torch from the hands of our predecessors and to belabor them about the head with it, there is a tendency to throw away the torch altogether and to go on our way tossing colored crackers; to throw away the torch of Turner and dance down to posterity in a blaze of post-impressionist Bengal lights. Certainly we want our little discoveries, but we do not



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want to kick away the ladder, nay, kick away the whole world, from under our feet as soon as our fingers have touched the new toy.

All great art brings us into touch, into relation, with that harmony which is the basis of the universe, that harmony in which all our discords are resolved. Poetry is the strongest part of what is called religion, because in the very broadest and grandest sense that can be given to the words, poetry is religion.

—Alfred Noyes.



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tems of moral teaching. This in itself would sufficiently indicate that something was wrong.

The practise of morality, or doing the duties of life, is the essence of practical wisdom. And the first step is to view every little duty as an opportunity. For they are all that and much more.

When the habit of thus grasping our chances has become a part of our character, "that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" will grow brighter. Thus our duties will become our pleasure, and we shall see clearly what does, and what does not, constitute an opportunity or duty.

Since leaving undone the things that

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**M**ORALITY is popularly defined as the doctrine or practise of the duties of life. From this definition we deduce that all delinquencies in such practise are immoralities. Such a conclusion seems unavoidable.

Volumes upon volumes have been written upon the subject of morality, and humanity has also been drenched weekly with deluges of verbal dicta about this one theme. Yet confusion still reigns. And all this notwithstanding the several hundred established sys-

ought to be done is immoral and an injustice all round, we must infer that it is also one of the greatest foes to any real progress. No headway was ever made by ignoring opportunities to advance. Confusion and chagrin follow in the wake of lost opportunities. Practise of the duties of life! What a sublime and yet simple formula! What a panacea for bewilderment and chaos! Surely no great amount of the inner light is needed to see this. Its very simplicity has been its disguise.



Restlessness of the human mind, coupled with the general confusion and unrest of the time, is responsible for the darkening of the light within, and the loss of that inner harmony which alone can vanquish the outer discord. One of the far-reaching mistakes of the hour is the aspiration to great things, rather than to the practise of the simple duties of life. No revelation of this error has come from the paid pundits of our modern ecclesiasticism. They might have been expected to rise to the occasion long ago, and by precept and example to point out the Way, the Truth, and the Light. They have, however, missed their opportunity, and people are beginning to discover for themselves that pilots of progress are not to be found in the pulpits.—*William Q. Judge.*

OUR lives must be spent seeking our God, for God hides; but His artifices, once they be known, seem so simple and smiling! From that moment the merest nothing reveals His presence, and the greatness of our lives depends upon so little. Even thus may the verse of a poet, in the midst of the humble incidents of

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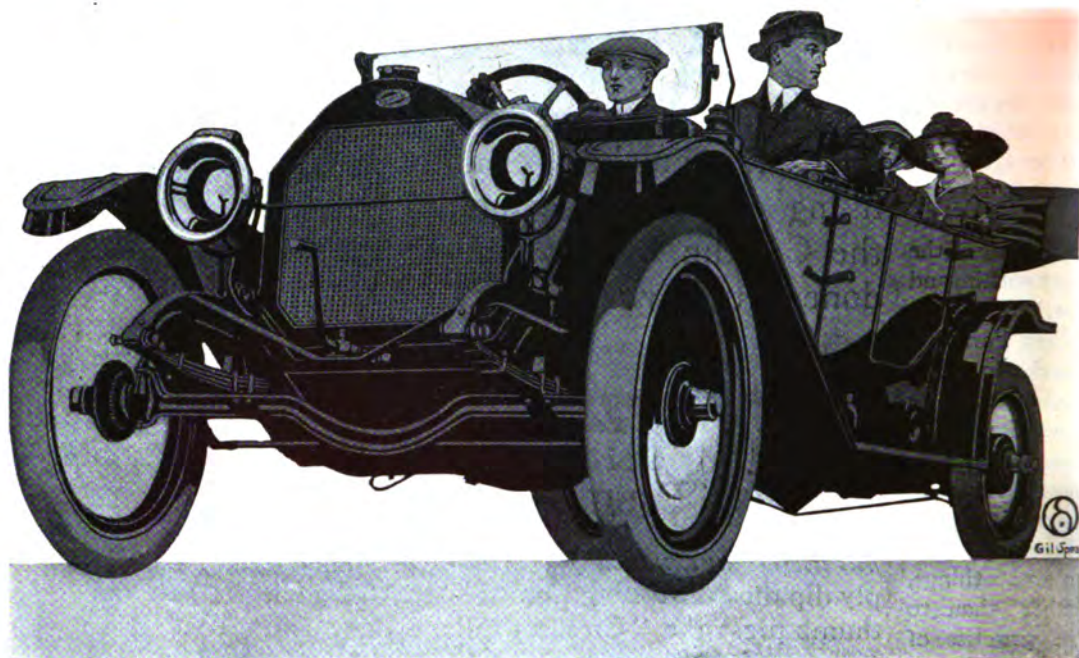
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ordinary days, suddenly reveal to us something that is stupendous. No solemn word has been pronounced, and yet—why does a vast night, starred with angels, extend over the smile of a little child, and why, around a yes or no, murmured by a soul that sings and busies itself with other matters, do we suddenly hold our breath for an instant and say to ourselves, "Here is the house of God, and this is one of the approaches to Heaven"?

—*Maeterlinck.*



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# THE FRA

EXPONENT OF  
THE AMERICAN  
PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 11

JUNE, 1913

No. 3

The great man is one who perceives  
the unseen, and knows the obvious

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## THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

### The Value of Travel



RAVEL," said Emerson, "is  
a fool's paradise."

But Emerson had to travel  
far, and for many years, before  
he made the discovery.

Emerson deals in the para-  
dox, as every great mind does.

Everything is true from  
your point of view.

But the individual who hopes  
to run away from himself and  
to escape his responsibilities  
by travel is certainly on the

wrong train. Travel, as a means of broad-  
ening one's horizon, and giving a new point  
of view, has no substitute.

It is easy to call attention to Immanuel Kant,  
who was born at Konigsberg, and was never  
more than ten miles from that city in all of  
his life of more than eighty years.

But the very fact that we mention Kant  
proves the case. He was the rare exception. We  
get rid of our whims, notions, prejudices  
and fears through travel. Through travel you  
vitalize your ideas.

Travel, transportation and transmission—  
these disseminators of things and ideas—are  
what is working the solidarity of the race. The  
villager is a man who is interested in  
just what is going on in his own town. Of  
necessity, he deals largely in gossip and  
vacuities. The provincial is a man who does  
not get out of his own province, intellectually  
or otherwise.

Immanuel Kant lived in one town, but he  
was neither a villager nor was he provincial.  
His thought roamed, not only the world, but  
the universe. The strength of his imagination  
allowed him to stay at home and project him-  
self to the farthest planet. His body dwelt in  
Konigsberg, but his soul was a citizen of the  
universe. He was one with the Milky Way. Not  
many of us have the ability to take a  
little journey from the safe and comfortable  
recesses of a Morris chair. We have to see, to  
feel, to touch, to come in contact with things  
in order to be impressed.

#### Lampton's Point of View

In a late number of one of the popular  
magazines, W. J. Lampton has an article  
on the subject of travel.

Mr. Lampton advises everybody to travel



first-class, to indulge in all of the luxuries that are provided.

Mr. Lampton explains that the luxuries of travel are within the reach of people of even moderate means. Luxuries of travel do not mean a special train, or even a special car. Mr. Lampton merely refers to accommodations in the Pullman, which of course means the privileges of the buffet and dining cars. And when you stop at a town you use the taxicabs to go to the best hotel, and there you avail yourself of the valets and other pleasing necessities that the place provides. ¶ This is all right and beautiful, but it is simply Mr. Lampton's point of view.

I certainly do not advise my friends who are going to make the trip to California to ride on the bumpers, although I have seen some very happy specimens of the genus hobo dragged protestingly out of their comfortable quarters on the crossbars.

There was upon them the dust of travel, and the odor of sanctity was not in evidence. The individual protested he "was n't hurtin' anybody," and in emphatic language, he advised everybody to mind their own business.

Robert Louis Stevenson came across the sea from Scotland in the steerage, and he rode in an emigrant-car to California; and out of these experiences he got some mighty good raw stock, which he proceeded to work up into a literary emulsion.

Robert Louis was going on a very beautiful errand, and although his health had been bad, it seemed to improve constantly as he approached California.

What's the use of talking about hardships and luxuries when these things are all comparative, and merely points of view!

### Traveling "Tourist"

THE boy of seventeen, born in a village, who has never been away from home, and who manages to save up enough money to buy a second-class ticket from a New York State village to Seattle and return, is in paradise all along the route. Perhaps the train that he is on does not carry a dining-car. If so, it then stops for meals.

The Law of Compensation never rests, and the absolute fact is that on several roads—notably the Santa Fe—you get a better meal when the train stops than you get on the dining-car—and this is praise superlative. The reason you get a better meal when the

train stops is simply because the viands served to you on the dining-car have, of necessity, had a different handling, and often have been transported from a greater distance than the things that are served in the greater leisure of the dining-hall.

I remember the meals we used to get at White Pigeon (Michigan), Saint Thomas (Ontario), Lima (Ohio) and Elkhart (Indiana). Nothing in these places tasted exactly like the things that mother used to make, simply because mother never, in her wildest dreams, was able to supply the feast that these railway dining-halls set forth.

The men who ran these dining-halls were the spiritual ancestors of Fred Harvey.

If one wants to travel "tourist," he will find, provided he is able to cultivate mixability, a very jolly and happy lot of people going second-class.

The conductor on the tourist-car is usually a man selected for his ability to make plain, common folks feel at home. He is their guide, counselor and familiar friend, and represents an information-bureau which deals in everything from eugenics to the higher criticism. These tourist-cars carry the plain people, many of whom have made great sacrifices in order to take this journey. They are intent on getting the most out of it. They are not blase, tired or frayed on the edges. They are eager, receptive and full of hope. This is the rule. ¶

Many of the people in the tourist-cars calculate beforehand on taking enough food with them to carry them through the journey. They prepare tea and coffee on the stoves supplied by the railroad company. They call on the porters for a great number of things which the porter in the "standard" does not keep in stock.

Some of them will get out and dissipate to the extent of a square meal once a day, the rest of the time living on their lunches. It can be depended upon that the dining-hall does not make much money on this kind of a man.

¶ On the Northern Pacific, as well as on the California railroads, there are usually opportunities to buy fruit of various kinds, at many towns along the route, that is offered, fresh from the trees, at astonishingly low prices. ¶ Once, on the Salt Lake Route, between Los Angeles and Salt Lake, I saw one of the passengers—and this a man in a tourist-car



—buy an entire wagonload of cantaloupes and distribute them through the train, from engineer and fireman to tail-end flagman. Everybody had a cantaloupe. And then, having eaten all that they wanted, these people proceeded to throw the cantaloupes at one another, just as a matter of amusement.

¶ The man who bought the cantaloupes rode in the tourist-car because he had a prejudice toward the so-called bigwigs in the standard. He said he did n't want any cold storage in his. He had just sold five hundred steers in Chicago, on an average of sixty-five dollars each, and money was really no object.

The advice of Brother Lampton that this man should travel first-class would have fallen on arid soil. He traveled as he wanted to, and his desire was to irrigate his soul with the flowing water of friendship—and this he was able to do "tourist."

So you see, the argument is this: Taking it altogether, life is a point of view; and the main thing is to have the receptive mind, the appreciative heart and a good digestion. Then all the little misfits of travel, which are bound to occur, no matter how you travel, or where you are, will be overlooked, and everything will be transformed into little-pig sausages.

### Vacation Travel

JUST here is a good place to say that the Pennsylvania Railroad has recently issued a statement concerning its vacation travel for Nineteen Hundred Twelve. Certain figures are given that show the greatest number of passengers ever carried during the same space of time. Are we prosperous? I rather guess, yes!

As a people, Americans have the money to travel. They travel a little every year. Whipped-out, tired, depressed, sick people stay near at home. Healthy, happy, working, ambitious people improve the opportunity to get away once in a while during the year. Go as you want to, and as you can afford.

There is more joy in going tourist on your own mazuma than borrowing money to go standard. What is a hardship for one is a joy for another. There is a joy in going without things, and economy gives a flavor that extravagance never possesses.

What does Solomon say about the stalled ox and a dinner of herbs? Shame on you, Brother Lampton! Life is n't a matter of traveling

"first-class"; it is a matter of accepting any station and finding it good.

These journeys are great educators, but I advise everybody, after taking a journey around the world, across the continent, to Washington, to Niagara Falls, to East Aurora, or even to the next town, to just take a look out of the window when he gets home.

•••

It is opportunity that brings out the great man, but he only is great who prepares for the opportunity—who knows it will come—and who seizes upon it when it arrives.

•••

### Bread-and-Butter Question



TEMPEST has been stirred up in the Manhattan teapot on account of the big restaurants having suddenly and without notice made a charge for bread and butter.

It seems this was the result of an arrangement entered into through the Hotel-Men's Association. Most of the big hotel-keepers in New York are members of this Association; and many who were not took advantage of the opportunity to increase revenues and so gave as an excuse, "Everybody is doing it."

This was somewhat like the custom of the Chinese in California who do not belong to the labor-union, but yet insist on "union scale." Thus do our Oriental brothers show themselves opportunists by receiving the benefits of unionism without paying dues. In other words, they get "half the profits and none of the disgrace," to use the phrase of the late Colonel Ingersoll.

The charge of ten cents extra for bread and butter per plate is trifling to people who pay a dollar, or two dollars, or three dollars for a meal •••

One wonders, why all this dust!

New rules are always more or less offensive. The rich are willing to give, but just like the rest of us they hate to feel that they are being held up. However, no one ever got bread and butter free, any more than you get sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar free, or the free use of the knives, forks, spoons, napkins, tablecloths or the right to use the chair. We



pay for everything, but the charge for most things is concealed.

On many bills of fare you will find the statement, "Bread and butter free with meat orders." But of course enough extra is charged for the meat to cover the bread and butter. In the "Baltimore restaurants" and the Cafeterias, a charge has always been made for bread and butter. This is right and proper. And yet at the Baltimore restaurants and cafeterias you get sugar, salt, vinegar, catsup, Worcestershire sauce and horse-radish free. And the average customer, as if to kind of even things up, when he walks out of the restaurant takes a handful of toothpicks, regardless of the fact that the forests of America are fast being devastated.

Charge for bread and butter? Certainly, by all means, yes. Charge for everything and be frank about it.

When traveling in Europe, in the bill you will often find a charge for service, which means the use of knives and forks, spoons and table linen.

#### Time for Readjustment

THIS charge for bread and butter is one of the effects of the high cost of living. It is an endeavor on the part of the hotelman to even things up.

Steaks and chops are now a luxury, and in some restaurants they are put on a special bill of fare, like unto the wine-list.

The effect of the high cost of living will not really be that we will have to pay so very much more to live, but we are going to be economical in our ordering. We will order only the things we need, and the superfluities we will dispense with.

The landlords say that this is exactly what is occurring. They cite the fact that there is an increased tendency for two persons, when dining together, to order single portions; and bread and butter being free, the consumption of bread and butter has very much increased.

¶ We make a mistake to resent this action on the part of the landlords to hold the hungry customer down to where he belongs. It is all right for him to satisfy his hunger, but he should not insist on eating up all the landlord's profits.

It is a time of adjustment. The help-yourself restaurant is here to stay. The Cafeteria is only in its infancy. The landlords are not only protecting themselves against loss, but

they are educating us into the fact that nothing is given away, and that everything must be paid for.

"What will you have?" But just remember the things you select are going to be charged up on the bill. This is Nature's rule, and man being himself a product of Nature is following suit. ♦ ♦

If it was woman who put man out of Paradise, it is still woman, and woman only, who can lead him back. ♦

#### Retaliation



N point of diplomacy, and the retort courteous, Saint Petersburg certainly sets Washington a pace.

Now the question is, have we not been a trifle hasty in breaking off trade relations with Russia on account of a difference in religious faith? The habit of cutting the acquaintance of individuals who differ with us in opinion used to be common, but is n't retaliation always a quasi-acknowledgment of weakness?

Russia has a State religion, and a State religion is something that an American can not fully comprehend. The word "God" is not in our Constitution, but the word "God" is the biggest word, the most occurring word, and the most important word in Russian politics. ♦ ♦

Russia claims that the Jews—not being members of the Greek Catholic Church, and in fact being, as a class, opposed to it—form an explosive and dangerous element to the stability of the Russian government, and, therefore, Russia deems it wise to prevent Jews from entering her borders.

Russia claims that the analogy between visitors to a country and visitors to a private house holds, in the main. No man ever gives another man the right to send him visitors without his permission. People who are dangerous to our peace and well-being we always exclude, and such people have no right to say they are insulted.

Russia fully acknowledges the virtues and excellences of the Jews, as we put the matter



forth. At the same time, she explains that, granting all this, she still, without malice—simply as a political necessity—asks that any one of Jewish blood or of Jewish faith shall not insist upon visiting Russia for purposes of either business and pleasure or with the idea of citizenship.

Russia then goes on to state that any religion that is n't in sympathy with the Russian form of government is not a desirable thing to have in Russia, and, therefore, members of any religious faith are debarred that may seem to Russian officials to be dangerous to the peace, amity and well-being of the Government. The rule is to debar all Protestant clergymen, exactly the same as Stephen Girard provided in his will that no clergyman should be allowed to enter Girard College.

### A Horse of Another Color

THE argument has been put forth in America that Russia would be very resentful if we should debar communicants of the Greek Catholic Church. To this Russia responds that we have a perfect right to debar communicants of any church, just as we have the right to debar members of any particular society or faith, be it political, social or religious, just as we debarred the Doukhobors, and just as we debarred Turner, the Anarchist. ¶ Russia cites instances of where we have deported members of certain Italian and Russian societies. We endeavored to deport Emma Goldman, a Russian Jewess who was out of sympathy with American institutions, and the only reason we did not deport her was because she was the legal wife of an American citizen.

The plain statement is courteously made that the United States makes it the rule to exclude all foreigners who are out of sympathy with the American form of government; and Russia merely asks that we will generously give her a like privilege.

Altogether, it looks as if Russia had the best of the argument, as far as logic is concerned. And she proposes, since we have abrogated the treaty of Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, to double our duties, just to let us know that retaliation is a game that works both ways. ¶ The Russians call attention to the fact that the exclusion of the Jews is not a matter of executive decision. It is fixed in statute law and has existed steadily for more than a hundred years; that our agitation on the

subject is entirely without reason; and that America has not been injured in any way, save in the supersensitive minds of people who are trying to push in her door.

Incidentally, the Russian Minister of State is polite enough to disavow any desire to insult Americans and professes the greatest esteem and admiration for American citizenship, hinting very delicately that Russian Jews in America are ours now and that we should keep them here and that Russia wishes them all joy and prosperity.

Certainly no Jew wants to go to Russia to live. And since this is so, why seek to deprive Russia of her religious prejudices by coercion? And if indeed we are "Christians," can we afford to adopt retaliatory methods?

And further than that, have we corrected any evil? Not the slightest. If anything, we have deepened hate, and the status of an American citizen of Jewish blood, on the Russian border, is exactly where it was before. Two wrongs never make a right. We are worse off now than ever, for not only are certain of our worthy citizens debarred, but our products as well.

If you would be happy let not happiness be your aim.

### The Labor Famine



It is beyond dispute that native-born Americans do not possess the natural qualifications and tendencies that make good servants.

We have a surplus of originality and initiative, sometimes productive and sometimes not.

¶ But as a people, we will not take orders. When an order is given, the average American starts a line of back talk.

The dead lift and drudgery which civilization demands, is now being done in the United States by immigrants from Southern Europe.

¶ We are amalgamating these people very slowly. They come here, work a few months, a year, spend little, live like poets under the ideal commonwealth, and go back to Europe, loaded with their well-earned gold.

From Saint Paul to New Orleans, and from



Houlton to San Diego, the cry for competent labor is everywhere heard. Our fields are white, but the laborers are few.

George Bernard Shaw, who has never visited the United States, declares that we are a nation of villagers. When asked why he did not visit the United States, Mr. Shaw said, "Because I want to preserve my good opinion of the American people."

Mr. Shaw is a deal of a joker, but jokers sometimes have a sense of value, also a perspective.

Is it true that we are a nation of villagers? If we are centered only in ourselves, our own activities, and do not see beyond our own bailiwick, then indeed is the estimate of Brother Shaw right. It is well enough, anyway, for us to get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us, when opportunity offers.

#### Mr. Bland's Criticism

**M**R. BLAND, editor of the London *Times*, has recently given the Lowell Lectures in Boston. Mr. Bland is a businessman, and a writer of worth and power. He is an economist, and deals with world problems. He is a globe-trotting Englishman, lifted to the nth power. He is familiar, by personal contact, with conditions in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, China, India, the South American Republics and the United States.

Mr. Bland, while all his name implies, is yet very frank. He has nothing to ask from the American people, save their good-will; and he is willing even to forfeit that rather than give up the right of speaking his mind, freely and frankly.

Mr. Bland saw plainly the labor famine that we are experiencing in the United States. In Canada he found similar conditions.

Mr. Bland noted the fact that the people who trace a pedigree to the Teutonic tribes have an inherent, well-fixed prejudice toward the Mongolian. This prejudice, in degree, is founded on fear, as prejudice, perhaps, always is. It finds form in the expression, "The Yellow Peril." Europe, too, sees the flaunting, waving, yellow bugaboo, in its dreams.

China, with her population of four hundred million, if she were at war with the United States, could spare two million to come over and exterminate us. Of course to do this she would have to have transportation facilities, the sinews of war, and the war spirit.

And she has none of them.

Mr. Bland is confident that the Chinese haven't the disposition or the spiritual energy to ever flood the North American Continent or Europe. ¶ The Teutons will always be the dominating race.

South America, however, offers a different field. South America is peopled with the Latin races; and between the Latins and the Mongolians there seems to be no such prejudice existing as exists between the Teutons and our yellow brothers.

South America is giving a welcome to the Chinese. And the dead lift of labor requisite to build a great civilization will be done by the Orientals.

The Chinese are not only superb servants, but they are great merchants. As cashiers and bankers, they fulfil the requirements. The Chinaman can handle money without any of it sticking to his fingers. He does not regard his employer's money as his own—a thing that Mr. Bland says that the Teutons are somewhat given to doing.

#### The Melting-Pot of the World

**T**HE melting-pot of the world, Mr. Bland avers, will be in South America. And a hundred years from now, the United States of South America will eclipse in material wealth the fondest dreams of the North American Continent.

Mr. Bland says that the labor famine is being felt in Australia and New Zealand exactly as it is in the North American Continent.

But the labor-unions and socialistic reformers have worked out a propaganda there whereby labor is going to thrive at the expense of production. That is, production is seriously curtailed in order that the laborer shall not be compelled to work more than a certain number of hours a day, and that he shall receive a maximum wage with a minimum of labor. ¶ Taxation per capita in Australia is five times what it is in the United States or in Canada. Here is a condition that must eventually discourage the continuance of the present Utopian experiments that the Antipodes is intent on.

Mr. Bland thinks the embargo on the Mongolians will eventually be lifted in Australia, as a matter of economic necessity; and when this is done, the natural and potential resources of Australia will be opened up to the world as never before.

Canada then, seeing the success of Australia



and realizing her own necessities, will admit Chinese labor. But the flying flag, carrying the slogan of the Yellow Peril, will prevent any large number of Chinese from being admitted into the United States for a hundred years to come.

In the meantime, South America will have unfolded her resources to a degree where she will dominate the financial situation, and the North American Continent will be fed by the mingled Mongolians and the Latins who live South of the Equator.

### A Manufacturing Nation

MR. BLAND is of the opinion that the future of the United States of America lies largely in the direction of manufacturing. We are a nation of inventors, of skilled mechanics; but we have n't the patience to raise garden-truck. And Mr. Bland notes that, in the vicinity of all American cities where superb gardening is being carried on, the work is done by Chinese, Japanese, Italians or Greeks. ¶ Native-born Americans are absolutely unfitted by Nature to compete with these people in the painstaking patience, the exquisite care, and the love that is required to produce fruit, vegetables and flowers.

Population in the United States is not now increasing in the same ratio it did twenty-five or fifty years ago. We have exhausted the labor contingent of Ireland, Scotland and England. And the second generation of Russians in America are doctors, lawyers, merchants and manufacturers, all with a healthy scorn of honest toil and a beautiful, supercilious forgetfulness of pedigree.

The Semitic race will not farm, except through accident; and our entire social fabric is flavored with this Semitic and Teutonic patronizing attitude toward labor, especially as applied to land. Mr. Bland says that the only Jews who farm are those close up to actual starvation.

Thus has Mr. Bland held the mirror up to Nature and done for us what Bryce did in his *American Commonwealth*, or what Taine did in his *History of English Literature*.

Are we grateful for Mr. Bland's comments and his criticisms? I am not sure. For the most part, we have n't heard them. Thomas A. Edison is deaf, but nobody knows how deaf. Things he does not want to hear, he does n't. We all resemble Edison—in some things at least.

## Automobile Accidents



CERTAIN dealer in automobiles has made a careful investigation of six hundred accidents where fatalities have occurred.

He has grouped the causes of accidents and endeavored to draw a moral from them.

The one really important point that this man has made is that a majority of accidents occurred to high-priced and high-powered cars.

These were usually driven by men who did not own them, and in most instances when the accident occurred, the machine was out of the garage without the owner's knowledge.

¶ It was not always exactly joy-riding, because the driver has the car out on the excuse of testing it, or of going on some errand. But along the route he took in a friend or two, and in his anxiety to give these friends a thrill, and often carrying on a conversation at the same time, he lost control; and a fraction of a second throws you against the curb.

In several instances, the trouble was started by picking up an inconvenient dog in the steering-gear. A few years ago we thought it perfectly safe to run over the canine if he failed to get out of the way. Now we see that there is pretty nearly as much danger for the occupants of the machine as for the dog.

Strong drink plays a big part in accidents. Where accidents occurred, very seldom was the driver drunk. In many instances, however, the party had stopped for refreshments. It seems that if there is any business that demands absolute sobriety it is running an automobile. Dutch courage goes all right most everywhere else. A boozy man can drive horses with comparative safety. The horse is cautious of where he goes, and usually his instincts are right. But the machine has no brain. The machine relies on man absolutely when it comes to thinking, and is perfectly willing to go over the cliff if man does not interfere.

And a little additional courage and enthusiasm, just a little increase in the pulse, lessens the driver's ability to gauge distance and speed.



### How Accidents Happen

**A** LARGE proportion of fatalities occur by collisions with street-cars. And often these are on double tracks.

For instance, a driver is following a street-car. The car does not seem to be going fast enough, and there is a wagon just to the right of the street-car. So the chauffeur rolls around the car to the left, and just as he is well around he sees a car coming toward him.

It is then his business to do one of two things: to stop and drop in behind the car that is going the same way that he is going, or to put on speed and swing in ahead of it before the other car arrives. ¶ Here is a condition where he has to carry three things in his head: one is the speed of his own machine; the second is the speed of the car he is passing; and third, he has to estimate the speed of the car that is coming toward him.

And here is just where he goes wrong. Only a very sober and level-headed man can cope with this condition, and probably without the stimulant—trifling though it is—this man would have been content with taking his time and passing the car on the right side.

### The Rules of the Road

**I**T was surprising to find how quite a number of accidents occurred by breaking the rule of the road to pass a vehicle on the left side when you are both going the same way. ¶ But here is a loaded wagon in the middle of the road. There is room for you to pass on the right side. You start to pass, and unconsciously you blow your horn, which is usually the proper thing to do. But in passing a vehicle, to blow your horn always warns the man ahead to pull in to the right. So you blow your horn as you pass him on the right. He pulls directly in the line you are going.

If there is a curb near you that you can not mount, and you can not stop in time, you put on a little extra steam, hoping to get through before the driver, drawing in to the right, blocks the roadway.

The result is that you are going at a faster rate than you intend, and you strike his horses or the curb. If there is a telegraph-pole handy, you will probably steer for that.

### How to Avoid an Accident

**I**T remains for this automobile man who has made up a list of these accidents, having investigated them from every standpoint, to continue his investigations and write a book

on the subject of automobile accidents, and show how they are to be avoided. No such book is to be had in America. A careful study of such a volume would undoubtedly tend to lessen accidents.

It seems that moderate-priced cars, driven by their owners, are reasonably safe from accident. High-priced cars run by very young chauffeurs are the ones who take the risk. Boys under sixteen and men over fifty are bad drivers. But the parties that take the risks and cause the accidents, often losing their own lives, are not going anywhere anyway and have nothing to do when they get there. ¶ For example, the seven boys in Philadelphia in a high-priced car that ran off a viaduct and were killed, is typical. They were going at fifty miles an hour on a perfectly smooth and safe road. They got into an argument and then into a scuffle. The driver was giving his friends a thrill, and he certainly succeeded.

¶ In Chicago a high-priced car driven by a convivial chauffeur who was taking his friends out for an airing ran through an open draw at forty-five miles an hour. The watchman did everything possible to warn the man, but his vision was evidently blurred, and he imagined that the man who was frantically waving a lantern and trying to stop him was simply intent on curtailing his sweet privilege to "let 'er go." So he swung to one side and put on increased power, endeavoring to pass the watchman—and he passed him all right. ¶ He saw the bar across the road and the open draw when within less than a hundred feet from the brink. He applied his brake with skill and swung his car to one side, with the result that he skidded sideways over the brink and in an instant was lost from view in the dark waters below.

Accidents are avoidable almost without exception. Let the reckless driver be disgraced. Approbation should not be his from man, woman or child.

Keep your car under control. When in doubt observe the safe course.

This is bromidial. We all know enough, but the habit of right action is not yet wholly ours. We think we are immune, but this is exactly as it should not be.

A reasonable caution is quite as heroic as reckless courage. And realizing this, there will be fewer accidents in the future than in the past. The reckless driver is in bad repute.



## The English Language



THE dominating strength of a race is seen in its ability to compel other races to accept its language.

When Rome dominated the world, the Latin tongue was supreme. Not to read and write in Latin was to be without the pale.

No clergyman, no lawyer, no writer, could hope to succeed without a beautiful sprinkling of Latin in his oratory or text. No matter what his own language was, he had occasionally to fall back on Latin in order to make himself thoroughly and completely understood, otherwise thought might break through language and escape.

To swing Latin easily was to be an educated person. Not to "conjugate" was to be accounted a barbarian.

It seems that almost every country in the world imagines that its own tongue will finally be supreme, just as every man believes the religion of the future will be his religion.

¶ Let the fact stand, however, that today the English language is spoken by more than one hundred fifty million people.

Next comes German, with one hundred twenty million people.

Russian is spoken by ninety millions; French, sixty million; Spanish, fifty million; Italian, forty million; and Portuguese, thirty million.

### For Purposes of Comparison

THE English language contains about six hundred thousand words; but of this total practically one-half are words of scientific terminology that are seldom found outside of textbooks. Many of these are archaic or obsolete words.

The number of words in the New Standard Dictionary is a little over four hundred thousand.

Grimm's Dictionary of the German language contains one hundred fifty thousand words.

Dahl's Dictionary of the Russian language contains one hundred forty thousand words.

¶ De Ochoa's Dictionary of the Spanish language contains one hundred twenty thousand words.

Petrocchi's Dictionary of the Italian language contains one hundred forty thousand words.

¶ Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance of Shakespeare shows that the master used twenty-five thousand words.

There are five writers in America, each of whom has a vocabulary of more than forty thousand words. These men use all of the words Shakespeare used, and a good many that have been coined since.

It would be unfair as well as unkind to give the names of these writers. If you do not know who they are, already, you would not believe it, anyway. So make up the list for yourself.

¶ It is believed, however, that there are at least a thousand writers in America who use as many words as Shakespeare did, which does not mean, of course, that they can use them as well.

Since Shakespeare's time there have come in operation a great number of business activities, which did not then exist, and these all have their lingo. And lingo, in time, becomes standardized. Slang used by a man in position ceases to be slang and is regarded as standard bred.

Language grows by the acquisition of slang; and slang, well launched on the tide of time, becomes legitimate.

### A Working Vocabulary

PROFESSOR A. S. COOK, of Yale University, a man recognized as an authority on the growth of language, gives the total number of words used in the Bible as a little under seven thousand.

The working number of words that the average man uses is only about three or four thousand.

The Continental courier, who speaks all languages with equal intelligibility, has only about six hundred words of each language at his command. And a good bill-of-fare vocabulary can be devised with three hundred words.

¶ Highly educated people are not apt to know the language of colloquialism. The writers who use the most words are men who have come up from the ranks; who know the language of the farm, the docks, the lumber-camps, the mines, the railroads, the department-stores, and are on good terms with a great number of trades and industries, and are more or less in touch with every human activity. Electricity as a science has given us over five hundred new words. The automobile has done almost as well.

Beside all this, the ready writer knows



literature, is on good terms with Shakespeare, Addison, Carlyle, Browning, and many of the Biblical allusions are at his tongue's end.

The good writer will coin a word, if he does not find one at his finger-tips ready for type-writer use. And this word sent spinning down the corridors of Kronos will eventually take its place and pass as legal tender in the current coin of language.

The best writers are men without an idolatrous regard for the "classics." They recognize that language is only a vehicle of thought, not thought itself. It is a tool, and everybody should have the right to manufacture tools for himself, which he can use to advantage in his business.

Invention in language should no more be discouraged than should invention in mechanics.

❏ Grammar is the grave of letters.

Spirit is supreme.

He who can express most in fewest terms will be crowned with laurel, and pilgrims will make little journeys to his grave.

❖

The doctor and the preacher are modified manifestations of the belief in a vicarious atonement. We look to some one to save us.

❖

## Personal-Injury Damage-Cases



HERE is a great and crying need for tribunals that will take care of the rights of people who are injured on railroads or in factories.

Justice is a commodity that the State is supposed to supply, and should.

The Federal Law on the subject, which has recently been before Congress, is designed to care for cases where interstate commerce is involved.

Hence it applies only to transportation companies, and not to factories.

Each State will have to take the matter up individually.

A law has recently been passed in Massachusetts, however, which seems to cover the requirements in the case.

Our friends of the legal profession, very naturally, think that the law exists for their sole benefit. They say, if you would have

justice, hire a lawyer. The fact is lawyers are too intimately concerned in securing justice or defeating it to be relied on in this matter. All good businessmen should understand the principles of law. And many people believe that specialists in law are as inutile, when it comes to receiving justice, as are specialists in theology or palmistry.

### Private Rights of Railroads

FOUR-FIFTHS of the time of the courts is taken up in damage-cases.

It has been stated by an eminent judge that more than one-half of these cases have no foundation whatsoever in equity.

Sixty-five per cent of the people injured on railroads are trespassers; and justice does not seem to require that a man who has no business on a railroad-track should be paid damages if he happens to get in the way of a train ❖ ❖

In America, we have grown to think that a railroad-track is a public highway.

In Europe this is different. It is just as much of a trespass in England to walk on a railroad as it is to walk on the lawn of a private house ❖ ❖

This is right and proper and well, and the United States must eventually take the view of the question that railway property is private property and can only be used by travelers in a legitimate way; this for the protection of both the public and the railroads ❖ ❖

A great number of lawyers derive their incomes from damage-suits.

Most of these cases are taken on contingent fee, and so anxious is the lawyer to make out a case that evidence is strained to the furthest limit ❖ ❖

Like the open cash-drawer, here is a temptation which some men are unable to resist, and so we have the legal frame-up.

### The Frame-Up

BUT over against the legal frame-up, with witnesses while you wait, with which every lawyer and judge is familiar, there recently occurred in Toronto a frame-up of a different character.

It was found that the same witnesses and the same attorneys were appearing in different suits, and the similarity of the testimony excited the suspicion of the attorneys for the Toronto Street Railway Company. Finally, they decided they were working against a



system. So they framed up a case on a worthy limb of the law and a couple of physicians, who were known to be very good men in their own particular line. Here is the case as presented to the court in the opening speech of the attorney for the plaintiff.

Plaintiff got off a street-car, in the right direction—that is, facing the way the car was going.

Just before he stepped to the ground the car started, and he clung to the rail. The conductor gave him a push. The man landed on his face, and the car went on.

When the man tried to get up he found he was paralyzed on one side. A kind stranger rushed forward and helped him into a drugstore.

And when in the drugstore a clerk took him in hand and gave what you call "first aid to the injured."

Plaintiff was in court. He was all out of shape like the letter S. With him in court was his wife with two babies, one clinging to her skirts on either side. She wore a hat of the vintage of Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five. There they were, the wife and family, and there they sat, on half-rations, seemingly, grief and woe perching on their banners.

And the twelve honest men, more or less, looked at this distressing case, and this distressful family, and their hearts were wrung by the sight. They thought of the pain of this man, and of the injury inflicted upon him by being thrown out of the car and out of a job by the minions of a soulless corporation.

"The first witness I will call is the man who gave first aid," said the attorney for the plaintiff. ¶ And then he called the drug-clerk, and the clerk glibly told his story.

"This man was brought into the store, half-carried, half-dragged, and I gave first aid," said the clerk. ¶ He told what he did: rubbed things on him; poured things down him; called a taxicab and sent the man home, this man who could n't walk.

The physician was put on the stand. He told where the man was injured. He gave it in Latin phrases; told how this man was nervously shocked; injured in an internal way, etc., etc.

They cross-examined this doctor at length. "The patient may never recover. He can't work for a year in any event; he may die of the injury before a year," said the doctor. ¶ And the attorney for the plaintiff interjects,

"If he dies he leaves the helpless widow and children." ¶

Then they called the consulting physician—what you call an expert. And the expert gave his testimony.

### The Conspiracy Uncovered

FINALLY the attorney for the prosecution said, "Now I have one more witness to call, and that is the plaintiff." ¶

In presenting testimony in a case at law, you are not obliged to present it in consecutive shape. That is, you get it in the record, and you get it in any way you wish, or can.

And it seems that the attorney for the plaintiff in this case had a habit of holding back his chief witness until the last, so as to get a strong final effect on the jury.

Then this crooked, rheumatic, pained individual gets up, walks up toward the bar—an athletic, strong, graceful fellow. To look at him a minute before you would have thought he was fifty years of age. He was now a man of thirty. He walked briskly to the witness-stand.

¶ The lawyer gasped, twitched, sat down, got up, took a drink of water and asked:

"You are the plaintiff in this action?"

"Yes, sir."

"And on the sixteenth day of February last were you injured, thrown off a street-car?"

"No, sir."

Here there came a very painful pause, and the court leaned over and took up the questioning.

"You were not injured—never thrown off a street-car?"

"No."

"Did this doctor examine you?"

"Yes."

"Did he find anything wrong with you?"

"Yes."

"Were you injured?"

"No, sir."

"Did you send for him?"

"Yes."

"Why did you send for him?"

"I am a detective in the employ of the Toronto Street Railway Company."

"Is this woman here your wife?"

"No, sir."

"Are these your children?"

"No, sir; never saw them before."

"Where did they come from?"

"I don't know."

Here court was adjourned, and there the case stands. ¶



It seems in the city of Toronto there was a combination of attorneys, witnesses and doctors working together.

These men, it is stated, have mulcted the Street Railway Company in a considerable number of suits.

There are now actions pending against this company to the extent of three or four hundred.

So the attorneys for the company just decided that they would have their detectives present a case of their own and show how easy a judge and jury could be manipulated.

This drugstore clerk was told by the lawyer what to say. The witness who said he saw the man carried into the drugstore never saw the man at all. They told this man what he should say, and he said it. He said: "I was standing on the corner. I saw this man pitched off the street-car. I went over and picked him up and carried him into the drugstore." And that sort of thing was the most natural in the world, and could not be disproved, save by the injured man himself.

The two doctors in the case declared they were imposed upon by the detective, and it remained to be shown whether a well man can deceive a wise doctor. But the attorney for the plaintiff who took the case and supplied the witnesses is without excuse.

Judges always look with great disfavor on anything that savors of "making a monkey" of the court. And the judge in this case has professed an earnest disapproval of the frame-up, and has threatened to visit a heavy fine for contempt of court on the Street-Railway's attorneys.

#### A Special Tribunal Necessary

**T**HIS Toronto transaction, however, called to the attention of the world the great necessity of a special tribunal, which will see that justice is meted out to injured parties, to the end that they shall receive the entire amount that is their due, and not be compelled to divide with an attorney. An injured man should no more be compelled to divide equal damages with an attorney than he should have to hire an attorney to collect his wages.

The public must be protected, both from the ambulance-chasing attorney, and the rapacity of employers.

The entire tendency in the practise of law is away from litigation. There are a great number of lawyers that are very hungry for

fees. We have about twice as many lawyers in the land as needed.

The good lawyer now should be a businessman, and his particular work should be to act as pilot for the Ship of Commerce. His business should be to keep the commercial craft off the rocks.

There is nothing in the world so unproductive as litigation. In most lawsuits both sides lose.

¶ The lawyer is a non-producer, and while he may be a necessary evil, yet we want just as little of this evil as possible.

The opposition to a personal-injury act comes from lawyers. The workmen want it, and employers are not averse.

Only a lawyer who has plenty of business without mixing in damage-suits, either for the prosecution or for the defense, favors the act.

It is beyond imagination to suppose that an employee would get injured purposely. He may be careless, but employers should see to it that careless workmen are made careful, or else eliminated.

The whole intent of these personal-injury laws is to do away with the middleman, and as we are eliminating him, both in commerce and theology, so should he be eliminated in the law.

#### The Massachusetts Act

**T**HE Massachusetts Act, which goes into effect on July First, summarized, is as follows:

This measure abolishes the rule of contributory negligence, negligence of fellow-servants and the assumption of risk laws and court rulings. It allows a person half his regular earnings for a maximum of three hundred weeks if he is totally disabled for work by any such accident; adds from four dollars to ten dollars a week to his allowance for one hundred weeks if he loses both hands, both feet, or ten per cent of sight of both eyes; makes this additional allowance for fifty weeks if he loses one hand, one foot, or ten per cent of sight of one eye; furnishes him with the added compensation for twenty-five weeks for the loss of two or more fingers, thumbs or toes, and for twelve weeks for the loss of one finger or one toe; prevents exploitation by exorbitant fee charges by lawyers or doctors under any and all circumstances; exempts such sums of money as may be due him for damages from attachment for debt of any



kind or description ; sets his half-pay allowance at a minimum of four dollars a week and a ten-dollar maximum, with three thousand dollars' limit for total disability ; in case he is killed gives his dependent relatives the equivalent of this half-pay for three hundred weeks, and if he has no dependent relatives allows two hundred dollars for his funeral expenses

This law will, with the exception of domestic servants and farm-laborers, cover all cases where accidents occur to wage-workers of both sexes, while at work for their respective employers

To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you.

## The Railroad Trespasser



MUGGLING has been termed a "woman's crime." This, because she is not supposed to know that smuggling and larceny are twin sisters in the eyes of the law. When she smuggles, she thinks that she is not depriving anybody of anything

And the argument is made that anything you have not missed, has not injured you.

It is the same in taking or using railroad property. Railroad property, in the eyes of the proletariat, does not belong to anybody in particular. And if it does, it is owned by nabobs in New York, Boston and across the sea in London.

Several railroad companies have recently been putting forth special efforts under the State Laws to rid themselves of the trespasser, but in this they have had scant backing up from the public at large.

People who have been used to walking along the railroad-tracks, on the way to work from their homes, consider that they are being affronted when requested to keep to the high-way

Curiously enough, the States that have been most busy in passing laws restricting the rights of railroads are the ones in which the trespasser is considered not guilty of anything beyond taking a chance of being run over—and this one judge said, "is a private matter."

It is very sure that a federal law would gather up and incorporate in itself the best public opinion in the land, and this would be a forceful influence in the line of educating the public to the slogan, "Safety first."

### Semi-Public Property

RAILROADS have always been considered sort of semi-public property. In the good old days before the Hepburn Bill, no one ever seemed to consider it a sin to steal from a railroad.

If we were going from Buffalo to Cleveland, we usually bought a ticket to Dunkirk.

A fifty-cent cash fare paid to the conductor gave us a two-dollar ride.

The lifting of lead pipe and brass connections went undisturbed as long as the capacity of pockets and dinner-pails was not exceeded

The railroad right of way was regarded as a right of way for the public. The jumping of railroad-trains was an accomplishment which every village boy acquired. This was certified to, and can still be proved, by the one-legged and one-armed, crippled, maimed and injured that every town possesses.

There are three States in the Union that have distinguished themselves as being essentially opposed to railroads. Yet it is a fact that the wealth and prosperity in the United States is owing more to our transportation facilities than to any other one thing.

For lack of transportation, I have seen corn used for fuel, wheat go a-begging at ten cents a bushel, and hogs sold for two cents a pound. The coming of the railroad changed these things

It should not be forgotten that railroads are private property ; but their business is to cater to the well-being of the public.

Railroadmen are public servants, just as all good businessmen today are. And as a railroadman is responsible for the property of his road, he should have the right to exclude the trespasser whose presence tends to decrease safety and increase confusion.

But as the Hepburn Bill did away with the junket, and put the sale of transportation on a simple legitimate basis, so is a similar federal law needed, making trespassing on railroad property a crime. No State law will quite cover the subject ; it must come as an adjunct to interstate commerce. The federal law is sufficiently impersonal to carry a healthful, deterrent influence on the hooligan.



And hooliganism is a peculiar manifestation that appears in the genus homo somewhere between the age of twelve and twenty. When boys run away they hike for a railroad-train by prenatal tendency. The savage is then in the saddle; the hold-up man looms large as a popular ideal. To get something for nothing is the great desideratum. To destroy, and not get caught, is looked upon as manly. The hold-up man starts in by stealing nothing worse than a ride.

We see the youngsters hobbling around on crutches with one leg; but we do not see the thousands who are crushed into little-pig sausages and removed in a gunny-sack. These are as ten to one to those who lose an arm or a leg.

During the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the Pennsylvania Railroad killed on an average one trespasser a day.

#### A Public Menace

**P**ERHAPS the worst about trespassing on railroad property is not so much the fact that the trespassers get killed occasionally, or injured, as that they menace the safety of the public.

These hooligans who steal transportation are mischief-makers, knowing nothing and caring less about the preservation of property, or the safety of travel. They are thinking but of themselves.

A few weeks ago I crawled into my nice, comfortable berth in a Pullman car at eleven o'clock at night.

In exactly two hours, I was awakened by a shock that told me the emergency-brake was being used.

There was a groaning, a screeching and a writhing of the car, then came a terrific shattering of glass.

The car was still on the rail when it was stopped.

I managed to get out of the car, and running ahead, I saw that the engine was upside down in the ditch, and that every car ahead of my Pullman was off the rails.

Two men were killed—the engineer and the fireman. We dug their lifeless bodies out from under the coal, and laid them on the grass. Subsequent events showed that the train had been derailed by two boys who had been put off of a freight-train. These youngsters had broken into a section-house, obtained wrenches and loosened a rail on a curve, so that when

our engine struck it, it went into the ditch. Here was a deliberate piece of mischief, done by two irresponsible youths, who had n't brains or imagination enough to think of the way they were jeopardizing the lives of the passengers. They were only getting even with a grouchy freight-conductor!

The instance is only one of many. Every railroad in the United States is constantly defending damage-suits where trespassers have been injured. And curiously enough, in a great many cases, the courts hold the railroad responsible for an injury to a trespasser, the theory being that the railroad company should have made it its business not to allow trespassers on their property.

Trespassing continued acquires a certain legitimate right, according to the common law of England, which provides that a path across private property used by the public becomes in course of time a highway.

And so, the railroad is regarded as a semi-public highway. This is only possible by an appeal to the fuzzy-wuzzy sentimentalities of a jury that is made up of trespassers. What is needed is an awakening of the public conscience to the fact that a railroad right of way must be freed from the trespasser for the good of the trespasser, for the safety of passengers, for the well-being of the railroad, and the peace, good order and safety of everybody concerned.

No law can be enforced that is not backed up by public opinion. But I believe that there is a sufficient public opinion now existing against railroad-trespassing that would make a Federal Act on the subject as efficient as similar laws now are in Great Britain, Germany and France.

**W**E take an interest in the lives of others, because when we think of another we always imagine our relation to him. Then, too, other lives are to a degree repetitions of our own life. There are certain things that come to every one, and the rest we think might have happened to us, and may yet. So, as we read, we unconsciously slip into the life of the other man and confuse our identity with his. To put ourselves in his place is the only way to understand and appreciate him and so enrich our own lives. It is imagination that gives us this faculty of transmigration of souls; and to have imagination is to be universal; not to have it is to be provincial.



## Ellen Key

By Alice Hubbard



It is the history of the evolution of every race that, at first, it lives in the Now.

Then it anticipates the future, becomes provident, lives in the future.

Then it again lives in the Now, but has gained the lesson of "building for an age to come."

¶ Egypt during the reign of the Ptolemies lived in the future, a future which it believed was assured after death.

¶ Rome, in her decline, lived just today

Athens in the time of Pericles built for an age to come, but also lived each day.

The Twentieth-Century spirit is the Athenian spirit at the time of Socrates. We have passed the pioneer stage and are living now.

The spirit of the times does not recognize the worship of ancestors, the building of elaborate tombs, or living for a life beyond this one. But it does demand that humanity shall so live that there shall be a better race, living under better conditions than have ever before obtained

### A Great Modern Thinker

ONE of the great seers of this Twentieth Century is Ellen Key.

She was born in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, in Sweden, in the province of Smaland, on a country estate of her father's.

Her father was of Scotch origin—MacKay.

¶ Her mother, a Scandinavian.

Ellen had the companionship of her father, a distinguished Swedish parliamentarian, an avowed radical. She had also the intimate companionship of a Swedish mother, a representative of an old and honorable family

Hers was a great birthright. She was the eldest child of honest, intelligent, talented parents who lived honest, natural, wholesome lives

She loved the great out-of-doors, and her earliest companions were natural things. Her acquaintance with artificial life has been from observation.

Ellen was taught to swim, row, ride and take every exercise that her boy companions did. She loved music and books. She was educated

in English and the languages of the Continent.

¶ Her mental companions were Shakespeare, Scott, Goethe, Rousseau, and the great living thinkers and writers. She had in her own home German, French and Swedish teachers.

¶ She became acquainted with people, people of all classes.

Her first writing was of novels, picturing peasant life.

Her mother inspired her to write more than novels. "The main questions for you are the questions of your own soul," she said to Ellen. Bjornsen and Ibsen were her friends and they influenced her more than any others, except her mother and father, to turn her attention to philosophic thinking.

She read Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and John Ruskin.

At the age of twenty-three, Ellen Key accompanied her father on his journeys to the court centers of Europe. She was his secretary, confidante, and worked constantly with him. At this time she began to write for journals.

¶ Her love of the beautiful in art was nourished and developed during her travels.

When she was thirty years old, her father lost his property, and she taught in a girls' school for a time.

For twenty years she occupied the chair of History of Civilization in the University of Stockholm.

As a teacher, she became acquainted with girls, children, young people and also people of all ages and times.

### A Lover of Women

ELLEN KEY is a woman who loves women.

She is capable of intense love, and it was her fate, as it is that of all who love intensely, to suffer intensely. Some of her dearest friends died

It is said, however, that Ellen Key was never thoroughly awakened, never got right into living, until an old Swedish law against heresy was revived, in order to send to prison some young men who had argued freely the consequences of the Darwinian doctrine in religion and sex morals.

Havelock Ellis, in writing of her, says:

"There is nothing so sacred to Ellen Key as the right to personal opinion and personal development; the sight of any injustice or oppression has always moved her profoundly. And on this occasion she sprang forward into



the fray like a lioness in defense of her cubs." ¶ She spoke fearlessly in public on the subject. Her brain was free to think, and she thought. Personal freedom, especially as it applies to the vital actions of humanity, became her espoused theme. Naturally, she waged war against conventions that hamper man's and woman's personal freedom, against conventions especially that hamper the freedom of the child and the child's natural right to be well born.

As can easily be understood, her most potent attack was on the marriage relation as it now exists. When she attacked this so-called "foundation of civilization," her opinions were opposed by all orthodox people who read what she wrote.

So far as I know, no one has ever doubted the honesty of Ellen Key's opinions, but they have said her teachings are dangerous.

Germany and America, more than any other countries, have given to Ellen Key an attentive ear. ¶ The Germans have accepted her because they understand her philosophy.

Those Americans who have read her philosophy have not repelled her ideas, because she does not present them in a way that antagonizes the American mind. We are not, as a nation, philosophic. We are attracted to that which is new, especially if it is of foreign origin. We like to champion an idea which floats to us from across the sea.

And there are, too, many American women and men who are demanding for women and for children the same rights that are accorded to men. And these people are taking what Ellen Key writes as a refreshing draft from a cool spring of sparkling, pure water.

#### The Essence of Morality

**E**LLEN KEY'S appeal is to honest, conscientious men and women who think. She has an analytical brain as well as a philosophic. She sees clearly, distinctly, and she is a discriminating thinker and writer. ¶ Her doctrine is wholly in accord with natural law. She holds laws of man, social customs, as nothing when they interfere with the laws which are for the well-being of the human race. Above all, she believes in the natural rights of the child, consequently in the natural rights of the mother.

She is quite willing that adults shall undergo any course of treatment that is necessary to give us wholesome, clean, pure human beings.

The sacrifice of superstitions, beliefs, even faiths, is nothing when compared with the benefits that shall be derived from scientific, wholesome, natural living and its result—healthy, happy, normal human beings.

The direct question which she would ask with regard to every act is, Will the consequences bring benefit and happiness to humanity? This is the essence of morality.

She believes in the happiness of the race. She believes that it is the right of every human being to be happy, but not indulgent. It is very clear to her mind that happiness comes only from natural living, and that one human being's right to happiness shall cease when it infringes on another person's right to happiness. ¶

She does not exalt the soul nor the mind to the detriment of the body, nor does she consider the body inferior to the spirit. She would give to the elements of an individual every right that she would give in society to the individuals which compose society.

Ellen Key is an individualist, but not an individualist in the barbaric sense.

Ellen Key is a socialist, but not a socialist in the Marxian interpretation of that word. She would have every individual developed to the highest capacity of that individual, in order that he might become a necessary part in the society to which he naturally belongs.

#### Her Message

**T**O those people who go to any book, a people, or custom as authority for their action, Ellen Key's message is not welcome. ¶ She very frankly states that the individuality of one person might demand a wider experience, far greater expression, than another. In order to get this wider experience and wider expression, he might break laws of society and still be living within the law of his nature. To Ellen Key, this would be right.

For humanity to have the privilege of each individual living within the law of his nature would demand an educated humanity. Ellen Key recognizes this. But she would have those who administer the law so wise that they would never interfere with man's freedom to live a natural life unless this living interfered with others' right to the same rights.

Not in any way does she express a belief in special privilege and indulgence to any individual or class, although this is what society now gives.



She makes war upon sin—violation of the laws of health, happiness, wholesome living.

¶ The inherent desire of every human being is to have the opportunity to struggle—to struggle for his own existence, his own development, and to struggle for the existence and development of others. All healthy, normal living things desire these struggles. It is natural law.

The strong plant works its way up through the soil, struggling for life, overcoming many difficulties. The more difficulties it overcomes, the greater and the stronger is the plant. This is the law of life.

When living things seek ease, they begin to die, and when they find perfect ease and perpetual repose, it is death.

Ellen Key is a glorious struggler. She loves the struggle of life. Her greatest desire is that all women, men and children shall have opportunity for the natural, individual struggles. "Happiness is a complete use of one's powers," is her definition of happiness. "It is only great feelings which give great rewards," she says. ¶ Her desire is not to make life easy for women, children nor men, but to have them realize that the struggle is desirable, that only in the struggle, in activity, is there any reward for living.

She would have men live their own lives, do their own particular part of the world's work.

¶ She would have women absolutely free to do their own special and peculiar work.

She would, too, have women realize that no greater work than theirs could possibly be done, and with it all and necessary to it is that they shall find happiness—complete use of their powers in this work.

She does not prescribe just how this is done, for evident reasons. This is each woman's work, to find out how she can do this. Ellen Key's mission is to show women that they must find the way.

### Modern Love

LOVE has been represented by modern poets and romancers as being as old as the human race.

This is not true. Love is modern. That is to say, modern love is modern.

Love is a matter of refinement, of education, of mental and spiritual development.

Like art, love is a way. It is an avenue by which spirits mingle.

But love is not barter. It is neither bought

nor sold. It does not require gifts, nor are gifts necessarily manifestations of love.

Love is spirit, a mingling of spirits. Where love is there is mutuality. As a natural consequence, out of the mingling of spirits, the lovers desire to share all things, find complete mutuality. This mingling of spirit awakens the longing in the lovers to share equally in everything. ♣ ♣

As a consequence, there is the dream of absolute oneness and the effort to become one in desire and purpose.

Barbaric passion was as brutal as barbaric warfare. Not until men and women became refined, gentle, cultured, was there refinement, gentleness, courtesy, exquisiteness in love. ♣ The ancient Cupid might well be represented with hoofs and horns.

The modern Cupid is spirit, is a dream of fair women and gentle men.

It has taken the human race from its birth to the present time to produce even a few examples of ideal love, and even these best are far from the ideals of these lovers.

Yet the race began to dream of love early and to form ideals.

But there has always been and is now this great difficulty: man can dream of more perfect love than he is capable of living. Hence the disappointment in lovers when they make the opportunity of trying to live their love. ♣ A man's love can be no greater than he himself is. His dream of love is always greater than he is. ¶ This is true of man.

And so much the more is it true of woman as her life is more made up of love-dreams—dreams of love-ideals.

Woman's love is no greater than she herself is. Her dreams of love, her ideals of love, are greater, by far greater than man's are.

"Her love is her whole existence," said Lord Byron.

But this is poetry, not truth. For woman is human, very human, and she is very limited in her ability to live her love.

### Love and Marriage

FORMERLY, from childhood until marriage, woman has lived with the one object before her of having a home of her own, children of her own. ♣ Into this fabric of her anticipation, love was always woven as the design, until, in the romantic age, a feverish romance was the woof, warp and pattern of life.



But she was not yet so far developed that she could analyze herself or her dreams. She did not know that, in order to live a great, an ideal love, she must pay a price which few human beings are willing or are able to pay. She thought that love was a gift of the gods, or her husband or surroundings.

And women have censured husbands, conditions, because their dreams have not come true; have said that there is no such thing as love ♣ ♣

Few women have had the mental development to realize that the ideal is a long way in advance of humanity's capability of working out these dreams.

Women and men have misunderstood, have been disappointed, have fought, agonized, sacrificed, and been sacrificed, because they lack an intelligent understanding. Religious and political wars have been fought in a similar darkness.

To Ellen Key, an ideal life is no less real because it is far in advance of the most of the race and experienced now but by very few. She knows that love is necessary for the best development of women and men, and for the evolution of the race.

And she knows that it will come.

Men and women are more capable now than ever before of overcoming difficulties.

Our lives are complex. And yet our ability to live them, with all their complexities, makes living more simple than that of men and women of a hundred years ago.

With regard to love and marriage, Ellen Key has the vision and sees that, although love is of the highest necessity in some marriages, there are men and women to whom it is not necessary in order to do their part in carrying on the struggle of the perpetuity of the race ♣. She believes that woman, through the necessities of her peculiar business of motherhood, has peculiar, distinctive and different needs from man.

In none of her writings does Ellen Key suggest that there is not the woman question. She emphatically affirms that there is, and that it is the most vital question today.

Women must be won back to their homes by making conditions and having conditions made whereby they can have full expression for all their powers, in their homes. They must have their right to personal independence, not only acknowledged but ratified ♣

Ellen Key knows that the physical, mental and spiritual wholeness of men and women will never be obtained through legislation. Commandments of negation "to be good" will never make clean lives.

Wholesome, honest, clean living must not only be made desirable, but it must be made easy ♣ ♣

Children must be taught that every cause brings a result, a consequence, and both are theirs, the result of an action as well as the action ♣ ♣

This is teaching law, and it will bring order and decency in living.

### The Better Day

WHEN society restricted man's cohabitation to the marriage state, he probably concluded that all he did within the marriage relation was good ♣. All that is forbidden may be refrained from, and yet crimes unspeakable be indulged in. In the marriage relation there is infinitely more not forbidden which is wrong, than forbidden which is wrong ♣ ♣

Man has relied upon observations of the ancient people with regard to right and wrong, to the deterioration of his own discernment ♣ ♣

The Decalogue, which was made to navigate little crafts on little rivers and ponds in inland seas near the shore, in Palastine and China, is a poor chart to use in steering mammoth steamships across broad oceans and into unexplored seas.

Man, today, may keep the Ten Commandments and be a criminal. He may refrain from all that Moses, Pythagoras, Loyola, or Confucius recognized as barriers to progress, and yet not be a citizen worthy of emulation ♣. What was good business and good citizenship twenty years ago is criminal now. Men are put into jail for continuing practises called good business ten years ago, and not one of the Commandments have they broken.

Ellen Key is brave enough to state frankly what she perceives is wrong in our modern practises ♣ ♣

We are changed.

The needs of the times are changed.

We are refined. We have progressed since the time of Moses.

Ellen Key's demand is for higher living, cleaner, purer lives. She would have humanity live naturally.



She states very plainly that a choice of wife or husband made in youth may not be a good choice, or a union at all desirable to continue throughout life. It might hinder, it might arrest the development of the individuals and their offspring. Such a union might give to the world abnormal, inefficient, even criminal children.

Whatever hinders, or would hinder the best development of individuals, or the evolution of the race, she would modify, change, discontinue.

She is looking towards a better day, towards a rising sun such as the world has never yet seen. She is for every condition which will give us better children, better citizens, a better world.

Ellen Key is a woman of divine courage, unimpeachable motives, pure desires, convictions strong as the elements of her life, beautiful as a dream of fair women, positive, strong, loving, altogether wonderful.

Men do not vary much in virtue: their vices only are different.

## Minnie Maddern Fiske

By Alice Hubbard



HE best loved of the Egyptian deities was Isis.

All that was good and beautiful upon the earth and among men came from her.

She watched over the birth of children and rocked the cradle of the Nile.

She was wife, sister and counterpart of Osiris, and she was mother of Horus, the rising Sun, the God of Day.

On a statue to her was this inscription: "I am that which is, has been and shall be. My veil no one has lifted."

The history of Isis differs from that of many other deities. She was no Minerva who sprang, fully equipped, into life.

Isis evolved. Her evolution was natural. She experienced. She endured. She lived. She fought. She struggled.

She emerged from the struggles.

One story says that she took the form of a cow, the Sacred Cow of Egypt. She could rest neither day nor night, being tormented by a

gadfly. Trying to free herself from this torment, she went from one end of Egypt to the other.

The gadfly pursued until she had had all experience, knew the foundation of all life. So she became Isis, that which is, has been, and shall be, whose veil no one has lifted, Mother of the Sun.

The Children of Light today claim Isis as their Mother. These Children of Light are also pursued by the same gadfly, which persistently drove Isis from one experience into another, until she lived and knew life, and knew that all is good.

### The Gadfly of Isis

THE torment of every artist's life is to find adequate expression for the vague, terrible unrest that drives him. He is forever searching. He is forever driven on to find an adequate medium to express his thought.

He is forever hunting and haunted.

The most tumultuous joy that any person can know is the joy of the artist when he finds the medium which gives satisfaction to his artist soul.

### The Artist's Quest

THE search for such expression began for Minnie Maddern Fiske when she was very young.

I have no doubt that many times she has cried out in her soul, "At last, I have found it!"

But it is the artist's destiny to find, and then to find that what he found is not that for which he searches.

The quest is forever on, and on, and on. To the greatest success which is ever to be his, he can erect a statue, and upon it write: "My veil no one has lifted. I am that which is, has been and shall be."

That is the hope of the race—to travel, but never to arrive.

### "The High Road"

MRS. FISKE is a great artist. She is a superior woman. She has an extraordinary brain. Her powers are balanced so that her personality is unique.

Recall the plays which Mrs. Fiske has presented and you will readily note that these plays mark the evolution of a human being—that human being, a woman, and that woman, Minnie Maddern Fiske.

In *The High Road* Mrs. Fiske shows the evolution of a woman.



Mrs. Fiske's moral strength, her artistic power, her personality, were never so great or so well expressed as through this medium. ¶ A poor little country girl is pursued by the gadfly of Isis.

Each experience of her life is accepted and used as a foundation for her next experience.

¶ She made mistakes.

She wasted no time in mourning.

And at forty, this woman had built a life which had the admiration of, and was the inspiration to, many thousands.

She came to many crossroads. The gadfly drove her at first, she knew not whither. But at twenty-five she began to be able to choose the road that she would take.

She left a life of luxury and ease, and went into the world of work, unequipped except for the integrity of her soul and the fundamental instinct to evolve.

"Something comes next," she knew, and she was ready for that something. She never again looked toward ease nor unearned luxury and pleasure.

There is a scene where the woman's companion in luxury, in beauty, tries to lure her to remain and continue to sate her soul with loveliness. The woman resists.

The man questions.

"What is the matter? Are you growing religious?"

And Mrs. Fiske's unparalleled voice comes out clear, thrilling, with its singleness of purpose: "It is something of more importance than religion; deeper, stronger than right or wrong."

And Mrs. Fiske makes it very clear that this something is the right and the obligation to earn one's own living.

Herbert Spencer says that a scientist must have a desire greater than that of conquest. The scientist must love truth beyond all else.

Mrs. Fiske presents a woman whose love for truth is supreme, and through truth she conquers.

Mrs. Fiske gives a prophecy of a better day, a day when the highest virtue of men and women will be to evolve, each, his and her own individuality.

Mrs. Fiske presents a woman in the line of evolution, a woman who has evolved through independent work, a woman who has not withheld her hand from assisting any one

who needed help, nor her brain from teaching others to help themselves, a woman very wise in realizing what help is.

Here is a woman so clear of purpose that she realizes that her mistakes, her blunders, were an absolute necessity to her evolution, so that she stands before an accuser and says, not with a boast, but in honest triumph:

"Out of my blunders and weakness, and my mistakes, I have managed to build my life."

"I have built it slowly. It has not been easy work."

"No one but myself knows how far it comes now from what I would like it to be.

"But such as it is, it is mine. I made it. And so that is why, in the face of all this shipwreck and this disaster, I can stand here and look into your eyes and say: 'I have done my best. I am not ashamed of what I have built. I am proud of it.'"

None but a very great woman could present this character so that an audience thrills and throbs with the depth of her thought.

Mrs. Fiske does this because she is a great woman—a woman with deep and wonderful experiences.

She is in the line of evolution, and she stands for the right of the development of other people.

That is the way human beings develop, using all of their opportunities and making opportunities for the development of others.

It was said of Bjornsen as it was of Goethe that there was not a fiber of his being, a cell of his brain, which was not developed, exercised and used to its utmost possibility.

I would say this of Mrs. Fiske.

And "it doth not yet appear what she shall be."

WHEN men are employed, they are best contented; for on the days they work, they are good-natured and cheerful, and, with the consciousness of having done a good day's work, they spend the evening jollily; but on idle days they are mutinous and quarrelsome, finding fault with their pork, the bread, etc., and in continual ill-humor, which puts me in mind of a sea-captain, whose rule it was to keep his men constantly at work; and, when his mate once told him that they had done everything, and there was nothing further to employ them about, "Oh," said he, "make them scour the anchor."



## Economic Independence of Married Women

By Ellen Key



HE economic factor has in modern society an importance for marriage which is felt to be more and more degrading as marriage becomes established on the basis of love. Marriages inwardly dissolved are now often held together because both the parties would be in a worse financial position after divorce. The husband can not or will not make his wife a sufficient allowance;

he is, perhaps, unable to realize her fortune, which he has invested in his business, or perhaps he has spent it; the wife at marriage has abandoned an occupation which she can not now take up again in order to support herself—and so on to infinity.

But even happy marriages suffer through the wife's subordinate position economically as well as judicially.

It is, therefore, of great importance, both in happy and unhappy marriages, that the wife should retain control over her property and her earnings; that she should be self-supporting in so far as she can combine this with her duties as a mother, and that she should be maintained by the community during the first year of each child's life. Similar proposals have been made from the socialist side, but also in other quarters.

A woman ought to be able to claim this subsidy if she can prove:

That she is of full legal age;

That she has performed her equivalent of military service by undergoing one year's training in the care of children and in hygiene, and—if possible—in nursing the sick;

That she will, herself, care for the children or provide other efficient care;

That she is without sufficient personal means or earnings to provide for her own and half of the children's support, or has given up work for the sake of looking after the children.

### Maintenance for Mothers

THOSE who are unwilling to conform to the above conditions will not apply for the subsidy, which naturally can not be greater than what is strictly necessary, and

which will only in exceptional cases be distributed for longer than a child's three first and most important years.

Those who renounced the subsidy would thus be as a rule the well-to-do, or those who wished to devote themselves to self-support and thus gave up, either altogether or after the first year, this help from the community. The arrangement would fulfil its purpose in those classes of society where at present the mother's outdoor work, both in country and town, involves equally great dangers to herself and the children. The charges for this most important of defensive taxes ought, like other similar ones, to be graduated and thus to fall most heavily upon the rich, but upon the unmarried in the same degree as upon the married.

Inspection should be carried out by commissioners to be appointed in every commune, varying in number according to the size of the commune, but always composed of two-thirds women and one-third men. These would distribute the subsidy and supervise the care not only of young children but also of older ones. The mother who neglected her child would, after three cautions, be deprived of the subsidy and the child would be taken from her. The same would also apply to other parents who subjected their children to bodily or mental ill-treatment.

The mother's maintenance would always amount to the same sum per annum, but for every child she would receive in addition the half of its maintenance, until the number of children was reached that the community might consider desirable from its point of view. Any children born beyond that number would be the affair of the parents. Every father would have to contribute a corresponding half of the child's maintenance from its birth up to the age of eighteen. At present the community affords a man help as breadwinner for a family in the form of higher wages calculated to that end and a rising scale according to age, which, however, he receives whether he is married or single, childless or the father of a family. But by paying the subsidy to the mother, all need of unequal wages for the two sexes would cease, and the subsidy would really further the purpose that is of importance to the community—the rearing of the children.

¶ The present system, on the other hand, maintains that most crude injustice, the dif-



ference between legitimate and illegitimate children; it frees unmarried fathers from their natural responsibility; it drives unmarried mothers to infanticide, to suicide, to prostitution.

All these conditions would be altered by a law which prescribed that every mother has a right, under certain conditions, to the support of the community during the years in which she is bearing the burden most important to the community; and that every child has a right to maintenance by both its parents, to the name of both and—so far as there may be property—to the inheritance of both.

### The Law of Mother and Child

SINCE the mother must now, with increasing frequency, be a breadwinner as well as the husband, it is just, even from this point of view, that she should share with him authority over the children. But since, furthermore, she has suffered more for them, thus loves them more and understands them better—and thus, as a rule, not only does more for them, but also means more to them—it is likewise just that, whereas the mother now has to be satisfied with what power the father allows her, the conditions should be reversed, so that the mother should receive the greatest legal authority.

When the husband is not alone in bearing the burden of breadwinner, there will be a possibility of his duty as educator being realized. He will then have time to develop his qualities in this direction, and the growing value of his fatherly care and fatherly love will lighten for the mother the task of education which at present often overwhelms her, since with a growing consciousness of its responsibility this task is becoming more and more difficult to perform with her increasing need of personal freedom of movement.

The mother and child would, therefore, not have to look exclusively to the father for the necessities of life, and they could not become entirely destitute through his incapacity or downfall. But he would, nevertheless, continue to bear his half of the responsibility, and the family would still be dependent on the father and his voluntary contributions for a great part of the pleasures of life, while he would, moreover, be freed from the often unbearable burdens under which his spiritual worth as a father and his family joys now suffer to so great a degree.

Far from its being the case—as one has heard certain women declare—that the majority of men are nothing but egoists, countless numbers of them have borne and still bear burdens of slavery, not only for wife and children, but also for the support of other female relations.

On the other hand, the prevailing system of society has prompted fathers still more to enslave themselves in order to create an advantageous position for their children. The existing rights and duties of a father stand in immediate connection with the right of inheritance, one of the greatest dangers of our system of society. For inheritance often keeps inefficiency in a leading position, but efficiency in a dependent one; it favors the possibility of the degenerate propagating the race, above all if the parents have died early, although—as it has been asserted—it is precisely such children that are the least apt to have offspring. It is unfavorable to the chances of the efficient in this as in every other direction, where birth in poor circumstances involves hindrances to education and the use of personal powers which wealth permits.

On the other hand, poverty favors natural talent, in so far as it braces the capabilities, while it is often one of the misfortunes of heirs not to experience this inciting and pleasurable tension. It is only the strongest or the finest natures that become stronger and finer through the advantages and the sense of responsibility that inherited wealth brings with it. In the main, the productive sources of society would be multiplied upwards as well as downwards, if wealth became personal in the fullest sense of the word, depending on each person's contribution of efficient force, but the goad of acquisitiveness would be broken, through the limited possibility of increasing one's wealth and the needlessness of thereby securing the existence of one's children.

### The Equality of Birth

A NEW system would do away with the necessity of applying to the State for increase of salary for the education of children as befits their class. For if all children were placed in an equal position by the community providing everything—from school materials to traveling scholarships—for the complete education of the bodily and mental powers of individuals, an education in which a true circulation of the classes would take place by



consideration being given only to ability; if each thus had the same position when all entered upon their different careers; if each had the same chances of there attaining to the right use of his special powers, since he had had every means of training them; if society gave—as a right, not as a charity—to every worker full care during sickness and full support in old age, then the desire to favor one's own children at the cost of the rest would disappear.

The father whose activity had procured him a position of power, which during his lifetime made his children's circumstances more favorable than those of a number of others, would certainly thus be able—and to the advantage of the whole community—to allow his children to enjoy that differentiation and refinement which, for instance, the richer culture of their home might give. But when the right of inheritance disappeared—or at least was greatly limited and heavily taxed—he could not exempt them from permanently securing by the exercise of their own powers the advantages of a higher or lower kind that they had learned to value at home.

When the difference between legitimate and illegitimate children is abolished in every respect, the paternal home, as in classical and Scandinavian antiquity, may include more often than at present the children of more than one living mother; sometimes even a mother's home may include children of more than one living father. In either case, this would be a recognition of the children's rights which would leave present-day customs with respect to children born out of wedlock a long way behind.

I KNOW, indeed, that some honest men fear that a Republican Government can not be strong; that this Government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest Government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the laws, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.

## The Cost of Living

By Finley Acker



IN this country we are all familiar with the general complaint about the "higher cost of living." We have also been told about the lower cost of living abroad. But if we give reasonable interpretation to the destructive action against shopkeepers by frenzied mobs in foreign lands, we are justified in believing that similar conditions and complaints now prevail, to a greater or less degree, throughout the entire civilized world.

In order, however, that we may be enabled to make an intelligent comparison of the cost of living at this time with its cost during an earlier period, it is essential that we clearly differentiate between the "actual" necessities, which have always been computed in the cost of living, and the auxiliary "cultivated" necessities of today, which during former periods were classed as "luxuries" and consequently limited to the purchases of the rich.

The "actual" necessities—those which are essential for the maintenance of human life—are Food, Clothing and Shelter.

### Comparative Cost of Food-Products

I WILL discuss the comparative cost of food more fully than the other two factors, partly because it makes the heaviest drain, in most families, upon the "household purse," and also because many of the causes of higher prices in food-products are also responsible for higher prices for the other two factors. How do the prices of the same kind and quality of food-products compare with their market prices, ten, twenty or thirty years ago?

Statistics show that such necessary staples as flour, sugar, syrup, tea and chocolate, and the modern staple of confectionery, have cost approximately the same for some years—except as the prices fluctuated with the varying market prices of wheat and raw sugar. It is interesting to note that the important items of flour and sugar are both lower in price today than they were thirty or thirty-five years ago.



Coffee, the great American beverage, is lower in price than it was thirty years ago, although higher at present than it was several years ago. The varying prices in coffee will be found, however, to have been caused mainly by the fluctuations in supply and demand, although the present high prices are partly due to the coffee valorization scheme which is based upon the principle of safeguarding and developing the coffee industry by preventing ruinously low prices during periods of over-production and exorbitantly high prices during periods of under-production.

But such staple articles as meats, fish, fruits, vegetables, cereals, poultry, eggs, butter and cheese have steadily advanced in price during recent years.

The above comparisons give, I think, a hint of some of the causes of increased prices. It will be noted that the conversion of wheat into flour; of raw sugar into refined sugar; and sugar and flavorings into confectionery, all represent labor-saving machine processes; and the production of tea represents Oriental hand labor, the cost of which is still so trifling as to be almost incredible to Americans. And these are the products which have not advanced in price.

On the other hand, the growing of cereals, of fruits, of vegetables; and the production of poultry, of eggs, and of milk for the manufacture of butter and cheese, represent mainly American hand labor. At one time this labor was not adequately computed in the cost of the product, because it was performed by the farmer, and the farmer's wife and the farmer's children, and augmented by meagerly-paid farm-laborers who frequently toiled from sunrise to sunset.

But we have a radically different condition facing us today. The farmer's wife and children flatly refuse to toil as did their predecessors and without adequate pay, and we must squarely face the fact that the families of the American farmer will never return to their former industrial conditions so long as other industrial pursuits insure generous pay and short hours of labor.

And if I interpret the American spirit aright, there is no desire that the former condition of servitude and monotony in farm life shall ever be re-established in this country, notwithstanding its direct effect upon the increased cost of living.

Another new condition which confronts the farmer is that farm labor is not always procurable when most needed, and when engaged, demands much higher pay than formerly, and also demands shorter hours of labor, such as have been established in other industries ~~so so~~.

#### The Law of Supply and Demand

**F**URTHERMORE, the natural operation of the law of supply and demand is found illustrated in Government statistics, which show that although the population in towns and cities increased during the past decade 34 per cent, the increase in rural population was only 11 per cent. The per-capita production of cereals in 1899 was 54 bushels; the per-capita production ten years later was but 49 bushels. This marked change of ratio in supply and demand was followed by an increase in the farm value of the wheat-crop from \$319,545,259 in 1899 to \$673,653,000 in 1909; or an increase in farm value from over 54 cents per bushel in 1899 to over 98 cents per bushel in 1909.

The Department of Agriculture also reports that the number of cattle raised in this country is 2,400,000 less than it was a year ago, and that there are 1,200,000 less sheep than were raised in the previous year. It is also generally known that the supply of mackerel, herring, salmon and other fish which at one time were plentiful and cheap has greatly diminished through natural causes.

¶ I have gone so fully into these details regarding the principal food-products because they so clearly illustrate that prices have steadily advanced for those products which have become scarcer through natural causes, or where the cost of production has been directly increased because of higher wages and shorter hours of labor, and the further fact that the farmer, the dairyman, the fruit and vegetable grower, and the poultry-raiser are learning to compute the actual cost of their products, in which human labor plays so important a part, and are determined no longer to furnish these products at a loss, but in future will demand a living profit.

#### Demand for More Costly Products

**I**T must also be borne in mind that for some years the public have demanded better and fancier products and selections, and more sanitary and hygienic regulations in their preparation, which demand has resulted in



greater care and more labor upon the part of the producer, and frequently a more limited and select supply of the product. One of the most graphic illustrations of this modern demand is the great popular call for the ribs and loins of beef and the neglect of the remaining seven-tenths of the carcass.

But the following fact must also be borne in mind regarding the food situation: The variety and quality of foods which, by common assent, have come to be recognized as necessary in the average American household, disclose a higher and more costly standard than in former years, and this changed standard must be duly recognized in making fair comparisons.

### Comparative Cost of Clothing

DOES not the above illustration of causes of increased cost apply also in a marked degree to the present price of clothing?

The cotton-planters in former years frequently sold their crops at but little profit, and sometimes at an actual loss, but there is little probability that they will ever return to that condition.

Leather, because of its diminishing supply in comparison with the demand, is higher in price and will probably remain so and may become still higher. Other raw materials have advanced in price, due to natural causes or to increased labor cost.

And manufacturers who convert the raw materials into fabrics, clothing, hats or shoes, are they not paying higher wages and recognizing shorter hours of labor than in former years?

And is not public opinion steadily growing against patronizing "sweat-shops" and all forms of inhuman conditions which at one time were responsible for many of the very cheap garments?

And is it not also true that in the purchase of clothing, just as in the purchase of food-products, the demands of the buying public have been growing more exacting and more fastidious?

### Comparative Cost of Dwellings

DO not the above principles apply also to the cost of modern dwellings?

We know that lumber has steadily advanced in price in consequence of the realization of its rapidly diminishing supply.

The same is, to some extent, true of iron; while, on the other hand, Portland cement,

which is produced mainly by labor-saving machine processes, and can be produced in far greater quantity than the present demand, is low in price.

But the wages of the stonemason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the plumber, the painter, the paperhanger and the laborer are all considerably higher than during former periods, and their hours of labor are shorter.

Another feature must be duly recognized in comparing the cost, and the consequently increased rental, of modern and old-type dwellings: at one time the four walls, ordinary flooring, and doors and windows represented the chief cost of the average dwelling; but today the cost of the plumbing, the heating, the hardwood flooring, the electric wiring and fixtures, the decorations, and other modern details frequently exceed the entire cost of the comparatively crude structure of former times.

All of these details deserve consideration, because through them the increased costs of living can be logically traced to their real causes, the most potent of which appear to be the following four causes of increased prices:

*First*, higher wages and shorter hours of labor—the increased cost of which becomes an inseparable part of the resulting product. *Second*, diminishing supply of many raw materials and certain food-products.

*Third*, increased ratio, in many industries, of demand over the supply.

*Fourth*, increased demand for better quality and more expensively made products.

### Profits on Sales

TO correct a popular fallacy it should also be noted that, as a rule, the manufacturer and merchant in most of the competitive industries have not profited by reason of the higher prices, but on the contrary are netting a smaller percentage of profit upon their sales than when labor and materials were much cheaper. The large aggregate profits which are made by mammoth establishments represent, in most cases, a very small net percentage of profits, based upon large sales, and radically differ from the old-time method of making a large percentage of profit upon comparatively small sales. One practical illustration of this is found in the case of a mammoth meat-packing corporation whose net profit on sales is less than three per cent.



### "Cultivated" Necessities

**B**UT, in addition to the above "actual" necessities of life, modern conditions demand an elaborate course of education for all children far beyond the age at which some of our most distinguished and successful citizens began their business career. And this marked change not only increases the household expense, but also depletes the ranks of labor in a corresponding ratio.

And holidays and half-holidays are more frequent; amusements and regular Summer "outings" have become part of our life; and the automobile is regarded as an actual necessity in many homes—all of which features must be computed in the modern cost of living in America.

And although some may bemoan the absence of old-time thrift and economy, and may urge greater simplicity in living and recommend that the standard of what is substantial be substituted for the fastidious and ostentatious, it may be well squarely to face the fact that Americans manifest no inclination to renounce the luxuries to which they have become accustomed, and which they have learned to regard as necessities, consequently we must take American living as we find it today and endeavor to trace the direct effect of transportation upon its present cost.

### Transportation

**I**T is no exaggeration to claim that the advancement of civilization, and the organization and growth of towns and cities, are absolutely dependent upon some form of transportation. I fear that the invaluable service which has been rendered, and the comparatively low rates which have been charged, by two specific forms of transportation service are not generally comprehended nor fully appreciated.

There are three main forms of transportation, and yet, singular as it may appear, the one which possibly represents the largest actual cost in the problem of living is frequently overlooked or ignored in discussing transportation.

I allude to animal or the more modern motor-truck form of transportation.

### Animal or Motor-Truck Transportation

**T**HIS essential form of transportation first transports products from the producer or factory to the railroad or the vessel; in many instances it then transports them from the

railroad or the vessel to the warehouse; again transports them from the warehouse to the retailer; again transports them from the retailer to the consumer. In the above common course of procedure, there are four loadings and unloadings between the producer and the consumer; but while the first two operations may represent but two separate deliveries of a ton of merchandise to its destination, the same ton of merchandise may be split up into ten or twenty deliveries between the warehouse and the retailer; and again may be split up into one hundred or two hundred deliveries between the retailer and the consumers.

The cost of horse or motor-truck transportation necessarily varies with the condition of the road, the efficiency of the horses or motor, and the number of deliveries.

I am acquainted with retail firms whose cost of delivering goods at retail is not less than fifty cents per ton-mile, and in view of the several loadings and unloadings in comparatively short distances it may be safe to assume that the cost of this service when applied to the exacting demands of modern commerce will vary from twenty-five cents to fifty cents or even more per ton-mile.

The important bearing which the high cost of this form of transportation has upon our subject lies in the fact that if the respective haulings I have named should aggregate ten or fifteen miles, the aggregate cost of these distances at twenty-five cents per ton-mile would be equivalent to the cost of railroad transportation, based upon average railroad earnings, of from three hundred to five hundred miles; and if its cost averaged fifty cents per ton-mile, it would be equivalent to the average cost of six hundred to one thousand miles of railroad transportation, or to double or treble that distance by water transportation.

In view of its direct connection with the cost of living, the subject of animal or motor-truck transportation has not received the consideration which its importance warrants. Probably one reason for this oversight lies in the fact that this service is generally performed by individuals or firms and not by public-service corporations which are constantly kept in the limelight. It is self-evident, however, that this form of costly transportation is, and will continue to be, a vital neces-



sity not only for the needs of the community at large, but also for the other two forms of transportation as well; therefore, every proper effort should be made to provide good roads, and to encourage the development and use of motor-trucks of maximum efficiency and economy of operation in order that the cost of this indispensable form of transportation may be reduced to a minimum.

### Railroad Transportation

**W**E now approach the very interesting subject of the effect of railroad transportation upon the cost of living.

The conflicting views upon this subject are quite interesting. But whatever may be the view of the individual, based, perhaps, upon some local or personal advantage or disadvantage, every American who is keenly alive to the prosperity and development of this nation must recognize that the most virile and effective physical agency for making this country great and prosperous is our magnificent railway system of two hundred forty-three thousand operative miles, and which, when required, works continuously during the heat of Summer or the icy blasts of Winter, twenty-four hours per day and three hundred sixty-five days in the year.

We all know what our railroads have done in the past toward opening up new territory; in converting useless mines into producers of fabulous wealth; in transporting the cereals of the Western farms to distant cities and seaports; in finding profitable markets for the delicious fruits of Florida and California, and returning to them the manufactured products of the East. No tribute to the service rendered by the railroads of this country as a whole can be made too strong, and it is safe to say that the direct effect of railroad transportation has been not only to keep down the cost of living, but even to make living in large cities a possibility. ¶ What do official statistics tell us regarding the direct effect of railroad transportation upon the cost of living?

*First*, although our population increased during the past decade only 21.1 per cent, we find that the railroads increased their operative mileage over 24 per cent; increased their mileage of all tracks, 35 per cent; increased the number of their locomotives over 54 per cent; increased the number of passenger-cars over 37 per cent; increased the number of freight-cars over 50 per cent, and increased the

capacity of freight-cars over 107 per cent. These comparative percentages indicate that the railroads of the country have increased their transportation facilities in a considerably greater ratio than the relative increase in population.

*Second*, during the past decade the ratio of railroad expenses to gross earnings increased from over 64 per cent to over 68 per cent, an increase of nearly 4 per cent in ratio of expense to earnings, or an increase of nearly 6 per cent in their operating expenses.

And yet notwithstanding this increased cost of operation, the average passenger-rate per mile, and the average freight-rate per ton-mile, has remained practically the same during the past ten years.

*Third*, a comparison of statistics shows that the pay of the average American railway employee is \$14.52 per week, while the pay of the average British employee is \$6.48 per week; nevertheless the gross freight earnings of the American railroads average only three-fourths of a cent per ton-mile, while the gross freight earnings of the British railroads average over two cents per ton-mile. The British rate includes, however, the cost of cartage. I have quoted these few statistics because they are so vitally connected with our subject and show in a nutshell the true relation between railroad transportation and the cost of living.

An impartial study of these statistics forces the conclusion that the American railroads, as a whole, have performed their full duty in providing ample transportation facilities in ratio with the increasing population; that notwithstanding their increased operating expenses, and the additional important fact that capital is demanding larger returns upon its investments, they have not advanced their average freight and passenger rates; furthermore, that their average freight earnings are much less per ton-mile than those of Great Britain, although paying their employees over 100 per cent more in compensation.

Every American may justly take pride in these statistics, for they demonstrate beyond reasonable doubt that railroad transportation in this country is *not responsible for the increased cost of living*, but, on the contrary, is entitled to the highest praise for having done more than its pro-rata share in keeping the cost of living down to the minimum.



## To the Men of Good-Will

By Charles F. Dole



AIL to the men of good-will.

Hail to the friendly and true-hearted women, to the loyal and generous youth, to the faithful children greeting us with smiles. We welcome you wherever you are, in schools and colleges, on judges' benches, in senates or in chairs of State, in counting-rooms and offices, on farms, in great factories or in deep mines, guiding swift trains or on

ships at sea, ministering in countless homes or watching in hospitals. Whoever does business on honor, turns out honest work, serves the cause of the people, treats men by the Golden Rule, defeats trouble with a cheerful face, shows mercy and kindness, and makes love grow, we greet you all as our friends, men and women of every race and color!

We bring you a message, wonderful and ancient, and never so true as today: *All things are yours*. All things belong to the men of good-will. The stars in their courses move for you; the mighty invisible forces, the light and the darkness from which the light shines, the wealth stored in the depths of the earth, the beauty of mountains and crystals and gems, the one Life and Love out of which life and good-will everywhere spring—these are yours. The glorious past, the great books, the splendid stories and poems, the thoughts of thinkers, the visions of prophets, the deeds of heroes and lovers are yours. You are their sons and their daughters, children of God.

The workers, the inventors, the teachers and students of Nature, the painters and singers, the statesmen and leaders of men, the reformers and civilizers, are of you and with you and for you. All kind and brave deeds go to your credit; peaceful hosts greet you and hail you as comrades as you go to your work or to rest.

The boundless future is yours. You toil for one end—to establish the commonwealth of mankind, to put away hate, ill-will, pride, greed and suspicion, to kill the dread giants of war, strong drink and oppression, to bring in a constant and triumphant good-will to the farms, the shops and the stores, the schools

and the homes. You live and work to create a righteous and friendly world. This is your satisfaction and joy. All the men of good-will are working for this. No one ever tried this and found it to fail. No one ever bore this end in view and was selfish or mean. We stand pledged together for each other's success. The sorrows and tears of the world also are yours; the tragedies, the cross with its great sufferer, and innumerable martyrdoms of noble souls, were all for your sake. They proclaim the doom of cruelty, falsehood, injustice and selfishness; they herald the everlasting victory of the men of good-will. Flowers, music, praise, joy, faith, hope, new life and more love spring to birth where you pass. Life and death are yours, and all mysteries. Your own tears are never in vain. No evil can hurt the men who bear good-will in their hearts. The Eternal Goodness is with you; there is no death in His sight.

We must judge men at their best and not at their worst.

## Conservation by Heredity

By Professor Irving Fisher



WISE and farsighted economy will lead the nation to conserve its vital resources by every possible method. These resources depend on two primary conditions, heredity and hygiene, or conditions preceding birth and conditions during life.

In other words, vitality is partly inherited and partly acquired. A sound physical and mental inheritance is a greater asset than the inheritance of extraneous advantages like wealth. Even in the Old World, a degenerate nobility receives less respect in the end than a virile middle class. The effort to improve vitality reaches its highest point in a nation when its health ideals affect marriage.

Galton, Pearson and others are attempting to found the new science of "eugenics," by which is not meant any scheme of general governmental interference with marriage, but the gradual establishment in public opinion of fundamental standards. Just as today the



marriage of brother and sister is unthinkable, Galton suggests that the time may come when marriage which obviously promotes degeneration will be equally tabued. The result would be, not to make marriage more artificial, but less. Health, beauty and vitality are much more natural objects of youthful admiration than titles or wealth, which now exercise, for the most part, a baneful influence on marriage.

To lessen the esteem for those false attractions, and increase that for natural attractions, will tend not only to increase the number of healthy marriages, but also to give greater importance to natural and normal love. The effect will be felt both in bringing about a larger proportion of marriages among the healthy and a smaller proportion among the unhealthy. It will also lead to a partial segregation by which the healthy will to a large extent marry among themselves, and thus leave the unhealthy either unmarried or compelled to make alliances in their own class. The result will be, in the struggle for race supremacy, that the healthy, thus separated off from the relatively unfit, will have a distinct advantage both in the number of offspring and in their vitality.

#### Government Influence

THE only government influences which have been seriously suggested by eugenis are two: First, the offering of prizes or bounties to couples who conform to certain standards, in the same way as the French Government has encouraged the increase of its population by offering inducements to couples of the poorer class who raise seven or more children. Second, to prevent marriage alliances among criminals, paupers, and the feeble-minded. Some laws on these subjects already exist in Connecticut, Michigan, and especially Indiana, where there is a prohibition of marriage of all persons suffering from transmissible diseases. It is also now provided in Indiana that confirmed criminals, imbeciles and rapists, when it is deemed advisable by experts, shall be unsexed. What such laws might accomplish may be judged from the history of two criminal families, the "Jukes" and the "Tribe of Ishmael." Out of one thousand two hundred descendants from the founder of the "Jukes" through seventy-five years, three hundred ten were professional paupers, who spent in all two

thousand three hundred years in poorhouses, fifty were prostitutes, seven murderers, sixty habitual thieves, and one hundred thirty common criminals. The loss of potential usefulness, cost of prosecution, expense of maintenance of jails, etc., Dugdale estimated to be one million three hundred thousand dollars in seventy-five years, or over one thousand dollars for each member of the family. All these unfortunate results could have been avoided had the original criminals in this family been sterilized under a law like that of Indiana.

We have the more agreeable record of excellent human qualities inherited through successive generations in the Darwin, Hohenzollern, and other families.

Be yourself, and give your friend a chance to be himself.

### A Line-o'-Type or Two

The Great Obsession

By Bert Letson Taylor

LADY with the rampant broom,  
Fixed though your resolve may be,  
Harken ere you clean this room  
To a word or two from me.

Know you not that microbes lurk  
Here and there and everywhere,  
And that all this "cleaning" work  
Simply populates the air?

Now these microbes lie asleep,  
Harmless, in a thousand nooks;  
Dormant, where the dust is deep,  
Back of pictures, back of books.

Lady, clean, if clean you must,  
But I say beware of these  
Demons lurking in the dust,  
"Pathogenic entities."

Oh, the many, many lives  
Ignorantly cast away  
By our dust-disturbing wives  
Since the first Spring cleaning-day!

Lady with the cleaning bee,  
You are much too young to die.  
Take a timely tip from me:  
Let the sleeping microbe lie!



## Champerty and Barretry

By Elbert Hubbard



**HAMPERTY** is a partnership between a lawyer and his client as to the final result of a suit.

**Barretry** is the act of bringing groundless actions at law in order to coerce, embarrass, annoy and finally compel the defendant to pay rather than suffer publicity in matters often innocent and irrelevant. All lawyers are nominally attaches of the court.

The original business of the lawyer was to inform the judge of the truth of the situation, so that the actual facts in the case could be gotten at quickly and accurately.

There was a time when lawyers were paid exactly as judges are paid—by the State. The business of the court is to see that justice is administered and that the rights of the people are protected.

To this end, the court appointed an attorney for the plaintiff and one for the defense, and these individuals explained the circumstances to the court and put the matter in the simplest, plainest way possible. In fact, this was practically necessary in view of the fact that very few litigants were used to public speaking and were unversed in the rules as to appearing in the august presence of the king or his representative, the judge.

In the course of time it was discovered that the litigants, in order to secure the zealous and undivided services of the lawyer, resorted to a fee or "tip"—T. I. P. meaning "To Insure Progress."

This, at first, was regarded as much of a misdemeanor as to fee a judge. It was tampering with the court.

Then came the custom of having a pocket or poorbox on the back of every lawyer, in a place that he could not reach. This rudimentary pocket still survives on the robes worn by the lawyers in English courts. It is a little like the buttons on a Prince Albert, that once served to hold the sword-belt, or the buttons on your coat-sleeve, that held your gauntlets in place.

The client had the privilege of showing his good-will and appreciation by slipping some-

thing in the pocket "unbeknownst" to the lawyer.

However, when everybody does a thing it is impossible to punish for it. In fact, if we were all guilty of crime, we could not all be sent to the penitentiary, otherwise there would be nobody to run the business of the world; and in fact, nobody to run the courts.

So when a thing becomes universal, it is legal.

And gradually it became legal for the client to fee his lawyer. Then the State quit paying lawyers, and now we get the universal plan of the lawyer being paid by the man who hires him.

However, when this custom was legalized, there were two things that a lawyer was forbidden to do. One of them was to indulge in champerty, and the other was to practise barretry.

Literally, barretry is the act of violently pulling, or forcing, innocent parties before the bar of justice.

The word "barretry" is often confused with the word "barratry." Barratry means the scuttling of a ship, or deliberately wrecking it, in order to defraud the owners or insurance companies, or to conceal crime.

The word barratry grew out of the word barretry, and there is surely a poetic relationship between the two which those who appreciate the subtleties will detect.

If a lawyer begins a trumped-up action in order to force somebody into paying damages, he is guilty of barretry.

Champerty and barretry were both once punished exactly on a par with bribery, conspiracy and blackmail.

Occasionally there is a lawyer who becomes offensive, even to his colleagues. Barretry then becomes grounds for disbarment.

### Contingent Fees

**T**HERE are lawyers who keep clear of both champerty and barretry, but they are comparatively rare. On the other hand, we find lawyers whose entire business is based on contingent fees. Such men actually belong to the criminal class.

Suits by the score are brought where the plaintiff does not verify the complaint.

Three-fourths of the time of most of the higher trial courts is taken up with damage-suits. And most of these damage-suits are taken on contingent fees.



Champertry and barrettry are very difficult offenses to prove.

The courts have ruled that communications and dealings between an attorney and his client are confidential and sacred. The same has been construed in reference to doctors and their patients. And formerly, the same sacredness of relationship existed between an individual and his father confessor or spiritual adviser.

In case a plaintiff on the witness-stand is cross-questioned as to the matter of contingent fees, the interrogations are quickly stopped, and we are told that if we have anything to present along the line of irregular practise, it must be by direct testimony, and at a proper time.

And thus the courts protect the lawyer, the law being mostly devised by lawyers for the protection and benefit of lawyers.

The United States has been suffering for the past four years, and is now suffering, from official barrettry.

#### A Case in Point

A TYPICAL aggravating case is the action of the Government in bringing suit against the Kellogg Corn Flakes Company. This concern manufactures products that are universally prized by people who appreciate the best. At the same time, no one claims that they have any monopoly. As for breakfast-foods, the brands are simply *ad lib*.

Various honest concerns have been indicted before the law, and a dragnet accusation, with summons and complaint, has been made and served. They are now up before the courts, fighting for their good name.

Any one who will take the trouble to read the indictments will find that these parties are charged with conspiracy in restraint of trade, with subornation, contumacy, contravention and oppression of the ultimate consumer.

Were one to accept the complaints of the Government as truth, he would consider that these institutions are eminently piratical, predatory and opposed to the best interests of society at large, intent on oppression.

Freed from legal gloss, we find the specific offense to be this: These concerns fix the price that their commodities shall be sold for to the ultimate consumer or user.

This seems necessary, in view of the fact that if an article is widely advertised, there are dealers who will cut the price of this article.

In order to attract trade, and link their own names with goods known to the public as being especially desirable in quality, they will sell these goods at cost or below cost, in order to advertise themselves.

The result is that other dealers are obliged to meet the cut. And the result soon is that the article nobody makes a profit on, no one is interested in. Substitution follows, and the whole retail trade turns and begins to denounce and destroy the market for the thing, simply because to sell it is a loss.

Here is a case where the dealer deliberately destroys the demand for a most excellent product, in order that he may switch to something else in which there is a profit, and thus save his soul alive.

Now the Government steps in, and tries to make it a crime for a manufacturer to protect his corporate soul, and the financial success of the dealer, by naming the price at which the article shall be sold to the ultimate consumer.

The actual fact is that price-cutting curtails trade on any staple article that is cut, inasmuch as it takes the dealer's profit, and thus tends to push the man up against the Referee in Bankruptcy.

On the other hand, the Hepburn Bill makes it a misdemeanor before the law for a railroad to sell the only commodity that it has to offer, to wit, transportation, at less than the tariff rate.

Any railroad that would allow its agents to sell transportation at less than the published rates would be guilty of a criminal act.

And here we find the law endeavoring to force the Kellogg folks, and others, into doing the very thing which the law forbids.

The actions against Kellogg is straight barrettry. No one, for a moment, would claim that this prosecution is in the interest of ethics, human happiness or human rights.

A fine-spun, technical, legal point is evolved and it has given lawyers and paid agents of the Government an opportunity to vex, annoy and injure people who are maintaining big payrolls and adding to the wealth, happiness and well-being of the land.

#### "My Policies"

THIS line of Government prosecution and persecution of its creators and builders was begun by President Roosevelt, and continued as a part of "My Policies." And there



is a cold aftermath for President Wilson to take care of.

President Wilson is not a lawyer. Better still, he is a Human Being, and it is believed that under his wise and commonsense administration business will be allowed to proceed along natural, economic lines without the interference of men educated in the fine arts of champerty and barrettry.

The Government called its action "a friendly suit in order to determine a point of law." In the meantime, it is working tooth and nail for conviction, and the yellow journals flash their flaring headlines, "Kellogg Indicted!" ¶ Perfect willingness on the part of the Government to embarrass, injure and work the possible ruin of its best citizens does not token the things for which Thomas Jefferson stood ♣ ♣

Courts of justice, it seems, have ceased to exist, and now we have only courts of law ♣. The greatest discovery of modern times is the fact that honesty in business pays.

In the practise of law, few lawyers, comparatively, are alive to the ethical proposition that truth is an asset and a lie a liability.

Men will do anything that is to their interests to do, and they will continue doing it as long as they think it pays.

This tendency is fixed in the human heart as a part of the great law of preservation. And as long as lawyers are allowed to make money through champerty and barrettry they will continue violating the oath which they took when they were admitted to the bar.

We can never hope for "abstract justice" until we get the whole fabric of law right out in the sunlight.

If Senator J. Hamilton Lewis is correct in his statement, there were, during the Taft administration, over forty-two thousand agents in the employ of the United States as spies, detectives and prosecutors—a record unequaled by Darkest Russia!

Zealous and ambitious young men, fresh from a law college, were given letters of marque and reprisal to go out into the business world and search for delinquents against whom suits might be brought.

In certain Alaskan litigation, where coal-claims were involved, three young lawyers worked up the prosecution.

These men were guilty of constructive champerty and barrettry.

The Sherman Act, for twenty years, was a dead letter. It was then seized upon, not by men jealous and zealous for truth, honesty and right, but by lawyers who saw their opportunity to harass, annoy and annex large amounts of money in the way of fees and fines. And in addition, there was the matter of personal aggrandizement.

Thus the business world was placed largely at the mercy of the legal shark.

### The Modern Tendency

UNTIL very recently, most of the men we sent to our State Legislatures and to Congress were lawyers. Thus we have had an administration of lawyers for the benefit of lawyers ♣ ♣

It is good to see, however, that socially the lawyer is falling into his proper place. He no longer receives the approbation that he once enjoyed ♣ ♣

Perceiving this trend of the times, a few lawyers are endeavoring to make themselves of use to the business world. That is to say, they are becoming good public servants, not parasites and barnacles.

The administration of justice must be made automatic, and not a matter of purchase through the cleverness of attorneys.

Justice should be a commodity that is at the disposal of the humblest citizen as well as for the great, the rich, the proud, the educated and the powerful.

This will not be so until champerty and barrettry are again placed in their proper position with conspiracy, bribery and blackmail ♣

Practically all lawyers are opposed to a tribunal that will take care of the legal liability of employers. They want the matter to remain a subject of litigation, of prosecution and persecution.

The lawyer who wins deathless immortality now is the man who will see the tendency of the time and work for a regulation that will make justice automatic. By so doing, he will destroy his own business, just as a doctor who shows us how to keep well will destroy his business. But the doctor we can not do without is the one who shows us how we can do without him.

And exactly the same truth applies to the practise of law.

Hey, there, you aloft in the band-stand—please play an Irish jig! Something, say, from Tchaikovsky. That 's right, thank you!



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Arm Rocker, No. 0107 (Spring Seat)

Seat,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide; 20 inches deep  
Back, 24 inches high



Armchair, No. 0106 (Spring Seat)

Seat,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide; 20 inches deep; 17 inches high. Back, 24 inches high



**H**ERE are two superb, new styles of Roycroft Chairs. They are made for comfort and constant use. Their simplicity of design and quality of workmanship and materials make them beautiful in themselves. For your library or den, these two chairs will fill a need and at the same time give you constant joy. Our furniture is made of the solid wood—no veneer. We use only the best grade of quarter-sawed red oak and African or Santo Domingo mahogany. The oak is finished in our own weathered finish, a combination of stain, filler and wax polish, that produces a most satisfying and positively permanent effect. The mahogany is finished in exactly the same way excepting, of course, the soft, red tones of the natural wood are preserved and brought out.

The seats are furnished with strong coil springs, and upholstered with a first quality of Spanish cowhide, in a color to harmonize with the wood.


These two chairs are as nearly perfect in design and workmanship as chairs can be made. The price in oak is \$20.00 each, or \$35.00 for the pair; and in mahogany, \$24.00 each, or \$42.00 for the pair, F. O. B., East Aurora.





**HERE** is a distinctiveness about Roycroft furniture that places it in a class by itself. The simplicity of design and the intent are strictly Mission—made to use and to last. The monks of the California Missions made their own furniture because they had to. Having the right idea of the simple life, and the belief that beauty and durability were best displayed in the plain, straight-line effect, they originated the now so-called Mission design. And, as they had all the time there was, they made their furniture as well as they knew how.

Roycroft furniture resembles that made by the old monks, in its simple beauty, its strength and its excellent workmanship. We use no nails—but are generous in the use of pegs, pins, mortises and tenons.

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## THE ROYCROFTERS

### East Aurora, N. Y.




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*As an appreciation of your order, we will send, gratis, one of these Oak Book-Racks with any of the pieces shown on this page, provided cash accompanies the order.*

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Prices are F. O. B., East Aurora



Tabouret, No. 050½

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Oak, \$5.00 Mahogany, \$6.25



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12½ inches square at top  
13 inches high  
Oak, \$8.00 Mahogany, \$10.00



Footstool, No. 048

15 inches wide; 9 inches deep  
9½ inches high  
Oak, \$5.00 Mahogany, \$6.00



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15 inches long; 6 inches wide  
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¶ The hospitable portals of The Roycroft Inn have swung wide for the season of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen.

¶ The big Dining-Room boasts an addition. ¶ We have built a beautiful dining-portico, adjoining the court. ¶ You can sit here and enjoy the freshest of fresh vegetables, milk, cream, butter and eggs, imported direct from The Roycroft Farm. At the same time you can hear the song of the birds and the drowsy drone of the fountain. If you want to call this "music at meals," all right.

¶ There are lectures and concerts; impromptu talks by Fra Elbertus and Alice Hubbard; healthful hikes to the Farm and the Woods; soft sessions at the woodpile; interviews with the medicine-ball, and—but come and see for yourself.

¶ Rates range from Two Dollars and a Half a day to Five Dollars, American Plan. Many of the suites have outdoor sleeping-rooms. ¶ We will send you a booklet free on request. The latchstring is out.

**THE ROYCROFT INN**  East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York



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SERVING-TRAY  
11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches in diameter  
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In Roycroft copper-work, the hammer-marks and grace of design show a face value far more striking than that of silver plate.

Lawn parties are now in season, and copper, with its mellow luster, wrought finish and durability, bids best for outdoor service.

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4 $\frac{1}{8}$  x 13 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches. Price, \$15.00.

TIE AND CUFF CASE IN MODELED LEATHER



Size, Closed, 6 x 15 inches. Price, \$12.00.



MANICURE-CASE

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## In Nature,

the one unvarying thing is — Variety! •Man is a part of Nature — hence the joys of his Summer shift.

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work modeled leather into cases for the good of travelers, some for holding ties and cuffs, gloves and manicure-tools being shown here.

## These are of

rare color and design — reproductions of an ancient Moorish art worth owning for art's sake, and great in lasting quality.

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¶ Culture is a beautifying of the useful in human nature.

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¶ Roycroft bags are true works of art—the kind that voices culture. They are useful, durable things, impressively beautified.

¶ Exquisite color-tones, rare and distinctive designs, make these bags criterions of class.

YOUNG GIRL'S  
AFTERNOON  
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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



HAND-BAG OF MODELED ENGLISH CALF  
Mounted on a hand-wrought copper frame, set  
with a tiger's-eye. Lining of ooze-morocco.  
Hand-braided handle.  
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LADIES' SHOPPING-BAG  
8 x 9½ inches, \$12.00  
7 x 9½ inches, \$10.00



# The Little Red Schoolhouse

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*



ARLEM MAGAZINE for February prints a pointed article, written by a former School Commissioner of New York.

The write-up is headed, "Are Public-School Classrooms Disease-Breeders?"

The author contends that the systems of ventilation and cleaning at present obtaining in the schools of the Big City are ridiculously inadequate, and while making few direct suggestions or helpful hints looking to future betterment of existing conditions, at least presents many pertinent points and striking statements. ¶ These words for instance are significant:

*"Dry sweeping and dusting should, of course, be prohibited at the earliest possible moment and all rooms be cleaned by exhaust cleaning. Some of the money saved in eliminating the expensive ventilation apparatus that does not ventilate, could be very wisely and profitably spent in piping all new school-buildings directly to each classroom, so that the hose connected with the cleaner could be easily attached and the dirt and dust positively taken away each day."*



Our former commissioner gets "warm," as the children say. But he does not quite "arrive." What he wants to say, and doubtless *would* say, if he had made a Little Journey to the Home of the United Electric Company, Canton, Ohio, is that every public school in Greater New York should be equipped with a TUEC Stationary Cleaner.

Germ-laden dust is a most fruitful source of disease. ¶ Eliminate dust, and you do away with the belligerent bacteria, found floating in dust.

Jump on the germs, and you are minimizing the danger of disease and death in the world.

The TUEC Stationary Cleaner can be depended on to eliminate dust and germs. It is the only sure preventive I have yet seen or heard tell of.

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THE Summer Cottage is the modern shrine of Nature-worship.

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Tulip Taper  
Height,  
13 inches  
Diameter of  
Base,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Price, \$2.00



Colonial Candleholder  
Diameter of tray, 4 inches  
Height, 2 inches  
Price, \$2.00



The \$3.00  
Sconce is 13  
inches in  
height  
Diameter  
of  
candle-cup  
is 1 inch  
Price, \$3.00



Diameter of  
candle-cup,  
1 inch  
Height,  
10 inches  
Price, \$2.00



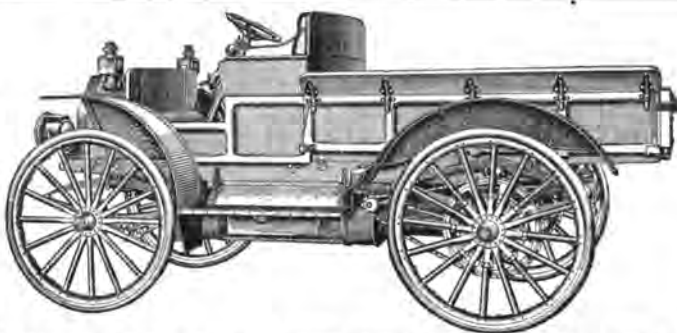
Candleholder  
with  
Ash-Tray  
Height,  
 $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Tray,  
5 inches  
Price, \$2.00

## The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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**P**ROGRESS, advancement, ambition, growth, development, evolution. And let us not forget the International Motor Truck, which is helping good business men, the wide country over, to make money and friends by putting business on a higher plane than ever before. ¶ We talk of the Science of Business these days. And what is Business but Service? ¶ The business man who calls in the aid of an International Motor Truck is proving himself a Progressive. ¶ He is enlarging the scope of his business, widening his sphere of commercial influence, winning desirable patrons and more of them, with every swing of the circuit, because his service to customers is improved. ¶ Such a Business is in the direct line of Evolution. ¶ For light hauling and speedy deliveries, there is nothing to compare with the International Motor Truck. ¶ And then, too, you get the guarantee of I H C service. ¶ I H C service stations are everywhere about the land—I H C representatives always available on short notice. ¶ Readable literature of the kind that pads your bank account will be sent you, if you will write us for it.

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160 HARVESTER BUILDING

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Protect your home against germ infected water—install a "Fulper" Filter.

The clearest spring water frequently contains millions of bacteria. Water filtered at a distance often becomes laden with germs before it reaches your home—through leaky conduits and other causes.

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"The Filter that Filters"

### FULPER Germ-proof Filter and Cooler Combined

The "Fulper" Stone is a fine, dense, natural stone, specially processed to prevent the passage of the smallest bacteria. It is 100 per cent. efficient.

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The "Fulper" is made of glazed stoneware, in two parts. Family size, \$1.85; separate ice chamber, 55 cents. If your dealer hasn't the "Fulper," send us the money, with his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

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There will be two formal programs—but not too formal—daily, in The Roycroft Music-Salon. General subjects—HEALTH, HAPPINESS, TRUTH. ¶ Among others, we have the written promise of the following eminent speakers and thinkers to be with us on this occasion :

Mr. M. M. Mangasarian  
Mr. William Marion Reedy  
The Honorable Quin O'Brien  
Mr. Ewing Herbert  
Mr. Byron King  
Doctor Charles E. Still

Mr. Bolton Hall  
Doctor C. S. Carr  
Doctor Frank G. Lydstrom  
Doctor F. M. Planck  
Doctor G. F. Butler  
Prof. Edward J. Ward

Alice and Elbert Hubbard will be on hand and agitate the ether, modestly, daily. July Fourth, as usual, will be the big day at East Aurora. The Honorable Quin O'Brien is slated for the principal address. To say that Mr. O'Brien is one of the silver-tongued is trite, bromidial, and also true. (Not German Silver.)

¶ It is quite possible that there are not half a dozen public speakers in America with the linguistic skill and the phosphorescent purview that Mr. O'Brien possesses. He has the grace of person, the ease of manner, the bubbling wit, and the intellectual challenge that command respect, admiration and love. Mr. O'Brien is the Nineteen Hundred Thirteen model of American orator, brought forth by The Roycrofters. They are very proud of him and proud of themselves that they have located him and discovered him to the world, liberating him from the obscurity of Cook County, Illinois.

Ewing Herbert is a great Kansas editor. Byron King is the Only.

Bolton Hall is the richest Anarchist in the world.

Bill Reedy is the only man in America who has everything he wants and therefore is free to speak his mind. The rest of us are tethered by our eczema for this and that, and the gyve of convention is upon us.

Mr. Mangasarian occupies a position all his own. He jostles nobody from his pedestal, pushes no one to the wall. He is America's foremost Rationalist—so far ahead of the mob that he has no competition.

Doctors Carr, Still and Butler are eminent physicians, who are showing the world how to get along without doctors. And the doctor who shows us how to get along without him is the one we can not do without.

Doctor Frank G. Lydstrom is a famous physician and dietetist who knows more about health than about disease, and therefore has achieved distinction and the enmity of many an ethical.

Doctor Planck is an eminent physician and psychologist, head of the Temple of Health in Kansas City.

The Roycrofters have ample accommodations for visitors in The Roycroft Inn, Emerson Hall and the numerous Roycroft cottages.

Rates, on the American Plan, run from Two Dollars to Five Dollars a day, according to accommodations. The table is the same, but room accommodations vary. Perhaps you had better write now, stating when you will be here.

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York**

Let us tell you about The Roycroft School of Life for Boys





#### Look—a Waterproof Silk Summer Hat

"The New Harvard."—Something distinctly new—takes you away from the conventional straw. Light, stylish, serviceable. Of waterproof silk, in four colors: shepherd plaid; dark gray; light gray striped; tan. You can buy "the Harvard" only of us. We offer it PREPAID THIS SUMMER at \$2. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color and enclose \$2. Write for 1913 Spring and Summer Style Book of Hats and Caps—FREE. FRENCH CO., 279 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### And the Green Grass Grows All 'Round



That is, if you are long-headed enough to part with a bit of your hard-earned for a **Hall Dandelion-Puller**.

The Hall is death on dandelions. A trowel-shaped blade burrows into the subterranean; a clog-proof, patented prong grips the root, and the secret is out—also the dandelion.

If you aspire to a fine lawn, green and smooth, the Hall is indispensable.

Ask your hardware-dealer, or send Fifty Cents, and we will supply you direct, by parcel-post.

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THE PILLARS

magnificent in the country. An education to those interested in trees, shrubs and flowers. "The Pillars" has been a resting place along life's highway to families and individuals of culture and refinement for a period of forty years. It is an Inn located at 37 and 39 South Washington Street near the center of the city. No trolley cars. Moderate prices. Automobile Garage nearby.

Miss Mary D. Chamberlain, Proprietor and Manager

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writes Mr. Lamb, adding that the stammerer stammers through violating the laws that govern speech. By obeying these laws, he would cease to stammer. Sounds reasonable, does n't it? At any rate, the stammerer should write for proof of this statement. Communicate with Joseph J. Lamb at

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It's the Garage worth while and the one you should buy. The price is easy, too. \$125.00 will buy one large enough for a small touring car. The bigger sizes cost a little more and are worth it. Fine panelled doors, casement windows, brass finished hardware, handy fitments, everything complete. We shall be glad to send you photograph and specification sheets. Say you were introduced by *The Fra* and it will help some.

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- I—Confine your purchases to as few houses as possible.
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- III—Take all discounts and pay bills when due.
- IV—Have some books, especially an accurate expense-account, a daily sales-record, a book showing purchases, with cost and when due.
- V—Carry enough insurance.
- VI—Make accurate reports to the commercial agencies and answer all letters.
- VII—Keep a clean, well-arranged store.
- VIII—Do as much cash business as possible.
- IX—Do not make unjust claims.
- X—Live within your means.

—John Lee Mahin.

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THIS semi-historical romance is a portrayal of John Brown — from the delicate boy, all emotion, to the time when those emotions were spurred and concentrated into the great force that made the fearless leader and noble martyr.

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*Will o' the Mill* was true to his own nature, and was rewarded by a peaceful serenity to the end.

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**C** Here is a nut-service, Roycroft hand-hammered, with fine luster of finish, and of a material whose beauty is only mellowed by long usage.

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# The Roycroft Fraternity

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta  
From THE FRA Magazine for June, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

- 1 Why did Emerson call travel "a Fool's Paradise"?
- 2 Who was Immanuel Kant?
- 3 Explain the expression, "Solidarity of the Race."
- 4 Is it a compliment to be called "provincial"? If so, why so, and if not, why not?
- 5 What is the Law of Compensation?
- 6 Who was Fred Harvey, and why do tourists revere his memory?
- 7 Why does the Russian Government regard Jews as undesirable citizens?
- 8 What is the Treaty of Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two? Enumerate some of its provisions.
- 9 What does Mr. Bland, Editor of the London Times, think about the United States?
- 10 The adjective, "globe-trotting," is frequently applied to Englishmen. Why?
- 11 Explain why the Teutons will always be the dominating race.
- 12 What is meant by the expression, "Melting-pot of the world"?
- 13 What do you understand by the "Yellow Peril"?
- 14 How many people at present speak the English Language? Do you think English will be the language of the future?
- 15 What has been the fate of all the so-called Universal Languages?
- 16 What Universal Language is in the ascendant at the present time?
- 17 Why is language an evolution rather than an invention?
- 18 Characterize the classical tongues as rich vehicles of expression.
- 19 From what language do we get most of the scientific words in use today?
- 20 Is Greek still spoken?
- 21 Differentiate between "lingo" and "slang." What is a "patois"?
- 22 About how many words constitute a working vocabulary?
- 23 What do you mean by the "classics"?
- 24 Why should grammar be called the "grave of letters"?
- 25 What is the Massachusetts Act?
- 26 What is the difference between smuggling and larceny?
- 27 In what sense are the railroads (a) Private property? (b) Public property?
- 28 Who is Ellen Key, and what does she stand for in the life of the times?
- 29 Who were the following: (a) Scott? (b) Goethe? (c) Rousseau? (d) Elizabeth Barrett Browning? (e) George Eliot? (f) John Stuart Mill? (g) Herbert Spencer? (h) John Ruskin?
- 31 What is the Marxian interpretation of the word "Socialist"?
- 32 (a) Discuss Ellen Key's ideas regarding the economic independence of married women. (b) What are your own views on this important topic?
- 33 What is meant by the Equality of Birth?
- 34 (a) What are Sweat-Shops? (b) Granted they are evils, are they necessary evils? (c) Why?
- 35 Specify some of the causes of the increased cost of living.
- 36 What do you understand by the term, "cultivated necessities"?
- 37 Why is it certain that the railroads are not responsible for the present high cost of living?
- 38 What is "conservation by heredity"?
- 39 Define (a) Champerty; (b) Barrettry.
- 40 Distinguish between the words "Barrettry" and "Barratry."
- 41 What is the Sherman Act?
- 42 (a) Who was Tchaikowsky? (b) Did he compose Irish Jigs?

one who has studied the laws and possibilities of his own nature and of the general human growth.

Who is the great world-teacher? Is it not the great world itself? The world, with its infinitude of facts waiting to be placed and coordinated—with its precious secrets lying there to be unlocked by our faculties? The world, with its millions of human minds upon it, all busy in their separate departments of research, growing ever stronger, ever clearer-sighted, by this age-long exercise? The nearest approach to infallibility we have upon this earth is the common human consciousness—a consciousness that is ever growing, ever

**T**RUTH in itself is by no means the only thing we need. It is the *search* for truth that is our greatest trainer. That is why there are no short cuts open to it. It is the hiddenness of it, the hard toil, the patience, the perseverance, the stretch of our faculties which its pursuit demands, that is bringing us forward as a race. As Lessing said a century ago, "If truth were offered me in the one hand and the liberty of search for truth in the other, I would choose the latter." And so would every

learning, ever discovering its earlier mistakes and casting them away, ever adding to the sum of its facts and to its power of pronouncing upon them. The progress of that consciousness will doubtless be aided in the future as in the past by the rise of great teachers, who will open new paths and lead the way. But their greatness will be a modest greatness. They will recognize their finiteness in the midst of the infinite that surrounds us.

"Unitarian World."



**A**N exciting experiment was recently conducted in Washington, where it was desired to procure a likeness of the features of a typical American boy. Photographs were taken by the hundreds and were received from all parts of the country, from city and town alike, all types appeared. Finally a scientific study was inaugurated as the judges settled down to work. There was nothing on the photographs to furnish a clew as to names, no data as to the residence, for the purpose was to get the purest type of American boy. Now the theories of the ethnologists are shaken, for the face chosen was that of a Russian Jew's son, born across

the water. This indicates that the "melting-pot" of Israel Zangwill began work early. The face has every characteristic looked for in the general conception of a keen, alert and altogether typical American boy.

—Joe Mitchell Chapple.

**A**S surely as the sunset in my latest November shall translate me to the ethereal world, and remind me of the ruddy morning of youth ; as surely as the last strain of music



## WILL YOU SWAP

Some of your spare time for any one of these or your choice of a thousand other valuable prizes which we offer? One of our prize winners who has sent in over 500 new subscriptions, writes us that "it's the easiest thing in the world to get new subscriptions for the *National Sportsman*."

A copy of our new 64-page book of prize offers, full particulars, and a package of samples sent to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp to cover postage.

## NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

**73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.**

that falls on my decaying ear shall make age to be forgotten, so surely my Friend shall forever be my friend, and reflect a ray of God to me. And time shall foster and adorn and consecrate our Friendship, no less than the ruins of temples. As I love Nature, as I love singing birds, and flowing rivers, and morning and evening, and Summer and Winter, I love thee, my Friend.—*Thoreau.*

Prosperity engenders sloth.—*Livy*.



# Great Businessmen



THE best we have in us, we now put into our business. Business means supplying human wants, and incidentally supplying your own. Modern business is based on mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation. Mr. Hubbard has written twelve *Little Journeys to the Homes of*

*Businessmen*. These wonderful little biographies of twelve world-makers are offered in two volumes, solidly bound in boards, leather backs—a very beautiful and useful set of books, containing portraits of each subject. Price of this set of books is Four Dollars for the two volumes.

Here is a present suitable for young men that may put the youngster on the broad highway to health, wealth and prosperity. Do you know of a more acceptable gift? Your orders are solicited.

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.**

the cost is said to be within the means of a comparatively small community.

The Kirksville school is conspicuous for its utilization of all available space. It is only a one-story building, a little wider than the typical Missouri country school, but the attic and basement are both put to valuable use. The attic is employed for manual training and domestic science, and there is an excellent herbarium. The basement contains the heating-plant, a combination of hot water and hot air, described as very economical in use; the fuel-room; a bulb-room for the outdoor garden; and a dark room for developing photographs.

# GREAT LOVERS



LOVERS will never go out of fashion. The point can be proven—let us not argue. Elbert Hubbard has written a series of *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Lovers*—twelve men and, naturally, twelve women.

This is a wonderful set of

books—interesting, entertaining, instructive—picturing the Grand Passion and twenty-four of its votaries, or victims.

As a present for lovers, married or single, these books are eminently fitting.

The set consists of two volumes, bound in boards, leather backs, with portraits on hand-made paper.

*Price complete for the two volumes is Four Dollars*  
Your orders are solicited

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York**

HOW a small one-teacher school in the country may have all the conveniences popularly supposed to be the exclusive privilege of the city is demonstrated in the model rural school at Kirksville, Missouri, according to H. W. Foght, specialist in rural education for the United States Bureau of Education. Indoor toilets and shower-baths, drinking-fountains, and a modern heating-plant, are shown to be possible in the country school, however remote from the city. Furthermore,

The machinery of the school plant consists of an ordinary pneumatic pressure-tank, operated by a gasoline-engine. A septic-tank sewer system is maintained at small expense. The main floor of the building, besides containing the classroom proper, has a small community library, separate from the school library, emphasizing the purpose of the rural school as a community center.

Any man who has a job has a chance.



**T**HAT wise, philosophic thinker, the great statesman Disraeli—a man whose figure looms larger as it recedes in the backward vista of Time—said of human life: “Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Age a regret.” There is truth in that statement, and yet it is not wholly true. Youth lacks experience, and if it be not guided it sometimes goes astray; Manhood necessarily precipitates itself into strife; but Age, while it regrets, can also exult. There are joys as well as sorrows to be remembered, and it is a kind of triumph to know that the struggle is mostly behind us, that the work has mostly been done, that the record has mostly been

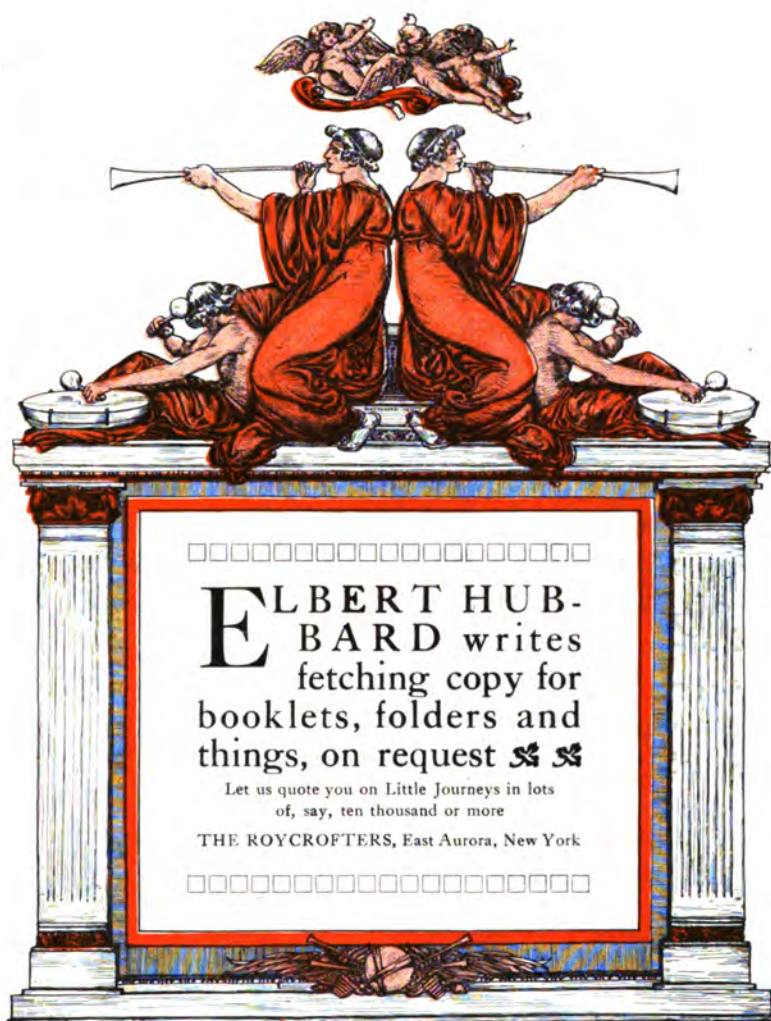
made up. At seventy-five a man has found his level; has learned the vanity of human wishes; has learned patience and resignation, has learned to front the Great Darkness without fear, and, best of all, has learned to be charitable toward all human infirmity; has learned that affection is at once the rarest and the most precious possession in all the world.

There is a difference between seventy-five and twenty-five—not as great a difference as

twenty-five commonly supposes, but great enough to be remarked—yet it is only when I am haunted by memories of a distant past that the difference is realized by me.

—William Winter.

**B**ELIEVE that the common school is the bread of life, and all should be commanded to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It would have been far better to have expelled those who refused to eat.—Ingersoll.





# THE JULY FRA

WILL BE THE NOTEWORTHY NUMBER, THUS DIFFERING IN NO WISE FROM EVERY OTHER ISSUE OF THIS UNIQUE AND MEMORABLE MAGAZINE



ELBERT HUBBARD tells us some things that we already know, and a good many that we do not, but ought to. ¶ Fra Elbertus' viewpoint is always interesting. Whether you agree with him or not is immaterial. We are essentially a nation of unbelievers, anyway. ¶ The main thing is to present a mind free from petty prejudice and narrowness. Our cosmic convolutions should not be cut on the "bias." To be open and receptive—that is the question. ¶ Elbert Hubbard is a thinker. He is also a writer. He writes well because he has lived much and thought much about that which he has seen. ¶ Follows here a summary of the more important articles of the July FRA:

## THE OPEN ROAD

*Doctors, Lawyers and Businessmen*—A pertinent discussion of the sources of America's greatness.

*The Situation in Mexico*—A timely article on our ebullient neighbors, and a suggestion for a remedy.

*Prosecution and Persecution*—The United States of America is popularly supposed to be a Democracy—a government "of the people, by the people, for the people." This article adduces evidence which would seriously reflect upon our proud democracy.

*America's Greatest Salesman*—About one of America's "obscure" millionaires. It's dollars to doughnuts you never heard of him; yet he is a power in Wall Street, being one of the men "higher up" in one of the world's greatest corporations.

*The Wisconsin Idea*—Wisconsin is a great State, and admits it. Edward J. Ward is trying to convert whole States into great universities. Just how he is succeeding is well set forth in this able exposition.



*A New Type of Man*—Being some remarks, pertinent or otherwise, touchin' on and appertainin' to a new race of bipeds, which Mr. Hubbard has promptly clapped a label on — without copyright.

*Women Farmers*—The which explains itself. A suggestion for Militant Suffragettes.

## SPECIAL SIGNED ARTICLES

*The Purpose of the Little Red Schoolhouse*—By Alice Hubbard. A wonderfully lucid discourse on Democracy and the Nation's Ideals.

*The New Man*—By Alice Hubbard. A problem that frequently arises in the life of every business organization, big or little.

*The History of Woman*—Some extra choice quotations by Edwin Markham, author of *The Man With the Hoe*.

*Contingent Fees*—By W. W. Davies. Wherein the limbs of the law are handed a bunch of stramonium and purslane, by one of them.

*Wanted—A Man With Selling Microbes*—By Mike Kinney, Teamster and Editor of *The Gimlet*. An interesting proposition "thot out" and written up in Mike's own inimitable style. Mike may know it, and then again, he may not, but he is a stylist worthy of a niche alongside "Bill," Edgar Saltus, and the rest of us. Yes, "Dearest," that 's what I said — "the rest of us."

*Shoes and Character*—A most remarkable article by Elbert Hubbard, regarding American supremacy in the manufacture of footwear, with some important conclusions.

¶ There will be various and sundry other contributions, among them some effective poetry that conveys a real truth, not mere sentiment. Altogether a notable number, as stated above. Are you a regular subscriber? If not, why not? Only Two Dollars for a year, and a premium-book — see the FRA Subscription Notice elsewhere in this issue.

# THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE



# OYEZ!—OYEZ!—OYEZ!



THE *METROPOLITAN* Magazine runs a "Golden Columns" Contest, offering cash prizes for the best answers to certain questions. ¶ One of the queries is framed up thusly: What publication other than the *METROPOLITAN* do you like best, and why? In the April *METROPOLITAN*, David Bertram Cropp, a good Roycrofter living in Cleveland, landed first place, with a set of answers that certainly make stimulating reading.

¶ Note especially Mr. Cropp's arguments in favor of **THE FRA**.

¶ *Besides the METROPOLITAN what magazine do I like best?*

¶ **THE FRA**—Because it differs from all the rest. I do not think all magazines could succeed so conducted; in fact, I do not know that any other could, but I think it is well that there is this one.

¶ It is a matter of personality. Back of this magazine is a man who to me is very big and very great, in spite of all that has been said and thought to the contrary.

¶ **THE FRA** is exceptional in make-up. It is a work of art typographically speaking. There is sufficient color, fine large legible type, and a consecutiveness in the placing, or, rather, a continuity, that I like.

¶ It is written in a glad, healthy, humorous vein. The man is healthy, happy, successful, alive, observant, sympathetic, in touch with people, and he reflects this. He makes me laugh with his fine array of humor, and its mixture in just proportions with seriousness.

¶ He teaches me the use of the English Language, gives me vocabulary, and expresses my ideas, thus saving me the trouble and setting me an example.

¶ Then it is the best course in salesmanship and advertising, the psychology of the human mind. The advertisements are literature. Hubbard has shown us how to make the story of commerce readable and interesting; gives us biography, autobiography, all in the ads.

¶ He is a stylist, and all is done palatably. Besides, he intensifies what is most commendable in me; he keeps me keyed up and makes it easy to keep going.

¶ The contributors aside from Mr. Hubbard are interesting people.

DAVID B. CROPP.

The best possible place for your boy to spend the Summer Months—at  
The Roycroft School of Life for Boys



## Three ways to buy clothes

**Y**OU buy your clothes in one of three ways. Which do you think is the best way?

1. You may go to a custom-tailor and have them "made-to-order." You have delays; "try-ons"; you don't know what you're going to get; and if he's a cheap tailor — \$25, \$30, \$40 — you don't get very much.

2. You may pick out a piece of cloth from a book of samples; send your specifications away somewhere; and wait. If the suit "makes up" as you expected, if it is trimmed as you hoped, if it fits as you want it to, you're lucky.

3. You may go to a dealer in our clothes; see them ready; not merely a piece of cloth; see how they look on you, not in an illustration or on a dummy figure; see the linings and trimmings, not merely words about them; see how the suit fits, before you buy, not after; see if it's becoming to you, not just guess at it; and take only a few minutes of your time.

This third way is right; you pay less than in 1; and get more value than in 2. As a demonstration of it, ask any dealer in our goods to show you one of our suits at \$25

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

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# MITCHELL

## MITCHELL 1913

### "THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE AT THE PRICE YOU OUGHT TO PAY"

#### *Consider these Mitchell features:*

Electric Self-Starter, guaranteed fool-proof  
 Complete Electric Lighting System ∴ Bosch Magneto  
 Silk mohair top and cover ∴ Turkish Upholstery  
 Rain-vision Windshield ∴ Firestone Demountable Rims  
 Jones Speedometer ∴ Timken front axle bearings  
 Mitchell seven-eighths elliptical springs  
 Left-side drive, with center control levers—the only  
 commonsense arrangement ∴ Cut-back front doors permitting  
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 36-inch wheels ∴ Finish, Imperial French Dark Blue

7-passenger Six  
 2 or 5-passenger Six  
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60 H. P.  
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 40 H. P.

Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Factory
144-in. . . . .	\$2500
132-in. . . . .	1850
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## MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR CARS

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### NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, ATLANTA

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# REMINDERS

*Mitchell*

THE MITCHELL COMPANY has been in business eight decades, being thus older than the City of Chicago, with its two-million-and-more population. ¶ Singleness of purpose has characterized the growth of the Mitchell Company from its inception, this purpose being to make the best vehicles obtainable, not merely the best "at the price." ¶ More than seventy distinct trades are represented in the Mitchell Factories. ¶ Ninety-six per cent of the parts that enter into the complete Mitchell Motor Car are evolved right in the Mitchell Plant. ¶ This plant covers seventy-five acres, and supplies meal-tickets to a trained army of efficient workers, twenty-five hundred strong. ¶ When Henry Mitchell came to this country, in Eighteen thirty-four, he located at Fort Dearborn, and was soon turning out one honest, well-built wagon every two weeks. The present plant, tracing a pedigree straight to Henry Mitchell's wagon-shop, has an annual capacity of thirty thousand wagons and ten thousand automobiles. ¶ The Mitchell-Lewis people, by the way, are the largest builders of Six-Cylinder Cars in the world. ¶ These facts you doubtless know, but may have forgotten that you know. Hence this gentle reminder. ¶ I have spoken! \* \* \* \* \*

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# ... The *Φ*ilistine

**E**VERY man is endowed by Nature with certain inalienable rights—the right to love, to laugh, to lift and lend a hand! ¶ For man to oppress his real self under the rule of sham, pretense and solemnity—that is tyranny at its worst, for it is tyranny of the human heart. ¶ *The Philistine* liberates men from their own vanities and hypocrisies. It speaks always what they feel in their own private hearts, though they may not realize it until "*The Phil*" tells them. ¶ *The Philistine* mines those nuggets of humanity buried under the strata of dogmatism, custom and convention, scours them and puts them in circulation. ¶ It holds that Love, Helpfulness and Cheer are the original currency; that these purchase the good-will of men; and that our dealings here are most properly and most divinely with MEN. ¶ The subscription-price of *The Philistine* is One Dollar a year, with your choice of the following books for a premium:

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 East Aurora and The Roycrofters, by William Marion Reedy,  
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**ELBERT HUBBARD,**  
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*Enclosed please find One Dollar, to pay for a year's subscription to  
 THE PHILISTINE Magazine and the premium which I have checked.*

Name .....

Address .....

Foreign Postage, 24 cents; Canadian Postage, 12 cents.

The boys in The Roycroft School of Life learn to work with head, heart and hand



# THE SMART SET

## A Better Class Magazine

Willard Huntington Wright, *Editor*

"THE SMART SET" appeals to the *discriminating reader*—the reader who knows the difference between popular literary clap-trap and sincere literary art.

¶ It has set an entirely *new standard* in American periodical literature.

¶ It does not throw sops to the young and the unintelligent.

¶ It maintains *throughout* the highest standard of literary excellence.

¶ It has, in its three most recent issues, published contributions by August Strindberg, Theodore Dreiser, Frank Harris, Arthur Schnitzler, Richard LeGallienne, Frank Wedekind, Edgar Saltus, Daniel Carson Goodman, Edna Kenton, Harris Merton Lyon, Ludwig Lewisohn, George Bronson-Howard, Irvin S. Cobb, Arthur Stringer, George Middleton, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Bliss Carman and Leonard Merrick.

¶ It is after *quality* circulation and not quantity.

¶ It does not cater to the prejudices, superstitions and pieties of the primitive-minded.

¶ It publishes the *best* material submitted to it irrespective of theme.

¶ It has *one* and *only one* standard of acceptance—merit.

¶ It believes that life should be portrayed *truthfully* and not sentimentally.

¶ It is an outlet for those meritorious contributions which the timid editorial policies of America have crowded out of the average magazine.

¶ It has opened its pages to the highest form of satire.

¶ It is making a special effort to create an interest in the best modern poetry.

¶ It is devoting a critique each month to the best plays and books for those people who have graduated from the dramatic and literary kindergarten.

¶ It publishes each month a one-act play of a high order—a play which has significance to those intelligently interested in the development of the modern drama.

¶ It is publishing a type of virile humor which no other magazine in America would use for fear of offending the less intelligent subscribers.

"THE SMART SET" is endeavoring to reach those readers who have been dissatisfied with both the "popular" and the academic magazine, and who are capable of appreciating genuineness and virility in modern letters.

# THE SMART SET

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# SOFT LEATHER PILLOWS AND TABLE-COVERS



**FULL-SKIN PILLOW**

Made in brown, gray, red and green  
Price, Five Dollars



**LACED-EDGE PILLOW**

In brown, gray, red and green  
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OVE of contrast is an instinct bred in man by his past ages of wild fellowship with Nature.

¶ The outdoors is an ever-changing panorama of contrasts: light and darkness, changing skies, myriad forms and colors.

¶ Man never tires of Nature, for she is never the same!

¶ Since he must now spend so much of his life indoors, he should bring with him the contrasts his nature loves.

¶ Roycroft pillows and table-covers are a refreshing change from modern fuss and finery. Their outlines are rough-cut and picturesque. Their finish, the most luxurious.



**SHEEPSKIN TABLE-COVER**

Colors to match pillows  
Price, Two Dollars

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

At The Roycroft School of Life, boys explore their environment, and learn to live



# The Land of Harmony

EVERYBODY likes music. A love of harmony is inherent in the heart of humanity.

If only we could all play the things we love, as we would love to hear them played, there would be cause for rejoicing.

But alas and alack, here stand we, and there stands the Piano, with its keys of ivory, and these can not we command to any utterance of harmony; we have not the skill.

Hamlet may saunter in and implore us to

You yourself can be that musing organist of Lowell's, who lets his fingers wander where they list, and builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay.

The Tel-Electric player-mechanism is enclosed in a little box, the manipulation of whose stops and knobs enables the operator to play soft or loud, fast or slow, at will, and to produce all the many little accentuations and variations of tempo and temperament that a professional pianist would give it. Or you can sit back, and let

the instrument itself interpret the piece with the complete musical notations marked by the composer in his score.

Footwork is an important element in some lines of activity, like the bass-drum in an orchestra.

But muscular effort should certainly not be dragged into piano-playing. The Tel-Electric does away with this objectionable feature.

Tel-Electric music-rolls are made ready in the Tel-Electric's factory, under the special supervision of musical experts.

They are guaranteed impervious to atmospheric changes—the rolls, of course, I mean, not the experts.

The player-mechanism is connected with the piano by a little wire cord, which may be of any desired length.

Thus the operator can sit in the same room with the piano, close to it or at a distance, upstairs or down, on the veranda or in the yard, all depending on the length of the cord.

The newest model Tel-Electric has the full complement of eighty-eight notes, and is a superior instrument in every way.

We have one here at Roycroft, in The Inn, that will probably be put through its paces time and a third, all season long. It will cost you not a picayune to write for information about the Tel-Electric player, addressing

**The Tel-Electric Company**  
299 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Requires no pumping, and can be played on the porch in summer.

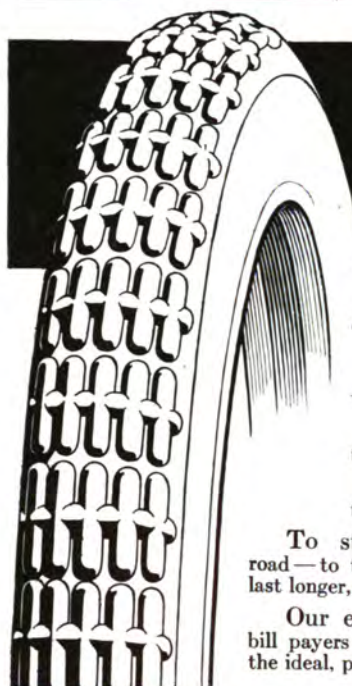
tear off a miching-mallecho melody, but we apologize and assure him that we know no touch of it, Mi-Lud.

Moreover, the great virtuosi tell us no child can possibly hope to become an artist of distinction that does not commence its musical training at the early age of three or four years.

Thus it stands to reason that mighty few of us can ever hope to thrill the heartstrings of the multitude with dulcet sounds produced on the pianoforte. The exact reverse is too often the case. Well did Solomon say, "Practise makes perfect martyrs of the neighbors." The piano is all too frequently an instrument of torture.

Better have a Tel-Electric player-attachment in your home. Then you can hear the music you enjoy as often as the mood is on. And no dead, dull, uninspired interpretation, either, mark you!—but such a rendering as a master performer can evoke at will.





## You get more air-room in Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires —and it's the extra air-room that does the work

**T**HE more air-room — the more resiliency, which in turn means more comfort for you and your passengers — *more service from your tires.*

The secret of building a tire that lasts means building a tire that does the work easily — a tire that does not strain under road usage.

This extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls in any way.

To stand the pull of the engine — to absorb the shocks of the road — to travel farthest on the smallest quantity of gasoline — to make inner tubes last longer, were scientific tire problems.

Our engineers have solved these problems for you and all other tire bill payers by building Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires with extra air-room — in a word — the ideal, perfectly constructed tire you have been demanding.

# Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

### Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage"

After countless laboratory tests and experiments, our chemists have discovered a process to scientifically toughen pure rubber so that it will give you the mileage you pay for.

Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber are tough and flint-like enough to fight the road, elastic enough to absorb shocks, thus preventing rim troubles and breaking above the bead.

Add to this high grade workmanship, nothing inferior in construction or fabric — Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact — the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection — and you have the best tire money can buy.



*Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire*

### Safety (Squeegee) Tread an additional Diamond advantage

Diamond Safety Tread Tires obey your will. No matter how slippery and treacherous the paving, they grip and hold. You drive with safety and you drive with pleasure with Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tires on your cars.

And that's not all — there's real economy in Diamond Safety Tread Tires. The Safety Tread is added to the regular tread — the extra mileage makes the safety cost you nothing.

**So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires — you can get them to fit your rims at any of the**

**Diamond  
Safety  
(Squeegee)  
Tread  
for Automobiles,  
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**25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service**

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# THE FRA



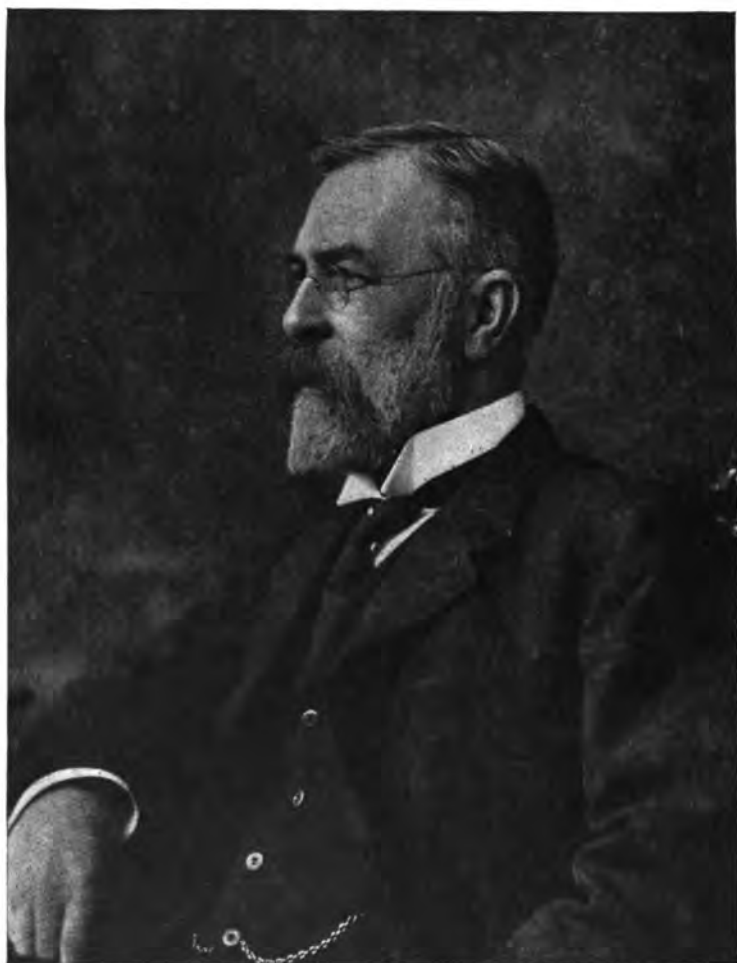
EXPONENT OF  
THE AMERICAN  
PHILOSOPHY



Vol. XI

JULY, 1913

No. 4



SIDNEY W. WINSLOW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD  
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.  
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



# THE ART *of* WALKING



REGARD it as an interesting fact, as well as a lamentable, that the Latin verb, *ambulo*, "I walk," has given to the English Language the word "ambulance." ¶ Sort of a subtle indictment on modern civilization, it would seem.

¶ The art of walking, says a sage, is suggestive of the dignity of man.

¶ Granting the truth of this statement, we must admit that most of us are little versed in this gentle art. ¶ Art is a way—the beautiful way. And do we walk beautifully? Not so you can notice it, Terese!

¶ Stand at any street-corner in any city in the land, and count the folks whose walking is suggestive of dignity. ¶ The fact is, we are not a nation of walkers. It is different with our English cousins.

¶ A ten-mile hike is nothing unusual for an Englishwoman. It is with her a common, almost a daily occurrence. When she sets forth for a constitutional, she wears the right kind of shoes—stout, thick-soled affairs that accommodate themselves to the movements of the feet, and do not cramp nor pinch. She comes back from her hike, and changes her shoes for something lighter. She caters to her feet.

¶ When you walk, walk! Don't amble and shamble. Let there be resiliency in your tread—grace, poise, power and dignity in your carriage. ¶ Above all, provide your feet with shoes that fit. Coward shoes are what you want. ¶ This business of fitting feet has been a hobby with Fra Coward for half a century. Coward makes it a point to consider the needs and wants of the individual rather than of folks *en masse*. ¶ No matter what your pedal peculiarities, Fra Coward can lend permanent relief. ¶ Write to him today, stating your case frankly, and asking his advice. He gives it gratis. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

### Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

*The Coward Extension Heel Shoe* - - - - - (for weak arches)

*Made in our custom dep't for over 30 years*

*The Coward Good-Sense Shoe* - - - (made especially for tender feet)

*The Coward Bunion Shoe* - - - - - *The Coward Arch-Support Shoe*

*The Coward Combination Shoe* - - - *The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

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264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK

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(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



# Vitalized Rubber in Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires answers your demand for MORE MILEAGE



Building tires as we build them is not a one-man effort. Diamond perfected tires are the result of years of research and analysis on the part of our chemists — combined with the knowledge gained by our engineers only after countless tests and experiments.

Their work must be further supplemented and completed by experienced tire builders and factory experts, working with improved machinery, men skilled in the art of curing and vulcanizing rubber to bring it to the highest possible efficiency.

It was but recently that our chemists made the revolutionizing discovery of how to get a flint-like, road-resisting rubber that retains all the young, lusty vigor of the pure gum — with no loss of

its elasticity. This scientific process of producing Vitalized Rubber in our laboratories answers your demand for "More Mileage" — and you can get it now in

## Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

**Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact holds with a vise-like grip**



**Cross-section Diamond  
(No-Clinch) Tire**

Our engineers have built up and torn down thousands of experimental tires with the goal always in view of building a tire in which each thread of fabric and every ounce of rubber would be combined to give the greatest strength and the utmost resiliency, with no unbalanced construction to throw strains at unsupported points. By combining the work of our engineers with the discovery of our chemists supplemented by specially designed tire building machinery, we have built a perfectly balanced tire.

**A perfectly balanced tire that absolutely fits the rim**

So our engineers equaled the achievement of our chemists by designing the Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire, with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, that holds with a vise-like rim grip and with extra air-room for easy riding comfort.

A perfectly balanced tire that will withstand the shocks of the road, the pull of the engine, and, last but not least, that will absolutely fit the rim, thus guarding against all forms of rim troubles such as cutting against the rim and breaking above the bead.



**So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the**

## 25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

*Diamond Safety (Squeeges) Tread for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Bicycles*





No. 385 Pedestal Table

**Come-Pack Price \$27.25**, (54-inch top). With 60-inch Top, \$29.75; with 45-inch Top, \$24.75. Dealer's price \$47.00. Height 30 inches. Top will extend to 9 feet with six leaves; three 9-inch leaves only furnished, extra leaves 54-inch \$1.00. Top and pedestal lock included. Shipping weight, 54-inch, 379 pounds. These prices include round or square top and 3 leaves.

If you were to buy this Pedestal Table of a dealer, he would have to quote you \$47.00, to make a profit on the deal. By the Come-Pack way of shipping crated, in sections, at knock-down rates, it is yours for just \$27.25. It will pay you to investigate Come-Pack Furniture. Send for our complete catalog, featuring more than 400 Come-Pack winners, backed by our guarantee of one year's free trial. Your money back whenever you want it.

**Come-Pack Furniture Company**  
753 Fernwood Avenue  
Tolado, Ohio

An enthusiastic FRA advertiser writes in, this Fourth Day of June, as follows:

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

"I would like a quarter-page in July..... Results from what advertising I have done in *The FRA* convince me that it is the right medium for everything that is good.

The ad you wrote for me last Winter surely made a hit. I was surprised to receive two orders from England and Mexico, among the many from the States and Canada."

subsidiary to the discovery of knowledge, if the man of science is to be trained to perform the most atrocious experiments because they are justified by the knowledge that may spring from them, surely he is justified in such a venial offense as telling a lie in order that he may be still free to pursue scientific research. If he knows that a confession that experiments are cruel will cause the nation to rise up against them; if he believes that the whole progress of science depends upon these experiments, he will tell any lie with a view to prevent science being assailed. He may be a truthful man in other directions, but he is false when



## William Hester Smith

Formerly of Chicago, 3232 Calumet Avenue, left home several months ago, and has not been heard from since. If you know him, or can give any information regarding his present whereabouts, write to his brother,

**C. Walker Smith**

P. O. Box 882  
Norfolk, Virginia

GREAT deal has been learned from the foundering of the *Titanic*, but does anybody contend because that experiment brought some knowledge that it would be a right thing, when bringing liners across the Atlantic, to drown a large number of the passengers in order to get some further knowledge? We are not against science, but we want to drive science into the path of honor for the sake of science.

If all moral obligations are to be considered

it comes to the defense of science against an ignorant public sentiment, and he is mendacious, also, when you consider the grounds on which it is justified—that many of these experiments are merely the prick of a pin and cause no pain.

Supposing somebody came up to you and pricked you gently with a poisoned dagger, so that you hardly felt it, and you expired after horrible torture, would any one tell me that the perpetrator of that act had performed



a painless experiment? All the experiments that we hope most from are experiments on the physiology of pain. How are you to perform experiments on the physiology of pain, if there is no pain suffered? The very first condition of such an experiment is that you should heighten the sensibility in the creature you are experimenting upon. You can not know anything about pain unless you produce pain.

One terrible thing there is about cruelty—you can get used to anything. There is a friend of mine who is an exceptionally humane man, a really sensitive man, a man who gives all the time he can spare to the alleviation and removal of human misery.

When a medical student, part of his business was to cut up frogs: He told me that when he first began he felt as any natural, humane man would feel, but that after a time it was no use his trying to feel humane, and he did his work without the slightest compunction.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

THOROUGHLY selfish business can not hope for pronounced and permanent success. To reduce complaints is to give up an



## Ready When You Stop

A food immediately ready for use. Add a little cream (or milk) and a sprinkle of sugar.

It is put up in double sealed packages—impossible of contamination from dust or moisture.

the deliciously toasted bits of wafer-like corn are the food for picnics, auto tours and any kind of trips and for the home.

Its convenience does away with a lot of bother to whoever prepares the meals.

The delightful flavor of Post Toasties makes new friends every day — and

*“The Memory Lingers”*

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

adequate percentage of your profits to satisfy people. And unselfishness is not merely an affair of money. The executives of a house must sacrifice their own inclination, their own comfort, their own leisure. They must sacrifice the tendency to let mere system run a business.—*Clarence M. Woolley.*

Brutality to an animal is cruelty to mankind — it is only the difference in the *Original from*





there is no one so orthodox as the sometime heretic. The constitutionalism of Isaac Butt scarcely ruffled the decorous surface of parliamentary debate. It was Charles Parnell and the no-rent manifesto that rushed home rule from a mere debating motion to a vital political issue. If any man still imagines that the question of votes for women is a mere political wrangle, like the extension of the suffrage, he is misreading every portent in the social firmament. The latent antagonism of sex, dammed for centuries by passion and a preposterous reading of the book of Genesis, is welling into a flood. What women are demanding is not the right to vote

**T**HE writer of Proverbs, who was better acquainted with human nature than the race of politicians, declared that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. The preaching of patience by a man with a vote to a woman without one is perilously near a counsel of despair wrapped up in silver paper. In similar circumstances men have not imitated the example of Hermione. People acquainted even slightly with the history of agitations have, however, probably grasped the fact that



it is in accordance with principle that a line should be drawn between the rights of the sexes, he will rapidly discover that, though he may appeal successfully to Philip prejudiced, he can not impose on Philip reasonable. No man would enjoy the imprecation of mobs, imprisonment in cold cells, or gratify his senses with forcible feeding. He need not therefore pretend that they appeal to a feminine craving for notoriety. The militant suffragette may be wrong-headed and foolish. It was the inimitable Mrs. Poyser who said woman was made to match man. But she has given evidence of extraordinary courage and of astonishing self-sacrifice. These things are the result not of vanity but of overmastering conviction. Let the man who is out with the first stone remember the writing on the ground.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

It is a well-settled legal principle that every man's house is his castle—for the security of himself and his family. The word "castle" is a term of the law. It does not signify that a man keeps his family within battlemented

walls—but it is used as a figure of speech to denote that his residence, though it be but a hut which can neither keep the rain nor sunshine from penetrating its roof, is nevertheless, for every moral and legal purpose, as much a fortress as if it were constructed for one.

—John Graham.

The good sport is simply a man whose soul is equipped with automatic lubrication.

—J. J. Cole.




On the porch with your friends  
and a Victor-Victrola

An impromptu dance with  
a Victor-Victrola

## Take a Victrola with you when you go away this summer

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or seashore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate the Victrola to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.  
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100  
Victor Fibre Needles, 30 cents per 100 (can be re-pointed and used eight times)  
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month





# Outdoor World & RECREATION

Edited by  
Casper Whitney



## July Vacation Number

Tells you how to TAKE A HOLIDAY ON UNCLE SAM; or GO GYPSYING. It has articles which stir your imagination, like, for instance, THE MAGIC CANOE—THE UNSEEN PLAYER, and is full of vacation suggestions, touching every phase of outdoor recreation.

You will not be able to resist the lure of its photographs.

## Outdoor World & RECREATION

is a popular outdoor magazine built for men and women and illustrated with photos of their play-days. It is an outdoor enthusiast that stands for recreation, wild-life protection, conservation, clean sport and fair play.

Be sure and buy a copy of the July number—the leading outdoor magazine.

For sale at news-stands.

25c. PER COPY

\$2.50 A YEAR

OUTDOOR WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
No. 10 Duane Street New York, N. Y.



## Elbert Hubbard

East Aurora, N. Y.

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You are invited to open  
an account

4% Interest Per Annum

figured and added to the account  
Quarterly

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All accounts are subject  
to check at any time

Our unparalleled progress in industry and science has led us to believe that a corresponding advance has been made in religious belief. But this is very far from being the fact. Haeckel has lately declared, "It is a great mistake to suppose that the religious notions of modern civilized peoples are on a much higher level than the crude spirit-faith of primitive savages."

The difference is mainly in externals, and not in the ethical content of the beliefs. It is undoubtedly more civilized and sanitary to have the sacramental wine passed in small individual cups than for several hundred people to sip it from two big goblets; but the moral worth or

HE tremendous task of teaching men and women to think for themselves has been scarcely begun. All but our very cleverest people are the creatures of a school of thought or belong to some intellectual herd. Fearless, independent, tolerant thought is still as rare as science was in the Fifteenth Century. As long as the roots of credulity remain in human nature, and that will be for many generations, there will be again and again the growth of the poison-ivy of religion.

worthlessness is the same. It is more refined to worship with a pipe-organ and male quartet than with a tom-tom and a string of cowrie-shells, but the essence of the devotion may be very similar. High mass may be a more cultured method of procedure than a Cherokee sun-dance, but the net results of both ceremonies are precisely the same.—H. N. Casson.



If we really want skilled, honorable, responsible municipal government, we can get it the same way the Germans got it, by applying to it the same rules of commonsense which we must apply in our private affairs if we wish to escape going broke.

The British cities are following in the footsteps of the German cities as fast as they can. Lloyd-George's scheme of industrial and old-age insurance, recently adopted in Great Britain, is another step in imitation of the Germans. British men of sense, on the top side of life, realize that if England is not to rot at the core, she must take better care of her workers, through governmental agencies,

which will encourage thrift and reward it with security against enforced want. Liverpool, ruled by top-caste folks as certainly as Berlin, is each year tearing down several hundred rotten old tenements, built to hatch private profit at the cost of human health, and is replacing them with decent habitations publicly owned and operated. In all of this the Germans led the way. They led the way because they first perceived that the prosperity of folks at the top (the initiative, planning and energizing



**FIRST SECOND**—Dip the pen in any ink.

**SECOND SECOND**—Press the "Crescent-Filler" with your thumb.

**THIRD SECOND**—Release the "Crescent-Filler," and the ink will flow into the barrel of the pen by suction.

**FOURTH SECOND**—Lock the safety ring by a quarter turn, and go on writing, for your pen is full!

That's all there is to it. As simple as ABC, as clean as a whistle, and actually quicker than it takes to read about it here!

**Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen**

#### No Dropper-Filler Necessary

The Conklin fills itself in 4 seconds without the aid of the old-style, clumsy dropper-filler, without pumping, unscrewing joints or taking pen apart in any way.

A hundred styles and sizes — \$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00 and up, at best dealers everywhere. We have a catalogue and 2 splendid little books for you — stories sparkling with humor and keen, shrewd "horse sense." They are FREE. Just send us your name and address. A postal will do.

**THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO. 274 Conklin Bldg. Toledo, Ohio**

#### Can't Clog nor Leak at Joints

The Conklin writes at the first stroke and with never a skip, scratch or blot. It can't clog because the filling operation flushes out the feed channel every time.

master lever of human society) rests absolutely upon the prevalence of health, plenty and contentment among the folks in the middle and at the bottom.

We have that lesson to learn here in the young United States, where ninety million hustling individualists, possessing the richest tract of land of its size on the globe, have been recklessly living up their capital, and wasting it as no other civilized people ever did.

—Frank Putnam.



# YOUR CHOICE OF A TRIP

## YOU WILL CONSIDER

1. The *Pleasure* you get out of it
2. The *Good* you get out of it



**T**HE ROYCROFT INN offers a genial welcome to automobilists, big and little. The touring season of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen has now begun. One of your early trips should be to The Roycroft Inn at East Aurora, New York.

¶ Zest, exhilaration and beautiful country on the way; heartiness, hospitality and the good things of the farm when you get there — can you beat it by greater mileage, more gasoline, additional tire-wear?

¶ THIS INN is built with an understanding of human nature. Its rooms are furnished to match moods. Peace and harmony are worked into every detail, and ease is atmospheric.

¶ This season we have added a beautiful dining-portico opening onto the Court. You can rest here and enjoy the freshest of fresh vegetables, milk, cream, butter and eggs from The Roycroft Farm. Birds singing, fountain playing — blithe and gladsome variations of "music with meals."

¶ The Roycroft Inn is THE HAVEN OF MOTORISTS, because it is

Equipped with Garage and all conveniences of the City Hostelry

A picturesque and accessible spot

A unique point of interest

Ideally restful

¶ NOW IS THE SEASON OF SEASONS TO TREAT YOURSELF, YOUR FAMILY, AND YOUR FRIENDS TO A ROYCROFT INN-ING.

¶ The Rates: Two and a Half Dollars a Day to Five Dollars.

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



# ARMOUR'S GRAPE-JUICE

—THE DRINK DELECTABLE.



THE late Andrew Lang was an astonishingly versatile writer. He was at home in a wide variety of fields, his work ranging all the way from Fairy-Tales for Children to prose versions of Homer that have taken their place with the classics of the language. He touched nothing that he did not adorn.

To many people Lang represented a "syndicate." The implication is a mighty compliment to the man's all-round ability. Armour and Company are a "syndicate," in a little different way—a commercial syndicate, as it were.

At any rate, nobody can be found with nerve enough to suggest that Armour and Company do not possess versatility plus.

It is a long, long time since the business of Armour and Company was confined to beef and the immediate by-products thereof.

A complete list of the products now bearing the Armourial Escutcheon would fill a catalog an inch in thickness.

Meat still forms the backbone of the Armour Establishment, true enough. But the same salesman who sells a dealer "Ham What Am" now talks up such diverse and widely separated products as fertilizer, extracts, glue, leather, anhydrous ammonia, sandpaper, soda-fountain flavors, metal-polishes, combs, buttons, music-strings, soaps, perfumes, cleaning preparations, Grape-Juice.

These are just a very few of the By-Products that have made the name of "Armour" famous.

Armour's is departmental in make-up. There are any number of separate departments, having each its own individual department-manager.

The Armour system of publicity is built up around the Armour trademark name.

A striking uniformity in labels and trademark designs is seen in all the Armour products. The advertising is Institutional. That is, the name "Armour" is the one big theme, and business is based on confidence in a name.

Dealers and the consuming public in general are learning that "Armour" symbols purity, quality, reliability, integrity, superior goodness.

The people have faith in anything bearing the Armour trade-name.

I believe I can put my finger on the great secret of Armour success.

Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations*, defines wealth as "labor applied to land." We have improved the definition by adding the word *intelligent*—"intelligent labor applied to land." Now it seems to me that the greatness of the Armour industry is merely the natural and inevitable result of intelligent labor applied to—land knows what!—anything and everything Armour and Company undertake. Grape-Juice is one of the recent additions to the big Armour Family.

From an output of forty thousand gallons of juice five years ago, to more than a million gallons in Nineteen Hundred Twelve, is a record not soon to be equaled, let alone smashed!

The yield per acre in good years averages three tons of grapes. Last year the Armour People used six thousand tons of purple-blushing beauties, or the entire yield of some two thousand acres of vineyard lands.

Just a word about these grape districts that make Armour's Grape-Juice a gladsome reality.

Armour Grape-Juice Factories are located at Mattawan, Michigan, and Westfield, New York, which is in the very heart of the famous Chautauqua Grape-Belt.

The choicest selected Concord grapes grown in these favored regions are "pressed" into service by Armour and Company, and sent 'round the globe on Little Journeys of health, happiness and good-cheer.

The Little Armour Grape-Juice Girl, the creation of Mr. "Penny" Ross's versatile pen, is already a famous character, quite as well known as Rose O'Neill's Kute Kewpies, or the celebrated Berry Brothers' globe-trotting kiddyeens.

Wherever you go, you will find Armour's Grape-Juice, the Family Drink. Also, the Little Armour Grape-Juice Girl—on billboards, signs, car-cards, and in magazines and newspapers.

I am told that Armour and Company are supplying a goodly share of the fruits and syrups that are used at soda-fountains.

The manufacture and marketing of Grape-Juice was a quite natural expansion of a business commanding unusual advantages and facilities in the way of quick transportation and distribution.

Armour's Grape-Juice is served everywhere—at clubs, buffets and fountains.

Your grocer and druggist have it for sale. Should they be "out," send \$3.00 for a dozen trial pints, or \$5.50 for a dozen quarts, express charges paid.

Send for the Grape-Juice Book, giving many attractive recipes for serving up Armour's Grape-Juice, the Warm-Weather Health-Drink. Address Armour & Company, Dept. 317, Chicago.





Elbert Hubbard  
"The Royal Good Farmer"

Elbert Hubbard  
"The Royal Tailored Man"

## "It's funny what a difference a few Clothes Make!"

(An Advertisement—"Illustrated" by Elbert Hubbard)

SOUNDS kind o' familiar—that name "Elbert Hubbard"! Maybe you've heard it before? Perhaps you've even seen it at some time or other in the pages of this very magazine! But do you know that this Hubbard party is now (in his spare moments) an active and full fledged member of the spot-light perfesh?

Every month, after Hubbard has cleaned up a few trifles at home—such as editing two magazines, writing a new book or two, preparing one hundred pages of corking good copy for his advertising

friends, mapping out the campaigns to sell the outputs of a six-story printing plant, a bindery, a furniture factory, a Kandy-kitchen, a thousand acre farm and dairy, and has looked after Roycroft affairs generally, so that he has nothing to do until tomorrow—he takes a little run over the Kohl and Castle Circuit—and is a real Entertainer and "Vodevillian" at a thousand plunks per week.

Gee! But he's a care-free guy! I wonder what he does with the rest of his time?

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



**N**OW, the menfolk of the theatre, as a class, are admittedly the best dressed men in the world. That is why Hubbard has lately spruced-up in a Royal Tailored Suit.

To the actor, good "make-up" is a part of the very creed to Success. He believes that to play any BIG part, whether off the stage or on, he must LOOK that part. Good Clothes, he knows, are vital "props" to Prosperity and Prestige.

So Hubbard has now acquired that Royal Tailored Look.

**T**HE thing that attracted Hubbard to this Royal Long Distance Service was its beautiful convenience. It is a Service that means the best in made-to-order clothes without tantalizing "try-ons" or local tailor fuss and fol-de-rol. It is tailoring with the tinkering of the temperamental tailor left out.

You do not "call again" to have your Royal Suit re-fitted, re-chalked, re-hacked and re-hashed. It is built to satisfy you the first time you slip into it—and it does! Once your measurements are taken, your next call is to get the finished suit—not a basted preliminary of it.

For The Royal Tailors have put clothes-craftsmanship on a business basis—and linked Service with Art. They build clothes with the surety of the architect—to have them right the first time up and for all time. They blue-print your future suit *on paper* before they attempt to cut into the cloth—blue-print it with Bertillon-like thoroughness, to accord with your every physical undulation and identity.

**A**ND the sublime part of it is, that this Royal Service is waiting for you everywhere. Wherever you go, it is always there with you.

The Royal Tailors have brought New York Tailoring as near to Firkin's Ferry as to Fifth Avenue—and the Broadway Tailor Shop within walking distance of any man in the land. If you are playing a One-Night Stand in a Vermont Village—you can step into the local Royal dealer's in that very Jumping Off burg, and leave your measures for the latest cut, Soft-Roll-front Sack Suit—to be made in The Royal Tailors' Sunshine Shops in New York City—and shipped to you on Schedule Time to any place you say. It could n't be much more convenient if you had a New York Tailor for a next door neighbor.

There are ten thousand Royal dealers. Wherever there's a good sized Post Office, there's an authorized Royal Goodfellow just around the corner, with half a thousand of the latest New York Woolen Weaves—ready for your Optical Enravishment.

**A**ND the prices? They are the crowning marvel! Because these Royal Tailors tailor for a nation instead of a locality and because they have a thousand tailor shops rolled in one, with one rent, one "overhead cost," one organization expense—spread out thin over half a million transactions a year—because of these things, Royal Tailored Clothes cost but one-half the local Tailor's prices. And no more than the price of "take-them-as-they-are ready-made" clothes.

Say, \$20, \$25, \$30, and \$35—with not a few selections even for as little as \$16 and \$17.

Note you, then, these Exclusive Royal Features:

All pure Wool; all pure Fit and Satisfaction or Money Back; all up-to-the-minute deliveries or \$1 forfeit for each day's delay.

Surely a man is foolish to make clothes-buying a Pot-luck proposition when a Service of Certainties such as this awaits him.



Royal Tailored To Your Order Clothes  
Over 10,000 Royal Dealers

"Get that Royal Tailored Look"

The Royal Tailors

Chicago

Joseph Wilson  
President

New York



The Clothes That Real Men Wear  
146 Branch Royal Stores

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## THE GLOVE-COUNTER



That silk gloves of undoubted quality are hard to get, is no airy, fairy figment of the imagination.

"Pure Silk," so called, is advertised extensively, but only a small fraction of it is the "goods" — genuine, guaranteed, pure and simple.

If you want the best, and none other, ask for "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves.

You would be surprised to know what a goodly percentage of feminine stage-stars sport "Niagara-Maid" brand.

And actresses are up-to-the-minute dressers, as everybody is aware.

Like unto good businessmen, they know everything that will not work, and consequently, everything that will. Proceeding thus by a veritable NIAGARA PROCESS of elimination, they soon

discover that the really best buy at the glove-counter is "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves. These gloves are made of absolutely pure silk, beautiful and soft in texture, clinging,

yet eminently durable.

The finger-tips, usually a weak spot in gloves, are especially reinforced, and will not split.

Purest silk, perfect workmanship, exquisite colorings, moderate prices—these factors combine to form the finest gloves any woman could possibly wish to wear.

With every pair of "Niagara Maid" Gloves comes a guarantee-ticket, your warranty of unadulterated goodness. ¶ Your dealer carries "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves. If for any reason he can not supply you, send us his name, and we will fill your order through him.



### NIAGARA SILK MILLS

Dept. F, NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.

NEW YORK

BOSTON

SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO

few, and the newspapers tell the crowd, and the crowd gets on to the railroad; and before he rises from his sleep, behold the crowd in his front yard; and if he can get as far as his own front gate in the thing he is going for, he must be—either a statesman? a hero? or a great genius? None of these. Let him be a corporation—of ideas or of dollars—would he do anything for himself, or for anybody else, in a world too crowded to tell the truth without breaking something, or to find room for it, when it is told, without breaking something. ¶ This is the Crowd's World.—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

¶ THERE is no happiness in mere dollars.

IN the ancient world, when a human being found something in the wrong place and wanted to put it where it belonged, he found himself face to face with a few men. He found he had to deal with these few men. Today, if he wants anything put where it belongs, he finds himself face to face with a crowd. ¶ He finds that he has to deal with a crowd. The world has telephones and newspapers now, and it has railroads; and if a man proposes to do a certain thing in it, the telephones tell the

After they are acquired one can use but a moderate amount. ¶ It is given man to eat so much, to wear so much, and to have so much shelter, and more he can not use. When money has supplied these, its mission, so far as the individual is concerned, is fulfilled, and man must look further and higher. The greatest good a man can do is to cultivate himself, develop his powers, in order that he may be of greater service to humanity.

—*Marshall Field.*



**J**UST to show how they do things in the Wheat Country, let me say that Harold Weir of Saskatoon sent me a New York draft in advance for my lecture fee. Then instead of advertising the spiel, the Committee secured Convocation Hall, through the courtesy of Prexie of the Saskatchewan University, and invited the brain and beauty of the town to attend.

And would you believe it! I was the only plain-clothes man present. All the rest wore full dress, and the ushers were officers in gorgeous uniform from the 105th Fusiliers. And as for ladies' gowns—say! well—words elude me.

After the lecture, there was a soldier with a megaphone called the autos, of which there were present just two hundred nine, by actual count.

Talk about the wild and hirsute! Well, I never had a finer and more appreciative audience—and this five hundred miles Northwest of Winnipeg.

**IDEALIST:** A man who fills his gasoline-tank with attar of roses and expects the motor to run.—J. J. Cole.



Will you examine these valuable letter-head suggestions if we send them free?

They were reproduced for your benefit—selected by us from the best work of the highest class manufacturing stationers in the United States—to show the impressive use of the different finishes in white and the various colors of Construction Bond—the paper that makes Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price. Ask us to send these suggestions free to you.

If your concern is important enough to use more than 10,000 letterheads a year, you need Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price. You are sure of that if you use Construction Bond. Why? Because Construction Bond is obtainable only of responsible, capable printers and lithographers who have quality reputations to maintain. The cream of the trade in the 170 principal cities of the United States carry Construction Bond in stock. They buy it direct from us—in big quantities—at lowest net prices. No jobber's profit—no expense for handling small lots—no losses from irresponsible accounts. No wonder that stationery on Construction Bond is good value for the money.

**CONSTRUCTION**



Write us now on your business letterhead for the portfolio of new ideas in Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price. We will also send names of concerns nearest you who can supply such stationery on Construction Bond. Write now.

W. E. Wroe & Co., Sales Office 1002 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

**S**UCCESS, honor, fame—magic words these, that make the fiery blood of ambition surge to your brain. But forget not, they are effects, not causes; the reward for initiative, patience, industry—dreams endowed with life, vague desires vitalized, hopes struggled for. It is the inexorable law of compensation; he wins the prize who pays the price.—Kuhn.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

—Jefferson.



# ÆTNA'S

## STAR FIVE POINTER



# Combination Residence POLICY

(Sold in States where authorized)

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# THE STARFISH POLICY

## A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF INSURANCE

### AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



SHOULD worry a lot and build a house on it," runs the popular slogan.

The real worry comes after you have built the house. You can now worry and get a wrinkle or two. Or you can get the "wrinkle" without the worry, meaning, of course, that brand-new wrinkle in Residence Insurance, the Star Five-Pointer, lately launched by the Aetna People, through their Accident and Liability Company, and sold in States

where authorized; that is, in all States, New York and Massachusetts alone excepted.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, like myself, I might explain that the Insurance Laws in these two States do not permit the writing of combination policies. Such is the force of hoary conservatism.

A change in some of these laws, or perhaps a more liberal interpretation of them by Insurance Commissioners, would be a good thing all around—no doubt about it!

The idea is right here: In New York State at the present time, the insured can buy the coverage included in the Aetna's New Combination Residence Policy, but only under separate policies, one policy at a time.

The privilege of getting all five lines of coverage taken care of in one contract is *non permissa*.

Also, it would be vastly easier for the Agent to furnish the Insurance in one contract, than to write it in two, three, four or five contracts, as the case may be.

But what's the use! I have been thinking all along that I was fairly well posted on this subject of Insurance. And behold!—here is one on me. It only goes to show.

Yes, Terese, that's what I said—New York and Massachusetts!—P-q-liar, but tr-r-rue!

☐ The Aetna People have written millions

of dollars of Insurance in their day. I was going to say, billions.

Now they have come across with a new chapter in the History of Insurance.

The Aetna Combination Residence Policy marks an absolutely new departure in the annals of the profession.

Its supreme importance lies in the fact that owners and occupants of private houses, tenements, flats and apartments can now secure complete insurance for the home. Hitherto this has been impossible.

The new Aetna policy is the completest and most comprehensive ever framed. It embraces five cardinal points, and might be styled the "Starfish" Policy.

The five stars provide for protection along these lines:

- 1—Burglary, Theft or Larceny
- 2—Breakage of Fixed Glass
- 3—Damage by Water or Explosion
- 4—Loss of Use or Rental Income
- 5—Liability for Personal Injuries to Servants or the Public.

Please note that this summary is a remarkably "comprehensive proposition," as they say in Logic. Its scope is all-inclusive. Everything is provided for. The protection afforded by this policy is practically pluperfect and puncture-proof. It is air-tight.

The Combination Residence Policy will surely supersede the great majority of similar policies now in force. This for the reason that its undoubted advantages are evident at a glance. Also, it will, or I am much mistaken, prove a popular side-line with ambitious insurance agents and brokers the country over. It is a policy that can be handled readily by fire-insurance agents, say, among their regular customers.

And now you want further information regarding the new Aetna Policy. Then tear off the coupon, and fill it in with the name and address, writing both legibly.

To THE AETNA ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me full particulars of your Combination Residence Policy.

Name .....

Address .....

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# The Ara

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION  
Exponent of the American Philosophy

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The Roycroft School of Life—Summer Session—Write for information



# Subscribe to The Philistine



THE American Spirit of Mutuality and Co-operation is spreading fast. You can make it spread faster by taking *The Philistine*. Progress and Prosperity is a matter of getting together. We can all get together on the common ground of humanity, for at heart all our interests are the same.

*The Philistine* is the most human force, outside of man himself, ever set in motion. It has had more commendatory pats than any other periodical in the

English language — and more slams from the brethren whose principle is to hit everything that moves.

*The Philistine* holds that man, his life and his business, are essentially good, and getting better; that human failings are laughable at the worst; and that our duty is to cash them into smiles, cheer, health, courage and good-will.

The subscription-price of *The Philistine* is One Dollar a year, with

## A Message to Garcia . . . . . By Elbert Hubbard

*De-luxe Copy, in colors, portrait, bound in Limp Leather, Silk-Lined*

*The "Message to Garcia" is the most famous and best known of Mr. Hubbard's writings.*

¶ It appeared first in *The Philistine* during Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, achieving instant fame. It has since been translated into any number of foreign languages, and has been reprinted more than a million times.



CUT OUT THE BLANK BELOW:

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Enclosed please find One Dollar, to pay for a year's subscription to THE PHILISTINE Magazine and "A Message to Garcia," De-luxe Copy, by Elbert Hubbard.

Name .....

Address .....

Foreign Postage, 24 cents; Canadian Postage, 12 cents

Wholesome food and plenty of sleep combine with study, work and play, in judicious proportions, to make manly boys at The Roycroft School of Life



# BOOKKEEPING and BUSINESS

AN APPRECIATION BY ELBERT HUBBARD



**ELLIOTT-FISHER**  
**THE BOOKKEEPING MACHINE**  
 Triplex Model, Complete (Without the Girl)  
 \$960.00

**B**USINESS is no better than its Bookkeeping. The Accounting is a sure index to the general character of the firm. Judge a business by its bookkeeping, and you can never go wrong. Slovenly bookkeeping symbols carelessness and dowdy indifference in the whole composite structure of the house. ¶ Some of us recall the old stereotyped bookkeeper who wore shiny trousers and sat on a cosmic perch at a tall desk, day in and day out, from year to year, with a quill-pen stuck knowingly over each ear. This individual gradually ceased to be an individual. He sloughed most human qualities, and evolved inevitably into a machine, without, however, the machine's capacity for enormous volumes of scientific, accurate work. The bookkeeper got tired, and sometimes drunk. Charles Lamb held a clerical job for more than thirty years in the old East India House,

in London, and wrote the *Essays* of 1 between times.

Lamb hated the work cordially. But being a conscientious soul, he stuck it out, and at length retired on good pay for the rest of his life. Then he used to come around to visit with the other bookkeepers.

Charles Lamb, like every other bookkeeper of the old school, wore away the years on uncongenial tasks, adding endless columnar figures, and not infrequently delving far into the night in an endeavor to locate errors. ¶ Modern Business is a science, an evolution—in some cases, also, an Art.

The world has advanced since Lamb was a bookkeeper and perpetrated puns—and sometimes, on computing a huge column of figures, forgot to carry twenty-five, and carried twenty-four.

Yet it is a fact that while most other departments of business have changed their methods, bookkeeping is not far altered from what was in Lamb's day.

It is not too much to say that the author Elia could step into an average accounting office in any city in the country, and thoroughly at home in a couple of days.

To wrestle with figures for a living is to become a mental shut-in, incapable of enjoying or appreciating the finer things in life.

Lamb was a notable exception, and the exception proves the rule.

Bookkeeping is exhausting, patience-trying, nerve-killing, deadening. A machine can do it more rapidly and more accurately than a man that ever lived. Macaulay was a bookkeeper, and once said, "I've got to go adding figures, or die." He quit.

Anyway, with the machine there is no brain blowout, no short-circuiting of the cerebellum.

¶ Curious, is n't it, when you stop to think about it? Man can make mistakes, and die. Yet man, who makes mistakes, makes the machine that can not make mistakes.

Every business must resort to some system of keeping accounts. There are fifty-seven varieties of billing and bookkeeping, the statisticians tell us. ¶ Some concerns affect one system, others another.

It is mostly up to the bookkeeper himself, and



ly does n't make much difference, anyway. at *does* make a difference is, how the em works out.

ing and bookkeeping are done by hand at inent risk.

chine-made monthly bills in red and black now the rule in most progressive houses.

It is estimated that fully ninety per cent of better retail and department stores make

their bills on ELLIOTT-FISHER THE OKKEEPING MACHINE. There are

eral reasons why this is so, and one of m is that, other things being equal, a cus-

ter will not trade with a firm that relies on id-work and head-work in making out s.

We want accuracy and legibility.

tchers, bakers, tungsten-lamp makers, nufacturers, jobbers and wholesalers and

ailers galore use ELLIOTT-FISHER THE OKKEEPING MACHINE for posting

ir ledgers and making monthly statements. The great thing about this machine is that

does its work quickly, efficiently and well, d cleans up all of today's work today.

e inventors sweat blood—once and forever so the operator does not have to.

ere are no handovers for tomorrow, nor the end of the month.

e balance due on any account can be had the twinkling of a ram-lamb's tail.

LIOTT-FISHER THE BOOKKEEPING ACHINE eliminates bother, worry, over-

rk, mistakes, delay. It relieves the book-eper of that drudgery commonly supposed

be his by divine right—taking care of that ss of detail that brings the wrinkles and

w's-feet, the rounded shoulders and the nt back.

tosses the white man's burden into the elting-pot, and transmutes labor into joy.

is a great mistake to suppose that any man s ever the better or the more efficient for

ing obliged to wrestle with great masses of tail.

Executive is a man who leaves deadening tails to machines, and exercises his brain-

ills with matters of greater pith and moment. Computing columns and chasing the elusive

merals in gumshoes is no occupation for a an who can be otherwise profitably employed

giving the glad hand to customers. ve yourself and your employees for the

ings that count. Bookkeeping is on the side expense—get on the side of income!

onservation of energy is the thing these ys—ask Irving Fisher.

Some businessmen, so called, pride themselves on the number of things they can attend to personally. These men\*are really committing suicide slowly. The restful Restorium will claim them a little later on.

Keep strong and fit, and let ELLIOTT-FISHER THE BOOKKEEPING MACHINE take care of your accounts.

Keep your books properly balanced all of the time, not a part of the time merely.

ELLIOTT-FISHER is adapted for any and all systems of bookkeeping.

Its elasticity of application is surprising. No need to change your own particular style of bookkeeping a bit—just communicate with the Elliott-Fisher People, and let them explain how the Bookkeeping-Machine can be adapted to your own individual needs.

Elliott-Fisher keeps accounts balanced after each entry. It records daily balances or daily totals, and thus cuts out work at the end of the month.

It is a time-saver, a money-saver, a conserver of human energy—and a customer-catcher.

It makes the bookkeeper a better individual—a more efficient helper—by lifting from his shoulders that dead load of drudgery which weights and wastes.

Formerly, after the bunch went home, long after, sometimes far into the night, ye tired bookkeeper used to stick around and hunt futile figures until his eyes were on the blink, and his brain was on the bum. Life hath no joy for the man who sacrificeth his snooze.

Now, thanks to the kindly care and co-operation of ELLIOTT-FISHER THE BOOK-KEEPING MACHINE, Mr. Bookkeeper beats it home on the stroke of five, with the rest of the bunch, whistling that plaintive ditty, "Nothing to do till tomorrow!"

ELLIOTT-FISHER makes for daytime efficiency, the kind that pads bank-accounts and keeps the wheels of industry humming time-and-a-third.

For a big helpful hunch that will work wonders in your business, send for Efficiency Digest Form, also special information and data regarding ELLIOTT-FISHER THE BOOK-KEEPING MACHINE.

"Much virtue in E-F!" said Touchstone, and so say I, meaning by "E-F," ELLIOTT-FISHER THE BOOKKEEPING MACHINE.

**ELLIOTT-FISHER CO.**

69 CEDAR STREET, HARRISBURG, PA.



# EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION



From August First to August Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, there will be held an Educational Convention at The Roycroft Shop, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York.

There will be daily programs, afternoon and evening. It is scarcely expected that the great questions that have been perplexing educators since the days of the late Pythagoras will be finally settled at this meeting. However, the ether will be agitated, and various good men and women will express themselves freely and frankly, and with good nature.

If the weather is pleasant, most of the sessions will be held out of doors, for at East Aurora there is plenty of out-of-doors. Those who are in attendance are invited to join the daily Roycroft classes in gardening. These classes meet every morning. Men, women and children join in the fun, because when you work in joy it is only play. Teachers who find their nerves getting a trifle outside of their clothes will do well to attend this Convention.

We work from the complex to the simple, and to simplify is the great desire of The Roycrofters.

There will be ample accommodation at The Roycroft Inn. Rates are Two Dollars and a Half a day and up, according to rooms. There is no charge for admission to any of the exercises or classes ❖ ❖

Address for reservations:

## THE ROYCROFTERS EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The best possible place for your boy to spend the Summer Months—at  
The Roycroft School of Life for Boys



## HELPFUL Hints from HOSKINS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Philadelphia figures frequently in the funny columns. But I notice that when the Athletics come to town, the cheer-leading is conducted by the local undertaker.

It is considered *de rigueur* to observe facetiously that you spent a week in Philadelphia on Wednesday last.

And there are those who think Philadelphia stationary. But that is where I beg to differ.

I never think Philadelphia stationary—I think "Hoskins"—Social Stationers and Engravers to the Elite.

Hoskins make a specialty of wedding-invitations, done de luxe.

They will get out one hundred invitations, engraved on the finest wedding stock made, with envelopes to match, for Ten Dollars. This includes

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**HOSKINS, Stationers and Engravers**  
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also the copper plate, hand-engraved in script. These invitations are guaranteed correct in form as to every detail, and will reflect credit on your superlative good sense and elegant taste.

The invitations will be delivered FREE within a radius of six hundred miles of PHILADELPHIA.

Hoskins will be delighted to submit samples for inspection.

Also, there is a complete price-list that will be forwarded free on request.

## A Summer Necessity— The Hawkeye Refrigerator-Basket

If you indulge in motor trips, you simply can not afford to worry along without the Hawkeye Refrigerator-Basket—that marvel of convenience and scientific economy.

It is made of best rattan, metal-lined and provided with an ice-compartment to the end that food may be kept clean, fresh and cool. The Basket is finished in Forest Green, with polished nickel trimmings.

Men who like to get away from the busy marts of business for a day's hunting or fishing find the Hawkeye Refrigerator-Basket a necessity, or *sine qua non*, as they say in Boston.

Buy one on approval. No doubt about your liking it. But if you need the money, we'll refund it.

Write for catalog today.



**Burlington Basket Company**  
Burlington, Iowa

## HOW'S BUSINESS?

Take any successful business, and you will find, always and inevitably, three vital forces at work.

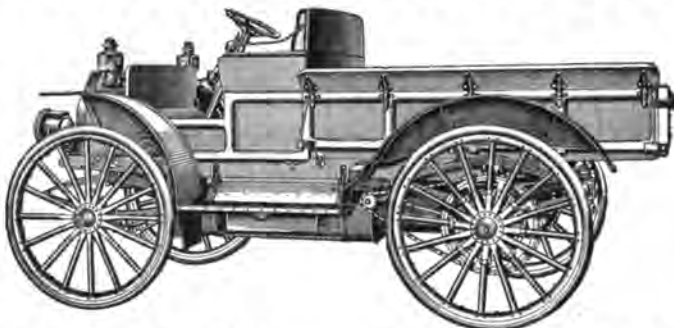
And these forces are: good goods; prompt and efficient service; and right intent.

These spell success for any business.

Modern business is Public Service, and might just as well be called by that name.

The house that is known for its service lands the business. Look to your service. It is your best publicity.

Have you thought of the International Motor Truck as a possible silent partner?



Any business that has one, two, three or more horses on its payroll needs one of these business-getters.

The International Motor Truck is a money-maker. Also, a money-saver. It means prompt and speedy deliveries. It widens the circle of your activities. It makes friends, and helps you to keep them.

I H C Service stations are found pretty nearly everywhere—I H C representatives are always ready when you are.

Let us send you some literature that will open your eyes to the possibilities of the situation. Address your letter to the

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# TRAVELER'S JOY

In Washington's time the stagecoach constituted the liveliest means of transportation. Roads were dangerous and uncertain. The ninety miles between New York and Philadelphia commonly consumed two or three days.

Washington had been dead fifteen years before Stephenson made the first real locomotive in England.

And not until Eighteen Hundred Thirty did railroading begin in earnest in this country. Then three roads started operations almost simultaneously. These roads were: (1) the South Carolina Railroad; (2) the Baltimore and Ohio; (3) the Camden and Amboy, whose president, Colonel Robert L. Stevens, first conceived the idea of substituting an all-iron rail for the clumsy iron-strapped wooden rail then used.

In Eighteen-Thirty the United States had just twenty-three miles of crude railway in actual operation. Now we lead the world with nearly two hundred fifty thousand, or enough to encircle the globe twenty-five times. Germany is second with thirty-five thousand. China, the newly-awakened, is far down with a scant thousand—one mile for every four hundred thousand of her population.

¶ Today visitors to Mount Vernon are shown into the room in which Washington died. It is a pleasant room, furnished in the Colonial fashion.

There, at the foot of the bed whereon the Father of his Country died, stands the old haircloth trunk, which accompanied him on his Little Journeys about the new-born States. Washington was an aristocrat, and we may be sure that that haircloth trunk was the best that money could buy.

For that time, Washington was a great traveler, but today we cover more ground in a month than he did in a lifetime.

Compare with Washington's time-honored haircloth trunk, which covered few miles, comparatively, and was gently handled, relatively speaking, the magnificent modern *Indestructo*, capable of years of roughest, toughest usage.

¶ If Washington were living today, he would have an *Indestructo Trunk* with his name on it in big boldface.

The baggage-smashers of all nations unite in acknowledging the immense superiority of *Indestructo Luggage* over every other make. The *Indestructo* traveler is accorded the deference always paid true discrimination.

The *Indestructo* stands for bang-up good service. Your possessions are safe in an *Indestructo*, because all *Indestructo Luggage* is made by expert luggage-makers who are specialists in this line. This one thing they do. They have studied the subject from every possible point of view, and they know just where a trunk should be reinforced against the uses of adversity.

Every *Indestructo Trunk* is guaranteed for five years from date of purchase. If it caves in, you get a brand-new trunk free of charge. Right here let me say that five years is a minimum estimate. An *Indestructo* should give at least ten years' service. Many exceed the ten-year limit.

The *Indestructo Registry System* is designed for the protection of travelers.

¶ It constitutes practical baggage insurance, to the end that the traveling public may arrive at its destination clean, fresh, calm, cool, collected, undismayed.

¶ There's an *Indestructo* dealer in your town. If you do not know his name, we will be glad to tell you.

Meantime, send for *The Travel Book*, a complete and comprehensive survey of the Luggage question.

Address

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MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Dept. 1305

melt on yo' lips  
an' mingle wid  
de hallelujahs  
uv yo' music  
while yo' is  
a-jinin' in de  
jubilation of dis  
most melodious  
occasion."

And there was  
the clapping of  
hands for Uncle  
Rastus, the  
ebony song of  
the pantry, the  
king of the old  
plantation, the  
white-headed  
memory of a  
civilization that  
died long ago. ♣  
Then there was  
the rustling of  
silks and the  
coupling of  
arms, and the  
lovesick parlor  
reluctantly  
tossed its bou-  
quet of youth  
and beauty to  
the jealous and  
impatient din-  
ing-room, where  
Uncle Rastus  
and his dusky  
subordinates  
darted hither  
and thither like  
black birds  
among the lilies,  
bearing ponder-  
ous waiters bur-

**T**HE music turned a somersault into the whirlpool of mirth, when the door suddenly opened, and old Uncle Rastus appeared in full evening dress, with bows and smiles and all the pompous airs of a lord to the manner born. There was eloquence in the old man's voice when he said: "'Scuse me, childrun, but I thought I heard de angels sing, an' I jist concluded I would 'lucidate some juicy tunes from de strawberry-patch and cunjer a few frozen songs from de ice-cream freezer to

dened with cream, and berries, and kisses, and lady-fingers, and all the delightful accompaniments of a birthday party in June. ♣ It was, indeed, a melodious occasion, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell" until the delicious delicacies evaporated into sweet memories; then the tired and disgusted dining-room threw the giggling bouquet out into the lap of the lawn, where love sought the shadows, and laughter played hide-and-seek with the lanterns dimly burning. But lawn-parties are



like plays. They require the rapid shifting of the scenes to give variety to the entertainment and jewel the passing hours with pleasure. And so the harp quivered again, and the glad leaves trembled, and the stars twinkled, and the young folks flocked from among the shadows to join in medley of songs which rose and fell on the air like the chiming of distant bells, until the music charmed Uncle Rastus from the wreck of berries and creams as the candle charms the moth.

—Bob Taylor.

**N**O matter how large the business grows, it is always an expression of personal force, just as the personal force of a nation is the sum total of the personal force of its people. We believe that our customers and employees feel that our business is as much a matter of personality today as it was in the beginning. Behind each transaction is personal guarantee, and we trust that behind each customer is personal interest in the growth and the perfecting of a system that seeks to interpret the personal desires of each man, woman or child who deals with it.

Thus its policy is a composite of the ideas of

## A HINT TO HOUSEWIVES



OR now shall I sleep in the dust," said Job, boiling with rage at the thought. Job antedated the Howard Dustless Duster. He was lucky to get off with a few boils. ¶ The Howard Duster is a boon and a blessing to housekeepers.

I know a practical male man who makes it a point to send Dustless Dusters to his friends when they commit matrimony.

¶ More duplications of this kind would never elicit any kick from the contracting parties.

The folks in The Roycroft Inn say they could n't do business without the Howard Dustless Duster. So just before the season opened, on May First, we laid in a generous supply, enough to last until, oh, say, next Christmas.

The Dustless Duster effects a saving of time, trouble, money and energy. And it certainly does put the snuff-ers on dust, and the germs that make for disease, dissolution and decay.

The Howard Duster is made from chemically treated cloth, to which dust adheres like grim death, after the manner of flies on fly-paper. ¶ The Howard Duster is a necessity in all places where human beings live, eat, sleep, move, work. It is readily cleansed with boiling water and soap.

Eleven styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters.

5000 best stores sell Howard Dustless-Dusters.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

**HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.**  
TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



all its customers, expressing their will in its undertakings, while its increase, growth and success are, we believe, as much matter of personal pride and gratification to our patrons as they are to ourselves and our employees.—A. Montgomery Ward.

Arts and sciences are not cast in a mold, but are found and perfected by degrees, often by handling and polishing as bears leisurely li their cubs into shape.—Montaigne.



# Comfortable Summer Furniture

*Vantine's*  
The Oriental Store.



No. 100

100—Hong Kong club chair, woven of specially selected reed; height of back from floor, 36 inches; height of back from seat, 22½ inches; height of seat from floor, 17 inches; width of seat, 18½ inches; length of seat, 20 inches; weight, packed for shipment, 30 lbs. Price ..... \$7.00



No. 101

101—Canton settee; height of back from seat, 15 inches; height of seat from floor, 17 inches; height of back from floor, 30 inches; width of seat, 18½ inches; length of seat, 41½ inches; weight, 16 lbs.; weight, packed for shipment, 50 lbs. Price ..... \$15.00



No. 103

103—Height of back, 42½ inches; width of seat, 18 inches; height of seat, 17 inches; weight, 11 lbs. An excellent design for porch, sitting-room, library or bedroom. Weight, packed for shipment, 30 lbs. Price ... \$7.00



THE Chinese have always ranked high as artistic craftsmen. They possess the patience necessary to the production of the finest art-objects, made by hand.

Some Chinese chairs are shown at the top of this page. They were made in Canton by skilled artisans, who work with head, heart and hand, and do not slight things.

These chairs combine service and good looks to an extraordinary degree. They feel good, and they look good, because they are. They are fashioned from selected rattan, woven by hand.

The Canton "hour-glass" chair is a specialty much in demand. It represents the Oriental conception of chair luxury. Also, it is light and readily toted from place to place.

Unique chairs, tables and stools of Chinese make can be had at Vantine's at attractive prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$15.00.

## Write today for Booklet

Comfortable Summer Furniture, illustrating in colors some few of these unique and practical Canton importations. This booklet is sent by mail, prepaid, on request. The Vantine mail-order service is prompt, efficient, accurate. Your order is given the same careful attention that you would receive if you made a personal visit to this wonderful Oriental shop.



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# THE FRA

## EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 11

JULY, 1913

No. 4

### When Your Bank Balance is in Red, Affairs at Home are Blue

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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## THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

### Doctors, Lawyers and Businessmen



NE thing sure, the world is being made over. With the introduction of the one-price system in business came the recognition of truth as an asset.

The one-price system was a necessity of the times. There are so many of us here that we have to trade quickly. Barter and haggle, and the methods of booth and bazaar, belong to pioneer times. They

are the province of the pedler, who goes through the country once and never expects to return.

Twenty years ago I knew a man who advertised very widely, "A shotgun just like this for two dollars." There was the picture, all right; but the gun he sold was a wooden one.

Another man advertised a set of furniture: "Six chairs, a table, a sofa and a sideboard, all for five dollars."

The money rolled in on him, and he kept

faith with his customers by sending them a toy set of furniture in a pasteboard box. Another advertised: "How to make an Impression!—Unfailing Formula, ten cents." Fifty thousand people sent the dime, and the man wrote back, "Sit in a pan of dough." No man who is sane would dare attempt any such method now. In the first place, the post-office inspectors would nip him; and in the second place, he has his reputation at stake. Character is collateral. It is the basis of credit. It is a thing that even dull minds are not anxious to place in jeopardy. "I'll loan any honest man a million dollars," exclaimed J. Pierpont Morgan. Here was a great poetic truth—but a truth just the same. Only an honest man can borrow money today—collateral or no. We loan money on clear eyes, good teeth, good habits—honest purpose.

#### The Source of Wealth

WE have been widely informed that the surpassing wealth of the United States has come from the fact that we have a most bountiful soil. This is true; but it is only a half-truth, nevertheless. The factory, the farm, the forest, the sea, the mine, have given to us of their boundless wealth.



But the potential wealth of this country was here in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, just as it is now.

Adam Smith was not exactly right when he said that all wealth comes from labor applied to land. We insert one word, and say now that all wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land.

Beside labor, we must have initiative, originality, enterprise. Beyond this, we must have transportation. Things must be carried from where they are plentiful to where they are needed; and before this transportation begins, we must have a demand on the part of the consumers. People must want a thing, otherwise they will not pay for it. And certainly they will not pay for it if they have n't got the money.

### Intelligent Labor

**T**HEN the next question is, What is the one thing in the evolution of wealth? And I answer, it is honest, intelligent labor.

This is the richest country the world has ever seen, simply because we have liberated intellect. We do business on enthusiasm. Hope, good-cheer, animation, courage, are all born of joy. "Art," says William Morris, "is the product of man's joy in his work."

The next thing is, What is the big factor in joy? And I answer, human love. Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell. We are getting together, understanding each other. Friendship is a big item today in every big venture. A man alone is depressed, repressed, subdued. We only reach up into the blue when we feel we are not alone. We are in communication with a great number of people. Farmers' wives go insane because they have to live with farmers—grouchy, quarrelsome, complaining, fretful farmers.

The telephone, good roads, the bicycle, the automobile, are banishing nostalgia from the farm. Freedom to come and go—these are the things that evolve originality and germinate initiative. America is primarily great, not on account of the resources of her soil, but on account of the spiritual and mental qualities of her men and women.

In medieval times there was no production of wealth. People got a scant living, if at all, and starvation and disease stalked rampant. Three hundred years ago, the death-rate, wherever such records were kept, show that the span of life was scarcely twenty years.

Today, in America, it is over forty-five years. In business, men realize that the only safe, effective method of dealing is the truthful one. We know the only sure road to success is via the direct road of mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation.

Self-interest and self-preservation, both turn on rendering an honest service.

### The Learned Professions

**B**UT while the business world has accepted truth as a working maxim, the three learned professions have not yet adopted it. They are not willing to burn their bridges until they get a subway ready. In the business world we say there is no substitute for truth. ¶ The three learned professions have a substitute. Simplicity and frankness are not to be expected from either the clergy, the doctors or the lawyers.

A few lawyers have attached themselves to business institutions, and these thrive by keeping businessmen out of difficulties. But nine-tenths of all lawyers thrive through damage-suits, receiverships, crime, vice, bankruptcies, dissolutions, disease, disaster, death. The "criminal lawyer's" business is seldom confined to any one particular line of practise.

¶ Doctors thrive only as people get sick. When we are well, we need no physician. Fees come from people in trouble.

Consequently, self-interest on the part of the physicians and the lawyers prompts them to perpetuate the woes of mankind.

If we all knew enough to keep well we would eliminate the physician absolutely; and if the doctors taught us how to get along without them, the doctors themselves would be eradicated and wiped off the map.

In business, self-interest lies in human service. Businessmen deal with the healthy, and supply normal wants. Doctors and lawyers appeal to the distressed and diseased. To them both misery is an asset.

No man is going to destroy his own business.

¶ Everything we do, we justify ourselves in doing; and everything that is to our interest to do, we will continue doing, and salve our conscience by saying, "If we do not do this, some one else will."

For the man who will invent a way by which the three learned professions can thrive by ministering to the intelligence and well-being of mankind, and not their woes, ignorance and superstitions, a fortune awaits.



## The Situation in Mexico



F the newspapers have not deceived us, there have been doings down in Mexico.

Revolution and revolt are often temperamental conditions. And as there are individuals who are always in revolt against any and every condition, and at war with their environment, so there are nations that are, like a volcano, in a state of intermittent eruption.

The most telling commentary on Mexico that can be made is the historic fact that in the fifty-nine years previous to the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, Mexico had fifty-two dictators.

If any one should ask what it is that the people in Mexico want, the only truthful answer is, they want a change.

No matter what the political condition is in Mexico, it soon becomes irksome.

From November Twenty-fourth, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, when Porfirio Diaz made his triumphal entry into the City of Mexico, until his "recall" in Nineteen Hundred Ten, Mexico enjoyed a degree of prosperity never before realized.

Well has it been said that the ideal government is the one under the rule of an absolute monarch—where the monarch is wise and virtuous.

Results seem to prove that Diaz supplied Mexico as nearly the kind of government her needs require, as could be supplied.

### Porfirio Diaz

DIAZ was born in the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty. His father was an innkeeper and farmer. This father died when the boy Porfirio was three years old, so the lad never had any recollection of him.

There was a family of seven children. The boy Porfirio grew up practically as the protector and provider of his brothers and sisters. That is a wonderful schooling.

Poverty and responsibility are great teachers.

¶ The boy had Indian blood in his veins. The question is continually up whether the North American Indian is the rudimentary survivor of a great race, dead and turned to dust, or is he a coming man. The latest idea

of biologists seems to be that the Indian is a disappearing race, and not an advancing one.

In the Indian are traits suggesting great nobility, great strength, great reserve power. ¶ Porfirio Diaz was essentially the avatar of a great ruler. His mother's ambition was that he should be a priest in the Catholic Church. And accordingly, he was placed in a monastic school from the time he was twelve until he was sixteen. ¶ He then threw off the authority of the Church. His religion was essentially pantheistic, as a good Indian's should be. His love of country manifested itself, fused with the desire of adventure that is in the heart of every boy. Hearing that Mexico was at war with the United States, he walked two hundred fifty miles to enlist. But when he arrived at Guadalupe he was informed that Texas had been ceded to the United States and that the war was over.

He shed a few unnecessary tears, and straightway walked back to his native town.

He had had the walk in any event, and no one can walk off two hundred fifty miles and back without being the gainer. Walking is for the walker, and everybody who hikes makes a little journey into his own ego.

### The Evolution of a Dictator

HAVING discarded the Church, and the Church likewise having discarded him, the law seemed to afford an output for his ambition. Meantime, he farmed and, like Patrick Henry, tended bar. In order to live, also, he taught school and tutored law-students and practised law. The way to learn law is to practise it; and to teach is to learn. Diaz continued in his native town until Eighteen Hundred Fifty-four.

Santa Anna was dictator of Mexico.

Alvarez was leading the revolutionists, and Diaz sided with the revolutionists. Orders were given for his arrest. Seizing a rifle and mounting a convenient horse that was placed by Providence near the courthouse, he placed himself at the head of a few revolting neighbors and defied the insidious capias.

The revolution grew. The troops under Diaz increased in numbers.

Promotion followed. Victory came trooping after victory. The privations were great, difficulties supreme, but not insurmountable. Porfirio Diaz became Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier-General and then General of Division.



Emperor Maximilian went to his death; and Diaz was given the task of paying the arrears due to the soldiers, without any money in the exchequer, and of building up a bankrupt government.

The first thing he did was to proclaim death as the penalty for plunder and theft. Any soldier insulting a civilian, or interfering with his wife or family, was taken out and filled with cold lead.

Here was a brand-new proposition that the Mexicans were not used to. The Mexican soldiers thought that "to the victor belong the spoils." Diaz did not see it that way.

He became Provisional President of Mexico in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, quickly followed by the full presidency.

His term of office at once marked a change in the history of Mexico. From that date he fixed a practical, financial and political reform in the tide of events. He scrupulously made satisfactory settlement of national debts. He welded together the people and the hundred or so Indian tribes. He established railroads and telegraphs, encouraged manufacturing, and placed a premium on enterprise of any sort.

### The Gentle Art of War

MEXICO has great natural advantages. She has the four great sources of wealth in a degree practically as yet untapped. These are the forest, the farm, the mine, the sea. Practically, it was Diaz who put Mexico on the map. He lifted her out of the realm of barbarism and made of her a great power. It is easy to criticize the powerful man, but when we make an estimate of his character, in justice we should set down on one side of the account a list of the worthy things that he has brought about and accomplished; then strike your balance.

Diaz was overcome and banished by the forces of Francisco Madero.

The reforms that Madero promised were not brought about. In degree, Madero was a Utopian, and the wealth that he had inherited and that his father had accumulated came through the safety that Diaz had provided. Madero did not know that, for the man who has not known poverty is not apt to become an economist.

With Diaz gone, Mexico was in a swirl and a whirl of discontent. They had more freedom than they could fletcherize. The victors turned

highwaymen, with a swiftness that would have done credit to a vaudeville artist. In fact, Madero fought his fight with the help of the criminal classes. The difference between the criminal and the reformer is like the lines of latitude and longitude—purely imaginary. Safety for the people at large was not what the reformers had at heart. What they wanted was excitement to prevent introspection. They revolted against the puling arts of peace.

And so behold Diaz, the grand old man, deposed, and Madero discovering that the arts of peace are much more difficult than the arts of war. It is easier to set men to fighting than to set them to work. It is easier to stir up discontent than to evolve temperance, peace, prosperity and plenty.

Madero could not bring about co-operation. His soldiers were continually asking, "Where do we come in?" And when he was forced to explain to them that peace was the great achievement, they straightway said, "Not for us!" and took to the road.

Then Madero had to fight the people who had helped him to fight Diaz. The result was a toss up.

And behold, into the seething unrest is injected the nephew of Porfirio Diaz—Felix Diaz. About the only thing that recommends Felix Diaz is his name. He is big and strong and does justice to a spangled uniform. But the man lacks brain. He can not make decisions, much less hold to them.

And the forces of Madero captured Felix Diaz. They were going to shoot him, but better counsel prevailed and he was imprisoned. Madero is the man who spared his life.

### What of the Morrow?

THEN behold a split in the forces of Madero, and cries of "Vive Diaz!"; and Diaz is released from prison by the revolting followers of Madero and a battle occurs in the streets of the City of Mexico, between the forces of Felix Diaz and those of Francisco Madero. Three thousand people or more are killed in the streets. The gutters run with human blood. Madero finds the fight pretty nearly a draw, but telegraphs to Washington saying that all is well and that it is only a question of a few hours before he will capture Diaz and peace will be restored.

But alas and alack, Madero had not counted on the disloyalty of the people in his own household!



General Huerta, Chief of Staff under Madero, arranges a classic coup d'état, all this in the interests of peace.

Perhaps it was the best thing to do. Who knows? And certainly, the writer of this is not sitting in judgment on Huerta. I am not arguing the case. I am only stating the facts.

¶ Madero invites General Huerta to lunch, possibly on the suggestion of Huerta. And when they have given their orders and the waiter has gone out to fill them, Huerta presses the button, and instead of the waiter coming back, and saying, "In a minute; coming up!" there enters a file of soldiers and the guest reaches over to the host and says, "You are my prisoner!"

So Madero was arrested by his best friend. Not being able to vanquish Felix Diaz, General Huerta double-crosses his chief, and gets himself declared Provisional President.

¶ Huerta is Provisional Governor, and he and his erstwhile enemy, Felix Diaz, issue a joint proclamation to the people. Also, they send a telegram to President Taft stating that peace has been declared, the rule of the mob been put down, and prosperity and plenty are at hand.

This telegram, when read at a Cabinet meeting, created a merry smile, which burst into an undignified ha-ha.

Huerta is a strong, able, influential man. He has fought on both sides and all sides. He has fought with the Government, and against the Government. He is a part of the great seething temperamental unrest.

Gustavo Madero, brother of the recalled President, was given the sweet privilege of "the fugitive law," which is a refinement of the Indian scheme of allowing the prisoner to run the gauntlet.

The fugitive law has this to its credit, that it stops all post-mortem argument. To take a man out and back him up to the wall and tell the firing squad to do their duty, is one thing; but when the man runs away everybody knows that his captors have the perfect right to kill him. Even a New York policeman exercises this sweet privilege, on occasion. ¶ Gustavo got a run for his money, and his body was filled with cold lead. That disposed of a portion of the Madero family, and taught the rest a lesson.

It will never do to suppose that peace in Mexico is assured. There will be one dictator a

year for the next fifty years, unless the Powers provide a government that has the iron hand; or a man of the caliber of Porfirio Diaz arises.

¶ It would be a miraculous thing for another Diaz to appear upon the scene.

And certainly, the United States of America does not care to waive the Monroe Doctrine and allow Germany, France, England and Italy to manage Mexico with a committee. Equally true is it that the United States does not care to take the guardianship of this bad boy, known as "The Greaser."

The American Indians fought indefinitely, all the time, tribe against tribe; revolution was the normal condition. ¶ The business of the savage is to fight. Life is a warfare, but the tools of war differ.

In the United States we fight according to the rules laid down by John Sherman and defined by the Interstate Commerce Commission, with the United States Supreme Court as umpire.

Mexico is close up against the Indian methods. Will she waste herself in fighting as she has for the last two hundred years? She certainly will, unless the strong man arises or the United States delegates T. R. to go down there and take charge. In Mexico there is no third-term bugaboo. Porfirio Diaz laid that low. ¶

Just at present the prophets are all at sea, out of reach even of the wireless. These are the men who do not prophesy until after the event. ¶

**T**HE Busy Man's Creed: I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds.

I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good-cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm ready—Right Now!



## Prosecution and Persecution



OR the past year I have been receiving, every week or so, a big bulky volume from the Government Printing-Office at Washington headed, "The Lewis Publications," etc., etc. ¶ These official reports of an investigation by the Post-Office Department in its various actions against E. G. Lewis, of Saint Louis, fill a five-foot shelf.

I started in to read them, but the mass of detail was so confusing that I gave up the job in dismay. Being interested, however, and wondering when the thing would cease, if it ever would, I simply set the volumes up on edge, and there they now stand.

I doubt me if any one who has received a set of these reports has read them. How many have been printed I do not know, but I am told it aggregates thirty thousand sets.

And now, behold, there comes to my desk a flimsy little folder, not even stitched, made up of simply five pages, and this is the final official report on the Lewis Publishing Company and the various Lewis enterprises.

The report is signed by the following Congressmen: William A. Ashbrook, of Ohio; Joshua W. Alexander, of Missouri; William C. Redfield, of New York; and Walter I. McCoy, of New Jersey.

And what is the sum total of this report? It is this: That a Congressional Committee, after investigating the subject for the better part of a year, and taking testimony to the extent of ten thousand pages and more, is appalled by the mass, and issues this brief statement that the Government never had any valid case against E. G. Lewis; that while the man may be faulty and imaginative, yet his business was always conducted well within the limits of the law.

The report is so slaty-gray in tint, so cold and crystalline, that to comment on it is superfluous and unnecessary.

Any one wanting a copy of this report on H. Res. No. 109 can secure it from his Representative in Congress on application. ¶ I append a few extracts which give the tenor and tone of the document.

One has to pinch himself, brace up, awake, stand up and look out of the window to realize that this is the year Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, and that the vast resources of the United States of America have focused themselves through the Post-Office Department and the Department of Justice in order to destroy one of its private citizens.

If this were done in Russia, well might the editorial writers of America turn themselves loose and sprinkle their editorial pages with vitriol. As it is, any newspaper that has mentioned the subject has done so in pica, on an inside page at the bottom of the column.

¶ The original report, that E. G. Lewis had been indicted upon fourteen counts and fraud orders issued, was heralded in bold black and red; and the newsboys cried their wares in every city and town of this land of the free and the home of the brave.

And now, finally, the better part of a million dollars of the people's money having been spent in investigations, decoys, detective services, arrests, fraud orders, there comes this little flimsy document, issued by five tired and disgusted Congressmen.

### The Crimes of the State

THIS persecution and prosecution of E. G.

Lewis was begun seven years ago, under the administration of President Roosevelt. It continued through two administrations. It ceases with the advent of President Wilson, elected by the Democratic party.

It would be unkind, and perhaps absurd, to say that party politics played any part in this most malevolent misuse of governmental powers.

All the men who had any hand in it, happily, are now out of office. Several of them are dead. The rest may be in the penitentiary or the insane asylum. In any event, they worked their purpose, and that was the destruction of the Lewis enterprises.

Lewis is penniless. Whether he can start in business again is a problem. That he is alive is a miracle, for no man can stand up and fight the government of the United States of America when it sets out to destroy him, and hope to live.

Lewis has no recourse. When one citizen injures another, under the law, there is a redress to the injured party. But Government can destroy and slay without ruth. "The king can do no wrong."



Government, misused, becomes a juggernaut whose spokes and tires are filled with the blood and flesh and bones of its victims. Read history, and you will find that the crimes of individuals sink into insignificance before the sins inaugurated by those who set themselves up to rule the people.

The United States of America is supposed to be a democracy—a government of the people and by the people and for the people. What an irony and a sarcasm of the use of words is it when we behold the treatment that E. G. Lewis has received at the hands of this government of the free!

The subject is too beastly even to discuss. I sympathize with the editors who dispose of it with an abridged chapter from *The Essay on Silence*. In it there is no play of wit, no fancy, no romance. It is all straight steam-roller, juggernaut stuff.

The Government got after Lewis and it destroyed him, root and branch. And yet, it failed to convict him in the courts. And with all of its army of sleuths and prosecuting attorneys, big and little, it did not make good on a single one of its charges.

Nobody is to blame. Everybody is absolved. "The king is dead. Long live the king." And all the Government can do—which really shows the impotency of government—is to issue a five-page report, the final word of which is "cease," meaning that the United States of America shall take its hands off of this citizen; and as far as past deeds shall obtain, shall leave the man alone.

### Compensation

THIS report by Congress, admitting without reservation that the Government has destroyed the business of one of its citizens, thereby throwing thousands of people out of employment, carries with it no recommendation or suggestion of recompense for the injured parties.

It is as dull, passionless and as slaty-gray as that out-West committee that was sent to inform a woman that her husband had been hanged through mistake, as he was n't the man at all that the Vigilance Committee was after.

The spokesman said to the widow, "It is one on you, all right!"

So this Congressional Committee might have put in a final word that this persecution and prosecution and destruction of the business of

E. G. Lewis was "one on him, all right." In the matter of restraint of trade, has any firm or corporation ever been as guilty as the Government of the United States was in this instance?

Is guilt personal?

Well, if you think so, just try and bring action against any of these men who, under the guise of government, under the protecting wing of the State, set out to destroy and did destroy the business that touched the lives and interests of thousands upon thousands of its citizens.

### The Official Finding

SO here follow a few extracts from the official findings by the Committee of Representatives to investigate the persecution and prosecution of E. G. Lewis, of Saint Louis, Missouri—changing not a word and setting down naught in malice:

For nearly seven years the Government of the United States, through the Post-Office Department and the Department of Justice, has been almost continuously prosecuting E. G. Lewis or the various enterprises with which he has been connected. The action of the Government has included fraud orders against the People's United States Bank, organized by Mr. Lewis, and against Mr. Lewis personally, and has involved repeated examinations into the affairs of the Lewis Publishing Company and other Lewis undertakings. Fourteen indictments or more have been found against Mr. Lewis, and, although most of them have been quashed, three long and expensive trials have taken place—two resulting in disagreement, the other in acquittal on four counts and a disagreement on seven counts. Some indictments are still pending. Meanwhile proceedings relating to the fraud order against Lewis and the United States Bank have taken place in Washington. Inspectors in the employ of the Government have scoured the country hunting up parties who would complain against Mr. Lewis or testify for the Government at the trials. Every effort that the organized power of two great departments could exert has been used at enormous expense. As a result several large business concerns managed by Mr. Lewis have been ruined, among them the People's United States Bank, the Lewis Publishing Company, and the University Heights Realty and Development Company; many hundreds of small investors have lost their savings; and the sad example has been shown the world of the powers of a great Government exerted successfully in an effort to ruin a single individual, and yet he has not been convicted of any violation of law.



The Government has been ill served in this whole matter. The inspectors who did the detective work were men who were neither accountants nor experienced in the lines of business which they were called upon to investigate, and their methods, particularly in the case of one Swenson, were such as to merit sharpest disapproval.

The arrangement made by the post-office inspectors with the postmaster at Saint Louis, whereby a large part of the edition of one of the Lewis magazines, some three hundred thousand copies, was seized without the knowledge of Mr. Lewis, goes far to justify the claim of conspiracy to damage the business.

The hearings in Washington before the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-Office Department, prior to the issuing of the fraud order against Lewis and the People's United States Bank, were a travesty on justice, and in no sense were of a judicial character, although they involved enterprises in which millions were being invested.

The action of the district attorney at Saint Louis in worrying Lewis by one series of indictments after another through many years, following up each failure to convict or each dismissal with fresh indictments, only to have these fail in turn, can only be explained on the theory that this man was adjudged guilty before he was tried, and that the Government had determined to be rid of him.

The methods whereby the country was searched, with but slight success, to find investors who had lost through the failure of Lewis enterprises and complained thereof, were unworthy of a great Government.

The count made by the Citizens Committee at the instance of Mr. Lewis, and at a cost to him of ten thousand dollars, to ascertain the bona-fide circulation of the Lewis publications was subsequently and substantially confirmed by an investigation made by the Post-Office authorities themselves. None the less, the Post-Office Department continued its attack on the Lewis publications in such a way as to demonstrate the unwisdom of vesting in one administrative officer the power of granting or withholding the second-class mail privilege. Several of the functions purposed to be performed by the People's United States Bank were desirable ones then and are desirable still. In fact, two of the plans for the bank suggested by Mr. Lewis have since been recommended by the American Bankers' Association. Not even the post-office inspectors criticized the bank scheme as being unsound from a banking point of view, nor has any one else. The plan for lending small sums on gold jewelry at a safe percentage of its value as appraised by competent experts was not only humane, but was working successfully, proving that it met a public demand. The

fact, if it be a fact, that the time for some of these plans was not yet ripe, afforded no basis for the action of the Government. As we read the record, it shows that the promises made in respect to this bank by Mr. Lewis were carried out in good faith so far as he was permitted by Government action to carry them out, and that the actions because of which he has been charged with breaking his promises were either the result of desperate efforts to save his bank and his other properties in the face of attack, or arose from that excessive hopefulness mentioned above. There is no question that at the time the People's United States Bank was closed by the fraud order of July Sixth, Nineteen Hundred Five, the institution was solvent; that it paid after its collapse all depositors in full, and 87½ per cent to its stockholders, and that it was not under the immediate control of Mr. Lewis. It was in the hands of a Board of Directors, prominent among the citizens of Saint Louis, whose character and experience and whose record for probity the Government has not attempted to impugn.

Mr. Lewis has continuously for years been under criminal indictment for fraudulent practises, and one of his enterprises, the People's United States Bank, has been the subject of a fraud order on the part of the United States Government. It may be well to point out that not only has the district attorney been unable to convict Mr. Lewis of wrong, though he has long exerted himself with the aid of the Post-Office Department so to do, but that there are certain evidences of good faith which can not be brought into court or made a portion of this committee's record, but which from their very nature are perhaps more striking than any spoken or written testimony.

An examination of the equipment of the buildings occupied by the Lewis Publishing Company shows care to secure the best. That can only be explained by an intention to develop a business on a substantial foundation. Had the design been fraudulent, much could have been saved in the equipment of this company and saved in such a way as to make criticism of the saving difficult. On the contrary, however, the equipment that is there speaks volumes, though silently, in favor of a deliberate purpose to create and maintain a substantial business. The printing-press installed for printing the Lewis newspapers was one of the largest in the world and was manufactured by a concern of high repute. The machinery throughout the plant of the Lewis Publishing Company was of the best makes and showed evident intention to establish a permanent equipment of the finest class. Had Mr. Lewis been as wise in other respects his fortunes would have been better.



However far Mr. Lewis may have departed in details from the specific statements made by him in advance as to his methods of procedure, it ought to be borne in mind that no orderly development of his bank or his publishing or his real-estate enterprises was possible in the face of the bitter attacks thereon in the press, combined with the destructive action of the Government. His bank, like every financial institution, depended upon his credit and the widest publicity through the mails for its very breath of life, and this credit and such privilege of advertisement were taken away and the bank ruined by a fraud order. His publishing business depended for its life upon its proceeds from its advertising contracts, and this business was interrupted and several hundred thousand copies of papers seized without his knowledge, so that he was unable to complete his contracts for advertising. Even if it be assumed that this drastic official course had the appearance of wrongdoing to justify it, it yet remains true that the action itself precluded Lewis from proceeding to build up in the usual way the business which would have provided the earnings with which to pay his creditors and the holders of his securities.

Lewis, having turned over everything he possessed, including his home, in an effort to save his various enterprises for the benefit of those interested, is now a poor man.

About ten thousand pages of printed testimony have been taken in this case. The counsel for the Government and for the Lewis enterprises have filed elaborate briefs. These briefs were submitted to the committee about the time Congress convened in December, Nineteen Hundred Twelve. Since the receipt of the briefs, it has been a physical impossibility for the committee to review the testimony and the briefs of counsel with the view of preparing a more detailed report than the one here submitted.

In conclusion, it is recommended:

That the power to determine whether or not a publisher is entitled to the second-class mail privilege should be better safeguarded than by the methods employed under existing law and the regulations of the Post-Office Department.

That all pending action on the part of the Post-Office Department against E. G. Lewis or any of the Lewis enterprises, or the American Woman's League, based upon past record, cease.

Mother Nature is kind, and if she deprives us of one thing she gives us another—happiness seems to be meted out to each and all in equal portions.

## Get-Well-Quick



THE trend of the times is well mirrored in the action of Sears, Roebuck and Company in throwing out all patent medicines and nostrums.

For twenty years this concern has done a thriving business in what is called the "standard" patent medicines. And the standard patent medicines simply mean those which have been widely advertised.

There are two reasons why a great corporation like Sears, Roebuck and Company should make a move of this kind. One is a matter of conscience. The second is the doubtful effect on sensible customers in advertising patent medicines for sale.

Without impeaching the first motive mentioned, I am inclined to think that the second is the stronger and more important in making this important change.

Great merchants everywhere endeavor to hold the confidence, respect and esteem of the public. A big businessman has his fingers constantly on the pulse of the public. And as a wise judge endeavors to reflect public opinion in his decisions, so does a good businessman express the spirit of the times in his advertisements.

One thing is sure, and that is that the public at large are learning the great truth that health is an achievement. It can not be secured by taking something out of a spoon.

Health comes from putting yourself in right relation to your environment. It means pure water, fresh air, active employment, right intent and plenty of exercise in the open. For these things there are no substitutes that can be bought in a bottle.

The lazy, the indifferent, the superstitious, have always sought health by going 'cross lots, just as many people have sought wealth by the get-rich-quick process.

There is no royal road in either geometry or health. You have to go by the turnpike. This, society at large is sensing, and Sears, Roebuck and Company, with the biggest list of patrons of any one institution in America, or in the world, rightly cater to the best judgment of their customers.



Sears, Roebuck and Company at one time, early in their career, sold liquors, so I understand. They abandoned this years ago, and the throwing out of patent medicines is a move in the same direction.

One, however, would not expect a druggist to follow suit, but here comes Liggett's, a corporation controlling a large number of drugstores, and issues an announcement in blackface that hereafter they will sell no liquors of any kind.

This is a move certainly toward the general recognition of the fact that strong drink does not make for health and happiness.

Liggett's will attract a good many extra customers by this radical move, the first of this kind, so far as I know. ¶ Over against this, however, please note the fact that the Attorney General of the United States has decided that the Post-Office Department has no right to exclude liquors from the Parcel Post.

This is a direct victory for the wets and a blow to prohibition. Whether the Government has rightly interpreted the trend of the times or not is an open question. On this subject we will hear more ere long.

Law is the crystallization of public opinion.

¶ The action of the Attorney General, however, seems to neutralize a little of the ethical argument put forth by Sears, Roebuck and Company and by Liggett's.

It is a good policy to leave a few things unsaid

## The Wisconsin Idea



AM writing this at Madison, Wisconsin, where I have just closed an engagement at the Orpheum

Each day I divided my time between the University and the State Capitol.

At the University I lingered in the library, visited classrooms, attended lectures, saw the laboratories, passed the medicine-ball with the boys, did a little passive track-work

in the gym, talked a little to various classes, unmuzzling my ignorance on many subjects.

¶ I attended several committee meetings at the Capitol, made a twenty-minute speech to

the Legislature, and dined with the Governor.

¶ In the evening, the boys and girls from the University, and some of the Solons from the Capitol, came to hear me vibrate the ether. One thing sure, Wisconsin is thoroughly wide-awake, alive and mentally alert.

This is the home of the Insurgent and the birthplace of the Progressive.

In Wisconsin every one wears his opinions pompadour

Wisconsin has at least one fad, so far-reaching in its potentialities that it deserves to be called "The Wisconsin Idea." Not that Wisconsin has any copyright on it, but Wisconsin has been alert enough to seize upon a big idea while it was yet in gaseous form, and whirl it into tangible nebulae.

And this Idea is the expansion of the University through the Public Schools, to the end that the entire State shall be a school campus and every schoolhouse an integral part of the University.

The old idea of education being exclusive and for the elect few, is being challenged here as nowhere else in the wide world.

### An Organization of the People

THE State of Wisconsin is the first State to put on the statute-books an act that provides that every public-school building shall be at the disposal of the people any time when it is not actually in use for a regular school session

On application of twenty citizens the School Board is required to open the schoolhouse, light and heat it, and place it at the disposal of these citizens for any purpose non-sectarian and not for financial gain.

The next thing is to interest the people in making use of their own property, and this is the thing that the University of Wisconsin is doing

The University is not a collection of buildings, nor an aggregation of professors. It is an organization of the people. And if the people can not come to the University, the University of Wisconsin has provided a way so that it goes to the people.

At the University here at the present time there is what is called a "short course"—technically, an Agricultural Course.

This course is open to men and women of any age, without restriction. There are no embarrassing features of examinations. You come here and you enter the classes on payment of



a nominal registration-fee. You are then as much one of the student body as any one of the students who come here to take the four years' course.

There are, at the present time, a thousand men and women—many of them past forty years of age—studying chemistry, soil analysis, history and economics.

I met one woman who is eighty-two, who will duly graduate in June and receive her B. A.

¶ But most of these students in the short course are here for six weeks. They come from the farms, the villages, the cities or the towns. A few of them have had college advantages, but most of them have not. Some of them were born across the sea. Men and their wives come here; some of them grandparents, whose children have grown up and moved away. They have a little money and a little leisure, so they go to the University. Then I found mothers entered as students, who had sons or daughters taking the regular college course. The opportunities thus offered for any citizen to enter the college at any time and feel that it is his college, that he is a part of it, is a great step to the front.

Thousands upon thousands of mature men and women come here and go back to their homes, taking with them somewhat of the college atmosphere.

These people are not tabu among the regulars; they are not smiled at; the spirit of the hoodlum is not in evidence. Gray hairs are respected; calloused hands are honored; furrowed faces—earnest, sincere, sane, poised—look into yours.

This one big idea of giving the schoolhouse back to the people is something which other States, in the course of a short time, must, in self-defense, adopt.

Denominations stand for exclusion and caste. They represent a line of cleavage. The utilization of a building owned by sectarians can never represent the civic-center spirit.

#### The Civic Center

¶ In pioneer times, the schoolhouse was the natural meeting-place of the people. Pioneers are always politicians. Society is in process. Debates, spelling-bees, concerts, were held at the schoolhouse. It was the natural meeting-place for the people. ¶ Here they met on a common ground. When Thomas Jefferson spoke of the schoolhouse being the bulwark of our civilization, he did not so

much mean the schoolhouse as a place where children were taught, as a place where grown-ups met.

But this idea was lost when opera-houses and various other places of amusement came in. But now we are getting back to the original idea of the schoolhouse as a civic center. The University of Wisconsin is organizing hundreds of towns and villages on the civic-center basis, using the schoolhouse for lectures, debates, clubs, moving pictures, stereopticon shows, and any and every thing in the line of education and human betterment.

Anybody with an idea has but to get twenty citizens to sign a request and the schoolhouse is his without cost and without further formality. ¶ The idea that the schoolhouse is a place for children only, and this at certain set hours, is a fallacy that the Wisconsin Idea has exploded.

#### Professor Ward

¶ In this splendid work of making the whole State into a University, Professor Edward J. Ward is the principal figure.

Ward was born in Buffalo; evolved into a school insurgent; was expelled on account of having energy plus; worked on the docks; drove dray; taught school; became a Presbyterian preacher. He utilized the church as a social club for all of the people; got into difficulties—very naturally—with the Board of Trustees and discovered that a church founded on sectarian lines could not possibly dissolve the prejudices of its competitors by inviting them to give up their churches to yours. ¶ Ward was the man who convinced the City of Rochester that the public schools should be opened as civic centers for all of the people.

¶ And so, in degree, in Rochester, every schoolhouse is a clubroom for the people. ¶ Yet, in New York, this policy does not have the sanction of the State. ¶ Wisconsin, seeing what Rochester had done, secured the services of this enthusiastic, unselfish and able social engineer, and he was put on the payroll of the University of Wisconsin.

In order that the idea should receive legal sanction, a bill was prepared and passed, without opposition, by the State Legislature. It was duly signed by Governor McGovern, who is very much in sympathy with the idea, and who is doing a very earnest and excellent work in giving the University to the people. ¶



The value of this idea of civic centers everywhere, and the use of the schoolhouse for all of the people all of the time in an educational way, is beyond human computation.

There is a tendency on the part of parents to leave education to the hired teachers. Very few parents have any knowledge of what is being done at the schoolhouse. Few, indeed, there are, who visit school once a year. And for many, education ceases when the school-days are over.

Socrates said, "I would set the young people to work, and send the old people to college, because poetry and philosophy should be the solace of those who have lived long."

If college education is a good thing, then all of the people should have it.

This is the Wisconsin Idea. And the methods being used to bring this about are of a very practical, tangible, commonsense sort. The plan works.

Good luck is science not yet classified, just as the supernatural is the natural not yet understood.

## Women Farmers



VAST number of businessmen are buying farms. The automobile makes it easy to get out of town. The country invites. Beside that, there is a belief that an investment in real estate is a wise one.

The number of women in America who own farms and successfully manage them is on the increase. Women have always raised the "garden sass" and poultry. She succeeded with these when often the men tailed with the big things. And now she is taking a hand all along the line.

Many of the men who are buying farms put the property in their wives' names. Woman is the natural farmer. The word "wife" means weaver. Woman furnishes the home. She cooks, prepares and serves the food. Her business is to minister.

This, of course, is more or less poetical among the newly rich, who never do anything that they can hire any one else to do.

But the third generation, if it exists at all,

seems to realize that work is a privilege, not a curse. So we find the most democratic among our people are often recruits from the so-called "Four Hundred."

In England the most democratic people are those with titles. At the stock shows you will find lords, dukes, earls, wearing corduroys, flannel shirts, slouch hats, intent on living the simple life.

In Texas there are upwards of a hundred women who own ranches of ten thousand acres and more each. These women ride horses like men. They help at the round-ups, they market their cattle, they improve the breeds, they are familiar with the cattleman's vocabulary.

They have their own bank-accounts and hire their helpers.

In a similar way, all over America, women are managing farms and carrying the work to a degree of success which their husbands and brothers very often do not reach.

It is easy to say that woman's place is the home. Woman's sphere is anything that she can do, and do well; just as a man's work is the thing that he can do best. The mother-heart easily extends itself to the care of pets—their poultry, their horses, hogs and cattle. To raise grain to feed these animals is easy and natural. "Civilization began with the domestication of animals," says Alfred Russel Wallace.

Also, it might be said that women farmers put the kibosh on the ether-cone so far as they themselves are concerned. Women who care for animals and live close to the soil keep well!

**G**ENIUS is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it: so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.



## Edward Thomas Bedford, America's Greatest Salesman



HUNDRED years ago there was but one millionaire in America.

He had one eye, and his name was Stephen Girard.

In America today we have eight thousand men who are worth over a million dollars each. England has five hundred; France less than a hundred; Germany about the same; and Russia none, save the Grand Dukes, and since

they did not make their money and can't spend the principal, they really do not count.

¶ To be sure, a hundred years ago every village and hamlet boasted one or two colossal incomes, ranging all the way from five to ten thousand dollars; and in the mouths of the hungry villagers these stupendous sums were as delectable and succulent morsels, which were fletcherized with extreme unction.

¶ *O tempora! O mores!* to quote our friend the late Tully, who was some spellbinder. *Tempora mutantur*—how times are changed! Millionaires are rather diminutive tubers these days. They stalk about in our very midst every day of the week, and we never know it—little difference it would make if we did.

Time was when a millionaire was a man who was worth a million dollars.

Next, he was a man who made a million a year.

Now a man can not qualify for Millionaires' Row unless he spends a million every twelve-month.

We can not anticipate the next step in the evolution of the strong box. Already we are getting familiar and hail-fellow-well-met with multimillionaires and billionaires. In such company as this, your mere millionaire is decidedly *de trop*.

### "Obscure" Millionaires

EVERY week or so some millionaire dies, of whom the world at large knows little or nothing. In fact, in these times of inflated fortunes, the average millionaire has to die in order to win recognition from the press. The obituary is generally a businesslike statement, brief and to the point: "Mr. Smithers, of

Jimtown, died yesterday, worth ten million piastres. No flowers. Pittsburgh and Kalamazoo papers please copy." Like Wilson's Whisky, that's all.

It is only the Carnegies, Morgans, Astors, Rockefellers and Lawsons—people who maintain a bureau and do strange things to get the advertising publicity free, gratis, for nothing—that every one takes note of. No others need apply.

And yet, an entertaining chapter might be penned about so-called "obscure" or lowly millionaires, men who have done somewhat in the world, and made their pile, but to whom the world, after its fashion, is strangely indifferent. They are, for the most part, quiet, unassuming men, who mind their own affairs, say little and hoe corn.

### Twenty-Six Broadway

ON lower Broadway stands a tall, narrow building, that is the home of more Cock-Lane ghost-stories, perhaps, than any other building in the country. About Number Twenty-six Broadway there hangs a pall of mystery like unto that which enveloped the fateful House of Usher.

Certainly, Twenty-six Broadway has acquired (however undeservedly) a sinister fame in the eyes of certain worthy people. They visit the spot and gaze at the non-committal exterior with fearsome awe. A little imagination, and lo! Number Twenty-six Broadway is straightway metamorphosed into an ogre's den, a veritable Castle Dangerous, within whose gloomy walls lurks a gruesome Giant Despair, ready at a moment's notice to pounce on the unwary and rend them piecemeal.

Had Eugene Sue known about Number Twenty-six Broadway, he would surely have devoted a chapter to it in his *Mysteries of Paris*.

Twenty-six Broadway is associated with the Standard Oil Company, the best business organization in the world. The Standard Oil Company did n't happen; it is the direct and inevitable result of struggle and ceaseless endeavor, combined with foresight.

Efficiency is the watchword of the company.

¶ "The very elevator-boys are chosen with a view to their possible evolution into department heads," wrote Ida Tarbell, and she was right.

King Oil is the graven image, the golden calf, before which every Standard Oil employee



reverently genuflects. Even the night-watchman on his nocturnal rounds cries out, "Oil well!"

### A Captain of Industry

ON one of the doors in this fortress of finance appears the name "Mr. Bedford"—simply that and nothing more.

But who is Mr. Bedford? Can it be that he is one of the ogres, gloom-bugs or Cyclops that are popularly supposed to haunt the grim corridors of Number Twenty-six Broadway?

❏ Wrong again. Mr. Bedford is one of those "obscure" millionaires—a most well-disposed gentleman, by the way, and one of the men higher up. He is a director of the Standard Oil Company, and a member of its highest governing body, the Executive Committee. Men who exert big influences can afford to be modest.

If Mr. Bedford had amassed his millions in the time of Nero, he would undoubtedly have been requested to bequeath his wealth to that savior of the State and open his veins without more ado. As it is, he does business in a locality where every third or fourth man you meet has an income that is swollen like the mumps, so the American people do not as yet know him very intimately.

Mr. Bedford was born of English parents in Brooklyn, in Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, the year of the gold-fever in California. The family had come to this country the year previous, and settled in New York's "Dormitory."

The father, Frederick Thomas Bedford, was a skilled wood-carver.

When the Prince of Wales (later King Edward the Seventh) visited the United States as the Nation's guest of honor, the American people presented Queen Victoria with a portrait of the Prince, and Frederick Bedford was delegated to design and carve the frame that enclosed the portrait.

E. T. Bedford received his education in the public schools of Brooklyn, and at the Maple-grove Academy, Westport, Connecticut.

From the very start he began qualifying for a place of honor with the Standard Oil Company. His first money was earned as a salesman in the employ of the oil firm of Charles Pratt and Company. He specialized in oil and learned all that he could about the product.

Later, he was connected with Chesebrough

and Company, the foremost producers of vaseline in the United States. Everybody is familiar with the dainty little bottles put out by this "subsidiary"—their product is almost good enough to eat.

Next Mr. Bedford stepped into the firm of Boyd and Thompson, working first as an employee, then as a junior partner. In time the firm name was changed to Thompson and Bedford, and the partners were R. J. Thompson, Edward Thomas Bedford, Charles Pratt and H. H. Rogers.

The company was incorporated in Eighteen Hundred Eighty, and became the Eastern agents for selling lubricating-oils for the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Bedford became president of this company. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, the business became a department of the Standard Oil Company—the Bedford Department.

### Decentralization

THE Standard Oil Company is organized on the basis of decentralization, after the manner of a department-store, or the watertight compartments of an ocean liner.

Decentralization spells business salvation. Without it disaster to one department of the business would mean financial ruin to the entire concern.

In Nineteen Hundred Three, Mr. Bedford became a director of the Standard Oil Company, and also a member of its Executive Committee. His particular province consisted in advising the company on methods of merchandising, on the manufacture of lubricating-oils (of which he had made a special study), and on the development of the foreign market.

❏ Bedford's business is salesmanship. He does not give lectures on the subject at Chautauquas, but the fact is, he is America's greatest salesman.

When the Standard Oil Company was dissolved by decree of the Supreme Court, Mr. Bedford resigned his official posts in various oil concerns, thenceforth to devote his time and energies to the Corn Products Refining Company, of which he was elected president on the reorganization of the business a few years ago. In the short space of three years Mr. Bedford increased the company's average annual net earnings from three hundred seventy-five thousand dollars to nearly ten times that amount.

Andrew Carnegie says we should put all our



eggs in one basket, and then watch the basket. But Andy was speaking of eggs, and anyway, the canny Scotsman knows full well that one iron in the fire is not enough to keep an active man busy.

Mr. Bedford has been connected with C. W. Morse in the ice business, and with the Bank of North America. At present he is associated with the Self-Winding Clock Company, the Matheson Lead Company, the Bush Terminal Company, the Thompson-Starrett Construction Company, the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, the Bedford Petroleum Company (of Paris, France), New York Glucose Company, Atlantic Refining Company, and the Manufacturers' Trust Company.

### Riding a Hobby

**M**R. BEDFORD finds his diversion in horseflesh. With him the "hobbyhorse is not forgot." He is an enthusiastic horseman and has spent many thousands of dollars on costly studs. He is a member of the Riding and Driving Club, of Brooklyn, and owns a breeding and stock farm at Green's Farms, Connecticut, which he calls Wynfromere. His trotting stable has produced some famous horses. He was the breeder of the celebrated Hamburg Belle, who held the world's record of 2:01 1-4, and was sold for fifty thousand dollars.

He owns a valuable show stable, and some of his teams have attained renown, as, for instance, Hildred and Plymouth Champion, and Donner and Blitzen. Mr. Bedford himself is recognized as one of the most expert whips in the country. He has hung up a number of notable records. At the Parkway Club, in Nineteen Hundred Two, he drove his two trotters, Bemay and York Boy, to a road-wagon, registering a mile in 2:12 1-2—a world's record.

He is also a member of the Parkway Driving Club, of Brooklyn; the Bridgeport Yacht Club, and the Hockanum (Connecticut) Golf Club.

Mr. Bedford has three daughters and a brace of boys. A lot of left-handed compliments are passed out to college lads and rich men's sons these days. The best argument against all such nonsense is the boys themselves. Fathers quite generally have a way of forgetting that they were once in kilts themselves; and having survived the peg-top age, they expect their sons to skip the youthful stage and become

mature men of dignified port and sober judgment while you wait.

But "dog will have his day." The Bedford boys labor under the double disadvantage of being a rich man's sons, and collegians, to boot. But they bid fair to follow in father's footsteps, for already one is in charge of a department of the Standard Oil Company, and the other is treasurer of the Corn Products Refining Company. And it is n't "pull," either, for though pull may get people into positions, push alone will keep them there. The Bedford boys believe in the initiative, but not the recall.

Until you come to realize that many things you were sure of are not so, and many you scouted are true, you have not begun to live.

### A New Type of Man



NEW type of man has been discovered.

Science has placed him on the slide, analyzed, diagnosed and duly labeled him. He is known as "the intellectic."

¶ The type is as clearly defined as the paranoiac, the dipsomaniac or the kleptomaniac.

The intellectic is a by-product of civilization. He is a man who lives on his roof, as compared with the opposite type which lives in its basement. He has a superstructure, but no base. He knows everything but the obvious, and can do anything but make a living.

Savage, barbaric and pioneer people never produce a man of this class. He seems to be a sort of sport of civilization, one of Nature's little ironies. He has intellect, but is deficient in commonsense. To that degree science rightly classifies him as a defective.

The term "highbrow," used by the proletariat, is in degree synonymous with the term "intellectic," although the proletariat is very apt to go wrong in his diagnosis, and he may dub a thoroughly strong and well-equipped individual, one who is beyond him, a "highbrow."

¶ A man may be a highbrow and yet be very well ballasted with commonsense. But when you get the highbrow who lacks commonsense, you have the intellectic.



### What Is Commonsense?

**J**UST here the question naturally arises, What is commonsense? Commonsense is the common and natural utilization of the senses. Commonsense is the sense which the common people possess. In fact, they have to possess it, otherwise they would perish. It is a part of the great law of self-preservation. It is intuition wisely directed.

Commonsense means the ability to take care of yourself. And inasmuch as man is a herding animal, commonsense implies an intuitional right adjustment of man to his fellows.

The first item of commonsense is a cheerful willingness to make yourself useful to other people. Without this ability the individual would starve to death, were he not taken care of at the hands of charity.

Even among savages every individual has got to do something for the tribe or the clan. He must render a service.

As the tribe evolves, the more necessary it is that the individual should serve the mass, in order that he himself will be supplied food, clothing, shelter, protection and the approbation which every individual craves. Then comes the love want, and we get politeness, deference, chivalry, art.

In the evolution of society, there arrives a strong man who first exercises his power in killing and destroying. This proves his prowess, and he is obeyed as a natural consequence, and is crowned king. ¶ The priest comes in shortly after the king, with his pretense of pacifying the powers of Nature, or the "gods." The intellectic is a make-believe strong man. His power for destruction is slight, and his ability to "pacify the gods" is obviously pretense. He deceives only one person as to his ability, and that is himself.

Stanley Hall in his wonderful book, *Adolescence*, makes the statement that all of the commonsense an individual ever possesses he acquires before he is fourteen years old. After that, so far as commonsense is concerned, his case is hopeless. You can send him to college and he will acquire learning, expanding his intellect, collecting facts, but all you will ever get will be an intellectic—that is, an individually morally and mentally defective.

¶ The intellect is no guide in matters of getting a living or dealing with the primal and basic things in life. Breed enough intellectics, and the race would die.

In fact, with the pure type of intellectic, Nature goes on a strike and refuses to reproduce. —

Nature hates the intellectic as she hates a vacuum, and, as a matter of fact, that's just about what an intellectic is. He is a void—a vacuous, viscous vision of a thing never seen on land or sea.

### Respectable Mendicants

**T**HE discovery and proper classification of the intellectic explains the presence of orthodox theology and allopath medicine, both of which contain elements that are devoid of commonsense. That is, in them there are things which no one would ever know anything about were he not instructed by an intellectic, or had he not read books, memorized creeds and fletcherized rituals devised by such. The intellectic will never abandon his errors until they become ridiculous and unpopular.

If you do not wish to accept his dogma of salvation through a blood-sacrifice, he will close the matter by saying, "Very well, then you can go to hell!"

And if you decline to be vaccinated, he will absolve himself of all blame by loftily saying, "Very well, then go and die of smallpox!"

Examples will readily come to mind of this type. There is no use of calling names. Just think back in your own experience, and you will be able to locate a few of these educated fools.

It is said that there are more of them now than ever before in all history, this on account of the fact that inherited wealth makes, in many instances, individuals free from the necessity of earning a living. And one so handicapped will not be apt to evolve those primal instincts which we all should possess.

Children born in the country of poor parents, or in villages where every one works for a living, run very small risk indeed of evolving into intellectics. The product comes from the cities. To a great degree the habit of paying honors and doing deference to certain professions has no doubt had a good deal to do with evolving the intellectic.

Always and forever, the true type of intellectic is a parasite—usually a respectable mendicant. He lives off the labor of other people. He wastes, he destroys, he consumes—he does not create.



### The Danger of the Intellectic

**T**HE safety of the race lies in the fact that the intellectic has been located, and the psychic domain that he inhabits has been, in degree, mapped and the life-buoys placed. We have been duly warned.

The paranoiac may know a seizure and work dire mischief, or sudden death. The intellectic is just as dangerous, and perhaps more so, because the poison that he distills is insidious and slow in its action. He is the man who upholds the religio-medico-legal fetish, and spreads its baleful influence.

Often he has a high standing in good society, and his dictum is quoted as law. And thus does he enslave thousands and shackle the minds of multitudes.

Any man who is unfamiliar and out of sympathy with the simple, little, common, every-day things of life, who is not in touch with the multitude and whose heart does not go out to the many, is on the preserve of the intellectic, and is a good man to let alone. No matter how plausible his arguments, give him absent treatment. Flee any man who does not have commonsense, no matter how great his mental attainments.

Safety lies in living like a poor man, no matter how much money you have; and above all things, bring your children up to be useful, to perform the necessary tasks of life, never to be above doing good, plain, old-fashioned work.

Any one who uses the term "menial" is touched with intellecticism. There are no menial tasks. The necessary is the sacred, and the useful is the divine.

Keep your feet on the earth, even though your head is in the clouds. Do not be exclusive, and set yourself apart, as something special and peculiar. The high and lofty attitude we often see in the poet, the artist and the musician all token the defective. Have intellect, of course, but build it on a basis of commonsense.

**I** THINK I know what love is for, although I'm not quite sure. I think love is given us so we can see a soul. And this soul we see is the highest conception of excellence and truth we can bring forth. This soul is our reflected self. And from seeing what one soul is, we imagine what all souls may be—and thus we reach God, who is the Universal Soul.

### The Purpose of the Little Red Schoolhouse

By Alice Hubbard



DEMOCRACY is the destiny of an evolving people.

A democratic form of government is neither for slaves, Plebeians nor Patricians. It is the natural government of a great, free, wise, generous and aspiring people.

Who were the first people in history to conceive the idea of a democratic form of government?

It was not the Israelites, the product of prolonged paternalism, the chosen people, especially loved and cared for by a jealous Jehovah.

It was not the Chinese, whose development was directed by an absolute ruler.

It was not Japan, whose interests were confined within the limits of her little islands.

It was not India, the prisoner of her own superstitions, nor Europe with her monarchs more or less generous.

Nor was it Rome, with her culture and civilization acquired by conquest.

The first clear idea of a democracy was formulated by the ancient Greeks. The word is theirs: *demos*, the commons; the commonalty; the common people; the populace. A democracy was no poet's dream. It was the concept of statesmen who saw beyond the imperfections of what was possible with their degree of civilization, and knew that man could never be satisfied until the people were supreme. The Greeks were the first who tried to realize this democratic ideal.

Athens is an example of as pure a democracy as has existed. But Athens had slaves, and, too, her women were not recognized as a part of the democracy. The "free" people were necessarily only the most intelligent men of the Athenians, and, of course, they were not free, for there can be no free men where there are slaves.

It takes great, unselfish, large-minded, generous and great-hearted men and women to form a democracy.

The natural rights of each human being, no matter what his station is, must be recognized in a pure democracy.



The principle of democracy is that every individual must recognize the rights of every other individual in all activities.

In a democracy there is no handicap to business, no limitation to activity, for no activity could be developed to the detriment of any person.

Pure democracy and justice are synonymous.

¶ Democracy implies unity, co-operation, monism.

### Individualism

**M**AN was first an individualist. He had no quarrel with any one, for the reason that there was no one with whom to quarrel, and he had no quarrel with himself.

Feuds entered the world with the advent of society.

From the beginning, the quarrel was for supremacy.

The first quarrel was between males. They fought for food, shelter and the female.

The primitive wants are, the hunger want and the sex want. The primitive struggle is for these primitive wants.

As man has developed, the points of contact and the points of contest have increased, although we trace the cause of quarrels back to these two wants.

These two natural wants have great and varied ramifications.

People live together when drawn by common interests—mutuality of desire. Their points of agreement, however, are few compared to the points of difference, so that it takes great generosity, rare intelligence, noble purpose, for people to dwell in the same house in a condition of absolute democracy.

And that is where democracy must begin—in the home.

Most homes have one ruler, one dictator. Sometimes it is the mother who gives to the world citizens. More often it is the man who is the financier of the household.

It is a rare home where the people who make up the home are supreme. In this rare home you will find the highest type of friendship, harmony and peace, a very high grade of intelligence, courtesy, gentleness, individual power and absolute respect each for the other's natural rights.

A collection of democratic homes would be a hamlet, a village, a city, whose government was a democracy. This would be an ideal community, city, State, where the needs of

the people were of the foremost interest. Selfishness would not exist. All would work for the State, which is for the good of the community.

In such a village, city, State, we can imagine perfect roads, the first requisite to a true civilization; as perfect conditions for children as for men; the same provision for the development of men, women and children.

The people whose ideal is a democracy are intent on developing and maintaining institutions which give opportunity for the education of all people.

### The Basis of Democracy

**A** DEMOCRACY is possible only to people of superior enlightenment.

The schools would be the center of interest for every one, and the schoolhouse would come again to its original use: an arena for free discussion, a place for the development of theories, and the philosophy of the education of all the people of all ages.

This was the idea of Thomas Jefferson, who devised the free-school system of America. This is what he meant when he said, "The schoolhouse is the bulwark of the Nation."

¶ The education of all the people is the purpose of the little red schoolhouse, common property of all the people. Wherever there is a little red schoolhouse, there is a sign of democracy, a prophecy, a great hope.

Thomas Jefferson knew that, in order to have a democracy, the people must have equal opportunity for education.

The little red schoolhouse was built in pioneer times. The building was the simplest and the least expensive. Every family of the commonwealth had access to it. It was the meeting-place for all of the people.

Whenever there was a matter concerning the welfare of the people, the school-bell was rung, and the people assembled and discussed ways and means, and decided what action to take.

¶ In times of stress, humanity unites, because it is thrown back upon primitive needs, and primitive needs are few.

There were no quarrels in Dayton, Columbus, Youngstown, Hamilton, Springfield, Newark and Omaha, in March, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, except for food.

In Thomas Jefferson's time the American people had one purpose: to build a nation, to make a State where all might have equal opportunity. There was a common interest,



because of common hardship, deprivation and persecution. In their union was their strength and their hope.

Statesmen worked for the organization and development of the State. They were democrats who worked for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Out of this desire to serve came the little red schoolhouse.

Thomas Jefferson did not mean, neither did the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts mean, that the schoolhouse used exclusively for children was the bulwark of civilization, but the schoolhouse used as the natural meeting-place of the people who never finish their education.

Drummond says there are two natural struggles. The first is the individual struggle for existence. The second is the struggle for the existence of others.

When a human being feels a desire to take care of and work for others, he has entered into the second struggle and is evolving.

Mothers, fathers, teachers, philanthropists, scientists, inventors, business-builders, entrepreneurs, statesmen, are all in this second struggle. They are socialists working for society.

### Individualism and Democracy

THE individualist, whose struggle is confined to ministering to his own desires, has very little mental development. He never can be a well-educated person. He has too few tools, too little opportunity for exercise, and his next state is ankylosis.

The people whose interests are confined to that which affects themselves and their own little home must be limited in intelligence. Those who are interested in themselves and their neighbors only are limited. Even those whose interests are confined to the welfare of the town in which they live, to the city, or the State, are limited.

Yet all of these home and provincial interests must be theirs, but must not be their confine.

¶ A person who makes a successful struggle and maintains himself and his family, and enlarges his interests and activities so that he works for the good of all whom he can reach, has the equipment for development.

If his desire is to place within the reach of all others the same equipment, he is a democrat.

¶ The desire for democracy is the aspiration of a lofty, developing mind. The consideration

of such a mind is always: "Is this measure to the advantage of the many? Will the development of this plan interfere with the rights of the many?"

All enterprises that are open to all of the people are democratic. Those which shut out the many, limit and tend toward despotism. The plan of the free public school is democratic. Its purpose is to benefit all.

A private school, which limits the number of the beneficiaries, is opposed to democracy. Colleges, where the opportunity to receive its benefits is limited to the rich, are opposed to democracy.

The opening of the doors of colleges to women was a step in the direction of democracy. As man evolves and becomes prosperous, and his tastes more refined, his tendencies are toward exclusiveness—away from democracy. The tendency of prosperity is toward selfishness, exclusiveness.

Deprivation has the semblance of restricting freedom.

When a man can, he usually indulges himself, because the indulgence seems desirable. "I can buy whatever I wish," he says, and surrounds himself with luxury. Then his interests are turned from the many. And he is limited in his experiences, becomes exclusive, restricts his activities, so that he has less freedom than he had in his days of poverty. He is separated from the masses.

He sends his children where they may have special care.

He has luxurious tastes and exclusiveness with regard to the expression of religious sentiment. So he builds his own church.

Religious sects are undemocratic in their tendency.

The democratic church is the universal church.

### The Townhall

THE Thomas Jefferson idea is that there shall be a common meeting-place for the free and full discussion of topics of common interest.

There came a time when the schoolhouse was too small to be a general meeting-place. A larger house was needed, and the Townhouse was built, where were held all meetings of interest to the Demos. Meetings were held there on Sunday, on any day of the week, as there was need for a general conference.

The schoolhouse was abandoned by the grown people for the Townhouse, and the opportu-



nity for the growth of the children with the grown people was abandoned.

It is unsafe to separate the growing from the grown.

When the education of the children and the education of the adults were separated, the growth of both was stunted. The grown people specialized on the education of children, to the detriment of the further education of both. The Townhouse was limited in its use. The churches and clubhouses were limited in their uses. And the schoolhouses, which should have the most general use of all public property, became narrowed into the small confine of teaching children from books.

Men have specialized to the disadvantage of their general needs and for their general good.

¶ But the same general needs remain.

The demand for democracy is still the desire of the largest-hearted, most generous and wise people.

There is a need for us to go back to the little red schoolhouse—the representative of Thomas Jefferson's ideal of a democracy.

In a few towns today, the people have opened the schoolhouses for meetings and discussions of subjects which are for the general good of the people.

Any citizen who has a message for the people may have the use of the schoolhouse. A free discussion of the subject is invited. Any person in the audience may give his opinion.

Where the schoolhouse has been given back to the people for its original use, the citizens are becoming educated. They are working towards democracy.

THE wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in showing a great deal yourself. He who goes out of your company, pleased with his own facetiousness and ingenuity, will the sooner come into it again. Most men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed and diverted than approved and applauded, and it is certainly the most delicate sort of pleasure, to please another.

But that sort of wit which employs itself insolently in criticizing and censuring the words and sentiments of others in conversation, is absolute folly; for it answers none of the ends of conversation. He who uses it neither improves others, is improved himself, nor pleases any one.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

## The New Man

By Alice Hubbard



On a pasture on The Roycroft Farm is a flock of forty sheep.

¶ A few weeks ago we added to this number one beautiful ewe. She is a lovely animal, stronger than any other sheep there, and has wonderful possibilities.

When she was introduced into the field the sheep ran from her. Then they came back and looked her over. Each one seemed to be making

adverse criticism and sharp comment upon her and her ancestors.

It was forty to one.

Finally they challenged her, and there was many a combat.

For days they harassed and tormented her in every way they could.

It did not occur to them that here was a beautiful addition to the strength of their flock; that if as sheep they wanted to prosper, here was an opportunity for help.

Because she was a stranger, they took it as conclusive that she was an enemy. Had she been a weakling, they would have killed her, because, as I have said, there were forty to one.

But because she was strong, courageous, powerful, and determined to live, she survived, and was finally allowed the freedom of the pasture on equal terms with the forty. "How like human beings!" said a friend who was interested in the incident.

"How like wolves!" was the answer!

It is the wolf spirit to keep the pack intact. The pack knows its own strength as it is, and it has not intelligence enough to discern a difference between poor and good wolves that wish to join them. So they test him out, using every unfair means to down him. He does not become one of them unless he is superior in strength.

It is the instinct of self-preservation used regardless of the rights of others.

How like human beings! Exactly so!

The wolf spirit is with any pack. However, we expect human beings to have more discernment than animals. But there are few who do.



### The Instinct of the Pack

WHEN any employer hires a new man, observe the pack. It certainly is not looking for perfection in the New Man. There is usually a wave of suspicion goes over the entire institution.

If the new employee's position is not well defined, Jealousy and Fear promptly draw their weapons.

The New Man is watched, observed, misinterpreted. Little groups of employees gather and discuss him. He is criticized, denounced, misinformed, and becomes the butt of practical jokes. The "cold shoulder" is the gentlest treatment he receives.

"He's got a stand-in with the front office."  
"He thinks he knows more than any of us, but we'll show him."

The suggestions that he makes are received with: "We never did it that way before. We have been here a good while longer than you. The shop was running before you arrived."

All this is said and as much more as is dared.

¶ If he is a "weak wolf," he is rendered incapable, from a business standpoint. He resigns, or gets sick, and the firm loses this opportunity to make a new helper.

If he is a "good fellow" and blends with the other employees, he is accepted. But the firm has added to its strength only by one.

¶ If he is a leader and can conquer, one to forty, he has a long fight and is worth the price, no matter what his employer pays him. And the business has gained in this one man the strength of forty.

### A Case in Point

ONCE knew an institution where the business had grown rapidly. The superintendent of one department had not grown with it. He asked for help and repeatedly asked for it. The firm was anxious, for its own sake, to get the best man possible, and to give the superintendent valuable assistance.

The place was of importance, and different men came to look over the work and to be looked over. None of them pleased the superintendent. Finally he decided that he did not need help.

However, the fact remained that he did.

The employer hired an assistant, a strong man, and diplomatically presented him to the superintendent.

Was he accepted? Oh, no! Instead he was harassed, crippled in his work in every way.

Contemptible plots were skilfully laid and reports cleverly circulated which should, if possible, come to the ears of the employer and put the New Man in the wrong light.

But the new assistant was a king, and he stood his test.

The superintendent could not stand the competition, and, of course, resigned, claiming that he was a martyr.

The persecution does not so much hurt the New Man as it impairs the earning capacity of the pack.

### The Capable Man

THE employees who take time off to discuss the defects, real or imaginary, of the New Man, are cheating themselves and their employer.

No man has money to pay an employee for finding fault with his fellows, for "getting even" with another employee, nor for discussions or personal quarrels. No man who pays for labor has money for anything but to pay employees for service. And no one who really serves an institution, who is honestly interested in his work, will join the pack in its attack on the New Man.

The man who is receiving money from an employer can prosper only as his employer prospers. He is working for himself, whether he is big enough to recognize it or not.

If he is an intelligent workman, who realizes that only through his work is he developed, only through interest in his work can he be benefited, that he is working for the institution, he will welcome the New Man. He will do all in his power to make the New Man of service to the institution, and the institution stronger by one, by five, by forty, as the strength of the New Man is.

FOR the vagaries of the clouds the Infidels propose to substitute the realities of earth; for superstition, the splendid demonstrations and achievements of science; and for theological tyranny, the chainless liberty of thought. ¶ We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrines are the all in all of truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We can not unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand as all the stars.—*Ingersoll*.



## Contingent Fees

By W. W. Davis

Chairman Investigating Committee Kentucky  
State Bar Association



O My Brother Lawyers: I desire to submit the following insurgent report. The Committee has done little. In fact, it has done nothing. I am the Committee, and I am the Chairman and, like all Chairmen, I am to blame. ¶ Often have I observed the big fat horses of the ambulance service trotting down the street with the gong ringing and the medical neophyte taking himself seriously on the seat with the driver. Automobiles—limousines with drawn curtains—follow in a restrained Macedonian phalanx. What a constantly recurring coincidence it is—ambulance first, automobiles following! How wide and deep and noble is the meaning of human sympathy that men should hasten to their railroad-injured and street-car-mangled brothers on wings of benzine! How can your Committee know what those automobiles mean? Follow them and see? Shall the Committee mortgage its home—a la balance of mankind—and buy low-browed joy-cars? How else can the Committee follow and investigate? Angels of mercy may be in those “chasing” autos, but we reck not. Most likely corporation adjusters and damage-suit barristers: one carrying ninety-nine dollars in new one-dollar bills, with printed contract of release and fountain-pen; the other carrying newspaper clippings of forensic efforts and a contract in blank “for a sum equal to four-fifths.” There are your lions and unicorns fighting for the crown! Shall your Committee jump up and knock them both down? If so, what is your Committee? Perish the thought!

### The Remedy

WHERE there is a wrong, there is a remedy. There was once a philosopher named Archæus, who had been struck on the head by a large boulder of his own petrean age, and badly idiotized, and he worshiped daily at the temple of the goddess Ethics. He grasped the solution of this problem, as the brain-cell phosphorus sputtered and exploded beneath the idiot-bump, and thus spake, “I shall set the hand of the Corporationist Counsel against

this profanation of the divine Ethics.” Then he brought together the District Counsel of the Pliocene Railroad Company and the Miocene Traction Company and told them of the wrongs heaped upon the aforesaid divine Ethics, and said: “It’s up to you, gentlemen. You can stop it. Do it!” Then the District Counsel winked their off eyes, drew down their brows, and retired to consider the matter. Why did they not look one another in the face when alone? Should counsel, even of that remote age, be afraid to do that? The Roman augurs smiled in their day and time when they gazed into one another’s souls. Then the Counsel drew up the following report, to wit:

“Whereas, easy opposition is the life of trade, and we are traders: Therefore, it is to smile!”

Then they returned in solemn procession to the philosopher, and lighting his Indo-Chinese pipe for him, cleared their throats, drew still lower their brows, and read their report, which being interpolated and interpreted, was as follows, to wit:

“Whereas, Ethics is the life of the law, and we are Ethical. Therefore, we are It!”

Then the philosopher blessed his legal children (not meaning that he had other children) and lapsed into the dreamless silence of the tongueless dust.

This Investigating Committee would ask of the Association what are its functions—if there be any, other than those of a Javert sitting patiently with burning eyes at the mouth of the sewer? Are they the functions of the hunter—to be alert and to shoot? Are they the functions of the bilious owl—to look wise and to hoot?

### Work of the Bar Associations

OUR State Bar Associations ought to wake up and earnestly agitate the passage of a law by the Legislature making all contracts for contingent fees, in damage-cases, void, where the attorney has solicited the case and obtained the contract for contingent fees upon such solicitation. The right should be given to the damaged party—the plaintiff—to repudiate the contract at any time. Perhaps such right exists now under the law relative to maintenance and champerty. But a strong, clear statute upon the subject will greatly assist. This would place the professional “ambulance-chaser” in constant



jeopardy of losing his fee after his work had been completed. The uncertainty of his reward—the serious uncertainty—would be a restraint on unprofessional practises. Why “chase” and labor and wait, and then when the judgment in damages is about to be paid, hear the client say: “Depart from me! All this is mine and none of it is yours. You solicited the case!” That would be a mean trick for the client to play, but the potential fact that he could play it and might play it would mean a great deal.

Again I suggest that there should be a provision of law, operating in conjunction with the above provision, requiring the attorney for plaintiff in a damage action to attach to his petition an affidavit to the effect that the case was in no way solicited by him or any agent or “runner” for him. Then let the attorney be subject to the criminal law for false swearing in such affidavit, and let him be disbarred by the single fact of the finding of a jury against him in such criminal proceeding, based upon an indictment for false swearing. If something can be done, something ought to be done!

### The Need of Drastic Laws

**B**UT, failing in doing anything that really counts, the Association ought to be honest with itself, honest with the profession, honest with the world, and honest with the people who have been injured. As matters now stand, the lawyers of fine sensibilities are largely eliminated from the personal-injury practise. The business goes to the “chasers.” They are, as a rule, a lower grade of lawyers. Are they not? If they are not, then the better element of the profession is legalizing and justifying what violates one of the first canons of the bar. If the second-raters get and handle the damage business, therein lies a picnic for the attorneys for the corporations, and therein lies many a tragedy for the poor devils with one eye and both legs gone. The ethical restrictions build a wall of adamant around certain kinds of attorneys—for the most part the earnest, honest, high-class fellows—and this wall is a splendid institution for two other kinds of attorneys. Let us be honest and ask ourselves who are these two other kinds of attorneys, thus given freedom and ease of action? The first of these, of course, are the “chasers,” and the second are the corporationists. One is glad that the reward

of his unethical efforts is a sort of monopoly, and that the wall that fences off the ethical heavyweights gives him a broad and free field. The other—being generally of the heavy-weight variety—is glad that the wall is there, and that the non-corporation heavyweights are kept out of the fight. Am I dealing in Facts or in Fiction?

Finally, let us consider what to do. If we open our eyes wide and blink not, we must see that some drastic laws must be passed to set a boundary to unethical practises, and behind these laws the Bar Associations must stand firmly and do their duty without fear or favor. If this be not done, then come squarely out in the open, and by direct resolution of this Association, and by direct enactment of law, ethicalize and legalize the solicitation of cases. There is nothing wrong *per se* in the thing. The customs of our profession are against it. A resolution of this Association and a statute of the Legislature can remove even the stigma attaching to the practise. But if such legalizing and ethicalizing steps are seriously contemplated, two classes of lawyers will oppose them tooth and nail, for reasons already given.

What to do! What to do! Just do nothing, and life is one long picnic-paradise to the aforesaid two classes.

Genius consists in snatching success from the jaws of defeat.

## The History of Woman

Selected by Edwin Markham



ADDINGTON BRUCE'S learned book, *Woman in the Making of America*, has but lately come from the press. Outlines of the life and deeds of many women, both the famous and the forgotten, are here made bright against the past which they helped fatefully to build. From the closing chapters on “The Women of Today” I note the development of the woman's club.

This organizing and standing together of women marks a new era in the progress of the planet.

“Impressive and often thrilling as has been



the story of woman's work and influence in past epochs of American history, it is safe to say that never has she played a more important part than she is playing today.

"With increased freedom for individual self-expression, woman has gained, and has taken advantage of, increased power to make her collective influence felt for good in the life of the nation. Nothing is more significant in this collection than the growth of the so-called 'woman's club,' which has developed into a most valuable and powerful instrument for social betterment.

"Its remote origin may with some reason be traced to the meetings of those early Puritan women who used to assemble at Mrs. Anne Hutchinson's home in Seventeenth-Century Boston, to discuss theological and other burning questions of the day.

"But it was not until the middle of the Nineteenth Century that women's clubs in the modern sense began to make their appearance, with the organization of the Ladies' Library Society of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the Minerva Club of New Harmony, Indiana, the establishment of which speaks volumes for the progressiveness of the women of the Middle West.

"Naturally enough, while many of the women's clubs followed the example of the New England organization and embarked in various philanthropic enterprises, their chief concern at first was to benefit their individual members and to secure greater freedom of action for women in general.

"But as time brought with it increased recognition of 'woman's rights,' they became decreasingly self-centered. They acquired, so to speak, a 'community consciousness,' and began to attack problems of importance to them, not only as women and mothers, but also as residents of the cities and towns in which they made their homes.


"They undertook, for example, to study the conditions of life among the poor, and to agitate for sanitary and other reforms that would promote the health, happiness and efficiency of slum-dwellers. They established and aided educational institutions of all sorts—public libraries, schools of domestic science, manual-training schools, kindergartens.

"Some laid stress on the need for reforms in municipal government and administration. Others became busy hives of co-operative

industry, a most impressive illustration being found in the work of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, a Boston organization which was founded in the Eighties, and today boasts a membership of three thousand, and annually expends forty thousand dollars in helping the poor to help themselves.

"The next and inevitable step was a union of the different clubs scattered in all parts of the United States. This was foreshadowed in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine, when a few literary clubs, in response to a call from Sorosis, federated with one another.

"In the following year, likewise on the invitation of Sorosis, delegates met in New York to form what has since become of nationwide importance as the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

"Beginning with a membership of less than one hundred clubs, it has grown until, after an interval of not yet a quarter of a century, it comprises over five thousand clubs, with a total membership of four hundred thousand women .

"The presence of such an army is in itself a guarantee of a happy future for the land in which we dwell. All over the country the club-women are waging a great battle for social progress. They are fighting vice and crime, ignorance and disease; they are demanding humane legislation to protect the weak and lowly; they make no compromise with greed, brutality or injustice; everywhere they are carrying on a great educational campaign to promote a higher cultural development, a livelier civic sense, and a loftier morality in the individual and in the nation. Their outlook is in no way restricted. They labor for the welfare not only of the people of their own day but of generations yet unborn.

"'Except in the United States Congress,' emphatically asserts Josiah Strong, President of the American Institute for Social Service, 'I know of no body of men or women representing so much of intellect and heart, so much of culture and influence, and so many of the highest hopes and noblest possibilities of the American people as the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.'"



On man's journey through life he is confronted by two tragedies: one when he wants a thing he can not get; and the other when he gets the thing and finds he does not want it.



## Wanted, A Man With Selling Microbes

By Mike Kinney



OW, this ain't no joke. It is a real want. It is a real job. It will pay you a good salary.

¶ Handsome store. In a good-sized city. Ample capital. Good location. Business doing fairly well now.

But with same equipment is able to do twice as much business with very little increase in fixed expenses. ¶ Proprietor does the buying. Is

a very close buyer. Buys direct from the manufacturers as much as he can. Frequently overstocks and ties up his capital trying to make up a separate shipment for a small item.

The proprietor is an expert bookkeeper and office man. Checks up all the goods himself. Checks back all the prices and makes all the claims. Never fails to make a claim for the smallest amount.

Now, this proprietor, who is all right on keeping stock, keeping books and buying goods, writes and tells me frankly he realizes there is something wrong in the selling end of the business. He writes he actually does not know how to get on a friendly basis with his trade. He says he does n't know how to smile in an easy way. He does n't know how to make friends. He says he can make a claim easy, but he can't make a friend the same way. He says he likes to buy goods, that he likes to work an extra five out of a salesman, but somehow he does n't like to sell goods himself. He never feels at ease selling goods to a mechanic or to a farmer. He says he gets out of patience when a woman comes in and takes a long time deciding about buying a stove.

After some correspondence about the situation, this merchant wants me to get him a good man to sell goods, to jolly the trade, to stand at the front door and shake hands. He also wants this man to write advertisements and to get up selling schemes. He wants to double the business. He wants to fix matters so he can stay in the back office himself all the time and buy goods cheap and make claims, and this other man can stand at the front door and sell them high and sell lots of them.

¶ He is willing to pay a first-class man to double the business a salary of sixty dollars a month. ¶

Now, I am going to help him to get this man if I can. What we want is a man with a pleasant smile. We want him to have charm of manner. He must be the first one at the store in the morning and the last one to leave at night. He must amuse himself of evenings writing advertisements on the dining-room table. When he wants a little extra excitement he must think up a good selling-plan.

I made a personal suggestion to this merchant that in addition to the sixty dollars he give this man a share of the profits.

Let me repeat, this is a real case and a real job. We want a man who is thoroughly posted on hardware. An ex-traveling salesman, if he is not too old, might fill the bill. Advice as to how to run the books or the business not wanted. No cheap sport wanted. No "moderate drinker" wanted. No man who made a failure of his last job wanted.

### How to Hold Your Man

FROM my personal observation there is a big demand for just the kind of man outlined in the above real want ad from a real merchant. The woods are full of good buyers—men who suck the pencil while salesmen wait. What the retail trade of this country needs more than anything else is the development of salesmanship. Of course I know that the jobbers have drained the retail trade of most of their good salesman. I know it is hard for a retail dealer to keep a good salesman. But it does seem queer that there are not so many fancy offers made to the fellow who buys goods cheap and knows how to make claims. The retail trade seems to be congested up with that kind of ability.

Let me make a feeble-minded suggestion: Jobbers encourage salesmanship and keep their good salesmen not only by paying them fair and reasonable flat salaries, but extra commissions for extra sales. I wonder if it would n't put more life and ginger into the selling ability of the retail store if their salesmen were paid on a similar system. Just a flat salary with no hopes of an "extra" hardly encourages a clerk to work his gray matter in making sales. I wonder if some sort of a "bonus system" for clerks could n't be worked out.

Have you noticed, brother, how many good clerks scrape together a little money from



their relations and go into business for themselves? They make the most troublesome kind of competition for the old man. I wonder if it would n't have been better and more profitable to the old business if these clerks with selling microbes had been taken in on some kind of a partnership arrangement ♣ It does seem queer that when the boss tries to hog it all, some fine day he wakes up and finds his best clerks running an opposition store. Yes, yes, it's very sad, but it's often true. And one of the frequent contributory causes of this opposition store is when Jimmy Jones Junior comes home fresh from college and decides to revolutionize the old business on college lines. Then Jimmy soon finds himself up against the other fellow's real knowledge of the business learned by years of close contact, his real selling ability, backed up by this real knowledge, and his personal acquaintance with all the men, women and children who buy goods in the neighborhood.

Address all applications for this sixty dollar selling job to the Editor of *The Gimlet*.

Don't forget, sixty dollars per is just a beginning. There may be a profit-sharing arrangement, too.

But remember, you must have salesmanship, plus a sweet and loving smile, a good memory, a pair of eyes that observe, and a long nose that will scent business even over in the next county.

♣ **OPINION** is something with which the government has no business to meddle; it is quite beyond its legitimate province. Millions of innocent men, women and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been tortured, fined, burnt, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity ♣ Let us reflect that the earth is inhabited by thousands of millions of people; that these profess probably a thousand different systems of religion; that ours is but one of that thousand; that if there be but one right, and ours that one, we should wish to see the nine hundred and ninety-nine wandering sects gathered into the fold of truth. But against such we can not effect this by force. Reason and persuasion are the only practicable instruments ♣ For these, free inquiry must be indulged; and how can we wish others to indulge it, while we refuse it ourselves?—*Thomas Jefferson*.

## The Embryo Citizen

By Carl Nelson

**H**ERE I salute you, O infant son of Democracy,  
As you sit there laughing and pouting by turns—  
What will your contribution be to the sum of Existence?  
Those bold brown eyes and rich red locks—  
Will they be lost in the shuffle  
Or will they serenely bob up in succeeding contests?  
You massive, healthy and wholesome boy,  
Of pure blood and untainted progenitors,  
I wish you well as you start on the highway of Life  
And in these lines my hopes and prophecies for you I commingle:  
In what path you may choose for the upward climb,  
Whether music, or agriculture, or journalism or commerce,  
Be a bold adopter and innovator of new formulas,  
Be not in any sense a conventional trailer.  
Be sure you are right, then herald to the world your opinions.  
Be an Enjoyer, a Lover, a Patriot and a Universal Citizen,  
A despiser of meanness and a communer with Nature,  
A climber of hills and a measurer of mighty distances.  
Of your own rights and your country's laws you are the sentinel;  
When you meet Wrong on the way, don't give up the path,  
But be a bold and fearless challenger.  
When Kindness comes to you, give her your right hand  
And speed her on the way cheered and laden with tokens.  
If Falsehood and Avarice would stealthily come to make terms,  
Or if Vice draws near with his subtle blandishments,  
Tell them all to go to the Devil.  
Be a Soldier of Good—  
And when you have learned to step in unison  
With other good Lovers, Comrades and Countrymen,  
Throw out your chest and give voice to your Slogan!



## Shoes and Character

By Elbert Hubbard



HERE are four primal necessities in life—only four.

These are food, clothing, shelter—love.

Shoes and hats are a part of our clothing. Also, they are secondary sexual manifestations, said Herbert Spencer. Spencer was a bachelor, and he knew.

And as women's shoes get more beautiful, skirts grow narrow and short.

Spiritless, dejected, whipped-out men advertise to the world their mental condition by their shoes.

There is a wonderful story by Tolstoy about a shoemaker whose shop was in a basement. When this shoemaker looked up from his work, he saw the feet of the people as they passed. Seldom did he see their faces—just their feet.

He judged them by their shoes, and his estimate was usually correct.

Once he saw a man go by barefoot. The shoemaker jumped up—but what's the use, read the story for yourself.

The title of the story is, *Where God is, There Is Love*.

Read it, and when you do, think of me and breathe a prayer of gratitude for having been introduced to one of the little big things in literature.

Shoes, sure, that's the subject!

Hope, courage, animation, ambition, are mirrored in your shoes. Look to your pedals, Terese, to your pedals. Your feet feature the facts. Shoes are a tell-tale.

Once there were people in America who never wore shoes. Now, we all do—a part of the time, at least.

The Kneippers do not go barefoot all the time.

John Wesley, when he was rector of the church at Savannah, Georgia, went barefoot even in the pulpit, to show his sympathy with the shoeless.

For to be shoeless was to be friendless.

Tolstoy went barefoot in the streets of Saint Petersburg, for the same reason that John Wesley went barefoot in Savannah, and was

taken in charge by the police. And a celebrated painting of Tolstoy in bare feet was officially ordered from the shop-windows because the people stood before it in mute admiration.

### The Best-Shod People on Earth

IN America, friendless and shoeless humanity, practically, does not exist.

When we go barefoot we wade in the surf—what larks!

Americans are the best-shod people on earth.

Our consumption of shoes is two hundred seventy million pairs a year—three pairs to a person.

Twenty-five years ago it was two pairs a year per person. We are getting more particular. Also, as the years have passed, our shoes have been bettered in style and quality. Most of us, even us common folks, have different shoes for different occasions. It's better for our feet, and better for our heads, as it lifts our self-respect. When you change your shoes you change your mind.

Shoe-manufacturers are a prosperous people. There is no "Shoe Trust," and there can't be, for there are thirteen hundred shoe-factories in the United States, and more are being formed.

I know of six shoe-factories in Saint Louis, all started by employees, who have come out of one particular factory and embarked in business on their own account. And they are all making money.

From Nineteen Hundred to Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the products of our shoe-factories have increased a little over seventy per cent, while population has, during the same period, increased less than twenty-five per cent.

Our exports of shoes have jumped from two million dollars in Nineteen Hundred to over seventeen million dollars in Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

Monopoly is out of the question in the shoe business, for the simple reason that any one who wants to start a shoe-factory is not obliged to buy an outfit of costly machinery. He can lease shoe-making machinery, and get it on exactly the same terms that the biggest factories can.

If every shoe-factory had to buy or manufacture its own machinery, and thus keep abreast of the times, it would require such a vast capital, and also such a corps of invent-



ors, that of necessity the business would be concentrated in the hands of a few.

Instead of thirteen hundred factories, there would be thirteen, and if there were only thirteen they would get together and we would have a Shoe Trust. As it is, we have n't.

¶ Today, the boot and shoe industry is the one large business left in the world not run by a so-called Trust, and the United Shoe Machinery Company is responsible for that fact. ❧

### The "Machinery Trust" Bugaboo

**R**ALPH WALDO EMERSON once said that the man who makes a pair of shoes carpets the earth with leather.

Not so many years ago shoes were made by individual shoemakers. They put your pedal on a piece of paper and the shoemaker ran his pencil around your "tootsie," and then took various strange, peculiar and complex measurements, just as the old-time tailor did.

When you got your shoes, perhaps they fitted and perhaps they did not, but the breaking in of a pair of shoes was a terrible thing. ❧

Personally, I much preferred to go barefoot—and I did until Winter, when snow and ice came along and made the wearing of leather a necessity.

The factories of New England began with home industries. Things were made in the kitchen, cut out with jackknife, stitched, polished, put together, peddled out by the family, just as the father of Henry Thoreau made lead-pencils and Henry went out on the road selling them by the dozen, the gross or one at a time, just as luck would have it.

¶ America now makes the best shoes in the world. Europe is coming along fast, however, and the other day a German told me that it was because the Germans were putting in American machinery that they were able to compete with American shoes in style and quality. ❧

New England is the land of invention.

A few months ago I spent a week in Saint Louis and during my odd times I made a pilgrimage to the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company. ❧

This concern has several factories, and is reputed to make more shoes and better shoes at a smaller percentage of profit than any other concern in America. In fact, I got so interested in the making of shoes that I

chased a pair clear through the mill from the time the uppers were cut out of the hide until the laces were put in, and then I was proudly presented with the pair of shoes and I am now wearing them.

Massachusetts leads the United States in the making of shoes. Missouri comes next.

The Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, I saw, uses machinery manufactured by the United Shoe Machinery Company.

A few days ago, I was in Boston, and I just took a couple of days off to find out who the United Shoe Machinery Company is, what they are, and what they are doing.

The general offices of the concern are in Boston, but their factories are at Beverly, Massachusetts, twenty miles out, near where President Taft made his Summer home. The salt water comes right up to the doors.

We have heard about the increased cost to the consumer by reason of the so-called "Machinery Trust." I suppose the average person, if asked what amount the owner of leased shoe machinery would receive on a pair of shoes, would say, "Oh, about forty or fifty cents."

The real fact is that it takes fifty-eight different machines to make a single shoe, and in cases where the entire fifty-eight machines are leased by the manufacturer of shoes the owner of the machines receives a royalty running up sometimes to five and one-half cents a pair. Where fewer machines are used it runs as low as half a cent a pair, and the average for most shoes is one and one-third cents a pair.

If this entire cost were wiped out it would not make one cent's worth of difference to the wearer in the price for a pair of shoes! Remember that, Terese!

Retail prices of shoes jump at the rate of twenty-five cents a pair, or perhaps fifty. ❧ While leather and labor have increased in cost, the machinery cost of shoes is the one thing that has not advanced.

Through a persistent killing of calves, cattle have increased in value and hides have advanced. Leather has jumped about twenty-five per cent. Labor has increased nearly the same. ❧

There is no problem of the unemployed now in America. Anybody who wants to work and can work, can get work.

Let it be known that the United Shoe Machin-



ery Company do not make shoes. They simply manufacture machinery that is used by shoe-manufacturers. They make upwards of three hundred varieties of machines. Different styles, weights and kinds of shoes require different machinery. There are babies' shoes, children's shoes, women's shoes, men's shoes, shoes for business, shoes for society, shoes for indoors, and shoes for outdoors. Some people wear one kind of shoe in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a different shoe in the evening 30 30

### The Consumption of Shoes

THE consumption of shoes mirrors the progress of civilization. Show me the shoe you wear and I will tell you the kind of a man you are. "By their shoes ye shall know them."

Most of the principal machines made by the United Shoe Machinery Company are leased to the manufacturers, although a great majority of the machines they make can be bought if the user so desires.

This leasing of a machine, paying a royalty for its use, so much for every pair of shoes, is no new thing.

Shoe-factories making shoes by machinery started in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six, but the machines were few and they were crude 30 30

They really did not get well a-going until about Eighteen Hundred Seventy.

Then they ran along on the old-time methods until Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, when the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized 30 30

Since then the manufacture of shoes has received a decided boom.

Better shoes have been made, at a less cost to the consumer than ever before.

Wages of employees have been increased 30 There has been a steady demand for a better quality of workmen at a better wage, and the shoe-factories have made money.

In most manufacturing, five parties are directly interested: first, the manufacturer; second, the employee; third, the stockholder of the corporation; fourth, the producers of raw material; and fifth, and most important, the consumer. In the shoe business, however, there are only four parties directly interested, and that is where shoe manufacturing stands alone among modern industries, for, with rare exceptions, every shoe-factory is owned by

the man who runs it, and there are no stockholders to be taken into consideration.

It is the only industry in which individual effort still prevails, and that condition is due to the United Shoe Machinery Company 30 In order to know whether the United Shoe Machinery Company has bettered the world or not, it is necessary to interview the four parties directly interested and get a frank, honest and intelligent opinion from them. ¶ I have studied this problem from every possible point of view. I have interviewed factory-owners, tanners, employees and consumers 30 30

The whole shoe industry is on a firmer, sounder and more satisfactory basis today than ever before in its history. There is more character in the business, from manufacturing to retailing. ¶ The making of shoes in the good old family style at the hands of one man or a dozen, with the help of his neighbors, has gone forever. In these times a factory which turns out a thousand pairs of shoes a day does a small business.

There are several factories that turn out ten thousand, twenty thousand, and a few forty thousand pairs of shoes a day.

### The Lease System

PRACTICALLY all of the shoe-factories in America lease their machinery. This custom has come down for the past forty years. The reason is that so many different kinds of machines are needed in making a shoe; and new inventions and improvements are happening every day.

Factories would not run the risk of putting in a new invention, especially in view of the fact that the machine might have to be replaced any day with something better, cheaper and more effective.

This indeed has been the case. Inventors working alone and manufacturers of machines have a very hard time, and always have had in getting the public to accept their inventions.

¶ Things we don't know anything about, we are not aware of. Ninety-five per cent of manufacturers today very much prefer to lease a machine rather than to purchase it outright 30 30

Because a machine leased by the user does n't have to be "scrapped." This dread nightmare of an obsolete machine carried on the inventory has made many a good man turn gray before his time.



But when an outsider comes along with a machine that will do the work and the manufacturer can lease it on a fixed sum for every operation, then the manufacturer knows in advance just what his costs will be. Under other conditions, it is guesswork and cut and try.

The fact that a manufacturer would rather lease the machine has been proven out recently in Europe, where the leasing system never prevailed until the United Shoe Machinery Company introduced its machines in Europe on the lease basis. It is found that the manufacturers accept the innovation with a gladness that has been considerably of a surprise to American inventors.

#### Service the Keynote

THE supreme merit of the United Shoe Machinery Company is the service it gives. This company was organized through the consolidation of three companies. One was the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company, which made machines for sewing the sole to the upper. This concern also made various other auxiliary machines, which were used in the operation.

The second company was the Lasting Machine Company, which made machines for putting the leather over the last—an entirely different operation from sewing.

The third company was the McKay Shoe Machinery Company, which made machines for attaching soles and heels by metal fastenings.

These concerns were not in competition with one another, as each had a peculiar and distinct field of its own. By consolidating, however, under one company, one set of officers was able to manage the entire business; one set of traveling men looked after the different machines; and the result was a distinct reduction of cost in the making of the machines and the looking after them and the maintenance of their upkeep.

Another result was that shoe-manufacturers dealt with one concern instead of with three; and a distinct lowering of cost to the manufacturer, in addition to a better service, followed.

The United Shoe Machinery Company has a capital of thirty-eight million dollars. The stockholders number more than eight thousand people. More than one-half of these are women, and practically the whole holdings

are held by people who are more or less familiar with the shoe industry.

As I was being motored to the great Beverly works of the Company, I was informed, when commenting on the beauty of the mansions along the famous Lynn shore and that of the old-fashioned town of Swampscott, that these residences were generally those of shoe manufacturers, whose great fortunes had been made possible by the wonderful machines of the United Company. My companion who told me this was a Lynn shoe-man who knew what he was talking about.

The shoe business is like the biscuit business or the soap business. When biscuits are consumed, that's the last of them. What becomes of a cake of soap when it is used up, no scientist has ever been able to exactly explain.

¶ The life of a pair of shoes is brief, no matter how well made. Active, hustling people wear out shoe-leather.

Today shoes have to be better than ever before, and, sorry to say, they do not last so long as they once did.

Books are not worn out. They last year after year and are handed down, sometimes, as heirlooms. Furniture the same.

The only men who make colossal fortunes are the men who deal in the primal necessities.

#### The Capital Required

THE one remarkable feature in the shoe industry, not noted in any other business, is that on a comparatively small capital the volume of business done is many times greater than the amount invested. Some manufacturers of shoes turn their capital from three to five times a year, so that with a two-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar investment a volume of business of one and a quarter million dollars per year has been known, with a profit to the manufacturer of one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. The only reason for this is because the shoe manufacturer does not have to tie up his capital in machinery. The United Shoe Machinery Company relieves him of that handicap, and carries the machinery investment load alone.

The business of the United Shoe Machinery Company is one of the best examples of successful co-operation in America. Inasmuch as most of the machinery is leased, and pays a return only when used, it is self-evident that the machinery must be of a kind that will give a satisfactory service.



The United Shoe Machinery Company employ a force of more than five hundred traveling machinists, who are constantly inspecting the installed machinery and seeing that it is kept up in perfect condition. Idle machinery, like idle men, yields no income.

The United Machinery Company keep constantly in their employ a force of about a hundred highly skilled inventors, who are constantly working on new ideas, or perfecting old ones. No machine is ever made good enough. It must be made better.

To illustrate the thoroughness with which the company goes about its work, note this: that over one million dollars has been expended in developing one single machine—the almost human mechanism that pulls over the upper on the last, in the work of lasting.

Visitors at the wonderful works of the United Machinery Company see these inventors in their little individual shops. Every inventor's study is fitted up with a dynamo, pulleys, shafting, and everything to make the wheels go round.

I watched an inventor work the other day. This is what he did: Sat still for fifteen minutes looking into the eye of a machine, oblivious to the surroundings. Then he took up a piece of blue chalk, went over to a drawing-board and slowly began to sketch out the idea.

I have since wondered whether he got it or not. The chances are he did n't. I have worked blocking out a good sentence in the same way, and then had it escape me in the void.

### Ideal Factory Conditions

THERE are no secrets around the United Shoe Machinery Company's works. You see the inventors, the chemists, the workers in the laboratory, and the thousands of hearty, happy people in these wonderful concrete buildings, seventy-five per cent of the walls being glass—the sunlight flooding everything—and in some of the buildings ninety per cent is glass.

There are five main buildings, each from eight to twelve hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. There is n't a dark, dirty, dingy corner anywhere from basement to roof.

"Light, more light!" the slogan of Victor Hugo, seems to permeate the place.

These great works give employment to upward of five thousand people, and no mill in Massachusetts or in the United States pays an equal

wage, the average weekly pay-envelope being \$15.70.

I have visited many factories, stores, mills, shops, all over the United States and in England, France, Scotland, Italy and Germany, but never have I seen a big factory managed with the same superb attention to hygienic and sanitary conditions.

Here are shower-baths, wash-rooms, libraries, rest-rooms, schoolrooms, lecture-halls, all contained in this great institution that occupies a tract of three hundred acres of its own. The outcrop of granite here on the seashore is everywhere evident. In fact, the buildings are built on a solid mass of granite. The foundations seem to symbol the solidity of the business policy of the institution.

The management know perfectly well that they thrive only as the shoe-manufacturer thrives, and they also know that the shoe-manufacturer thrives only as he is able to market his product to pleased and satisfied customers. Thus the prosperity of the common people everywhere is the basis of the prosperity of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

### Sidney W. Winslow

MET Mr. Sidney W. Winslow, who is the President and guiding genius of this concern.

Well has it been said that every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man.

Winslow is a Cape Cod product, born fifty-eight years ago, the son of a sailor, brought up on the sands in sight of the sea. He grew strong, hardy, courageous, efficient. When the elder Winslow was away, Sidney was the little father of the family and learned early in life to carry responsibility.

He dug clams for the household, brought in driftwood, fished, hunted, went to school—when he could—but was taught mostly by his kind, patient, hardworking, commonsense mother.

The elder Winslow had been the cobbler on board a whaling-ship. The oldtime whaler was a natural mechanic.

There came a time when this cobbler forsook the sea and started a little village shoe-shop of his own. The boy Sidney naturally learned the business, never knowing when nor how. Later, the father moved to Salem, Massachusetts, worked for awhile in a little shop of his own, and then got a job in a shoe-factory, because the factory-made shoes were pushing



the old-time cobbler to the wall. In time he owned the factory. The little shop in which the father worked stands today under the shadow of the great machinery-factory which the son controls.

Sidney was given a job pegging heels at three dollars a week. After a year he got a dollar a day, and then for fourteen years he ran first one machine and then another.

He became an expert shoe-machinery man, and with this knowledge as a shoemaker and machinist was evolved the skill and far-reaching prophetic vision which has culminated in the United Shoe Machinery Company, which is the biggest institution of its kind in the world.

The proud position it occupies is on account of the fact that it has and is rendering the shoe business of the world an honest and most effective service.

Winslow is a typical New Englander, slim, wiry, active, athletic, rapid in his movements, quick in his thinking. He can talk, and talk to the point, although he does not profess to be an orator. He does not impress you as a "highbrow," or one of the world-makers. He has n't too much top-head. He uses all the brain he has, just as he uses his body. He is moderate in his eating and drinking, and is only a glutton for fresh air, water and work. And when it comes to work, he just eats it alive.

One of his secretaries told me that there was n't a man on the job who could stay with him days, nights and Sundays, when there was a big task to work out.

Winslow gets a great joy in his work. He is full of enthusiasm, animation, ambition, and is justly proud of his great achievements, although at the same time the man is essentially democratic.

You don't have to have an introduction to him. He is appreciative, friendly, and any of his employees who has business with him can see him, if necessary. His heart is with the workers, and there is no part of this vast business of manufacturing shoe-machinery that this man could n't go in and do with his own hand, head and heart, if necessity required.

He has sentiment as well as pugnacity and business genius. He loves paintings. He loves flowers. He loves outdoor life in the wild. He sticks to his friends.

### The High School

THE Beverly High School works in conjunction with the United Shoe Machinery Company. There is a relay of boys sent from the High School to work in the shops. There, through proper instructors, they learn the mystery of machinery and the miracles of invention. And the boys get paid for their work. If it passes muster it goes into the stock, just like that of the oldest skilled mechanic in the shops. The boys graduate into the factory. I noticed that the phrase "Welfare Work" was not much in evidence around the institution. Here men are not pauperized by being coddled. They are simply supplied opportunities, and there is enough initiative, I noticed, among the workmen so that they have organized clubs, laid out rifle-ranges, tennis-grounds, etc., and there are baseball clubs, a brass band and orchestra, and a general fine spirit of loyalty to the institution. There is a club as fine as any country club anywhere, which belongs to the employees and to which any man or woman in the factory can belong by paying a dollar a year. The officers of the Company belong to the club on the same basis.

Winslow himself swore a halibi on the "welfare." He said, "All we do is to give people an opportunity, and then encourage them to make the best of it."

In way of factory equipment and so-called factory betterments, no institution in America surpasses this, but all of the betterment work is quite incidental and is a matter of course, without fuss, frivol or flummery. Visitors are welcome any working hour, and every part of this great institution is open for inspection. Viewed from any and every possible standpoint the United Shoe Machinery Company has made the world its debtor. Consumers, employees, inventors, producers of raw stock, stockholders, management—all have prospered, because a great service has been rendered. Business nowadays is based on reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation. The United Shoe Machinery Company is a splendid example of all three.

It has made its wonderful success by making it possible for the consumer to buy today for three dollars a better shoe than could be bought a quarter-century ago for five dollars.

And after all, is not the test of the worth of a corporation the service it gives to the people?



## From the Great White Plague, Good Lord, Deliver Us!



PLAGUES have devastated the world since the Year One. ¶ We recall the famous speech of Pericles, wherein he makes touching mention of the plague at Athens, in which he lost his only son.

The Medieval Ages were Periods of Plague, particularly the Fourteenth Century. The Terrible Black Death, or Bubonic Plague, swept Westward from the Orient, laying waste whole nations.

China lost thirteen million of her people—the rest of the Orient, nearly twice that number. ¶ Fifteen cities of Continental Europe lost between them three hundred thousand souls. ¶ A million and a quarter of Germany's population died—and half of all the people in Italy.

London breathed in the pestilential poison, and more than a hundred thousand of her inhabitants laid down their lives.

Two centuries later London was again visited by the dread pestilence.

Death was so common a thing that men pushed carts through the streets droning in hoarse monotone, "Bring out your dead—bring out your dead!"

Read Dean Swift's *Journal of the Plague Year*, for a vivid description of that troubled time. Modern sanitation has largely freed the world from plague. One dreadful guest still lays low great numbers of our population

We have taken the field against the Great White Plague. We are gaining ground surely, if slowly. We are fighting this enemy of Human Kind with all the weapons of science we can bring to bear, in this the Twentieth Century, A. D.

We are fighting the Great White Plague by indirection—stamping out *not* the Plague itself, but those agencies and conditions that make for Tuberculosis, and constitute its *raison d'etre*.

We are eliminating dust from the home. Or we are trying to eliminate it. And with the invaluable and timely co-operation of the Tuec Stationary Air-Cleaning System, we will succeed.

The Tuec is the most thorough, the most practical, the most efficient air-cleaning system ever devised.

¶ It can be installed in a new house or an old one, at moderate expenditure. It will last for years and not get out of order. It will keep the home scientifically clean, sweet, pure and wholesome.

It will save time, labor, money and health, and lengthen life.

The TUEC can be had in various sizes, all according to the requirements. Smaller sizes for private homes, flats, etc. Special sizes for public halls, schools, theaters, office-buildings and churches.

Are you interested in the TUEC? It will put you under no obligation, to request information.

Write now, today, addressing



**The United Electric Co.**  
33 Hurford St., Canton, Ohio



# Choice Summer Reading



## THE MINTAGE

Mr. Hubbard is sane — sane as a cash-register. *The Mintage* is a sample of sane short-story literature.

These eleven short stories are evolved from a big heart by an understanding mind.

*The Mintage* is sturdily bound in "Miriam" Binding, with a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Hubbard. Price, Two Dollars. Modeled-Leather Binding, Ten Dollars.

## RIP VAN WINKLE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

The silver Hudson stretches out before you as you read: the quaint red roofs and queer gables of the old Dutch cottages stand out against the mist upon the mountains.

In Limp Binding, Price, Two Dollars.

## LITTLE JOURNEYS

Mike Kinney says, "I have taken Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys* to the Homes of all the Great Artists. Now that I see their actual handwriting, their operas, the houses in which they were born, the tables upon which they wrote, the books they read, the clothes they wore and the graves where they rest, it brings me very near to them indeed. I almost hear their voices."

*Little Journeys* enhance the educational value of your meanderings. They place you *en rapport* with the great men and women who make history.

In "Miriam" Binding, Two Dollars a volume, six subjects in a volume.



## HOLLYHOCKS AND GOLDENGLOW

Nineteen essays proving that life is worth living. Full of life, light, color and fragrance. One of Hubbard's most inspiring books.

Beautifully bound, modeled-leather design, flexible covers. Price, Two Dollars.

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York**

To be rather than to seem—that's one of the things boys learn at  
The Roycroft School of Life



## IT'S A NEW ONE

**H**ERE is a working drawing of the Borron Improved Pen-Holder, a new invention. It ejects the old inky pen from the holder when you wish it. All you need to do is "push the button."

¶ The Borron Improved Pen-Holder is a hand-made article of mahogany, steel and German silver (non-corrosive). Its triangular shape prevents rolling on the desk, thus avoiding disfigured letters by reason of a pen-holder's roving disposition.

¶ If you want to see what this Foxy Quiller is like, just send Mr. Borron Fifty Cents and he will mail you one of his pen-holders in a smart gray box.

¶ Mr. Borron makes a Paper Knife which is a companion to the pen. The blade is of highly polished brass. You have your choice of Mahogany, Ebony, Rosewood and Cocobola woods for the handle. The price of this Paper Knife is Fifty Cents postpaid.

**Earl Borron, East Aurora, N. Y.**

*"He Makes Quality Goods"*

*Ad-James Wallen.*

**19 hours per day 7 days a week  
128 miles per day. 47,000 miles per year**

One of our two-ton 'busses kept up this average for the Metropolitan Coach Company until it had covered over 142,000 miles within a period of 29 months, the equivalent of 12 years of ordinary hauling, and the 'bus looks good for another 140,000 miles.

### International Motor Trucks

Proved by Years of Successful Service

**Mack** 12 years in use **Saurer** 18 years in use **Hewitt** 10 years in use

We give you what no one else can :

1. Trucks proved by 10, 12 and 18 years of service.
2. Nine sizes, capacities: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons.
3. Bodies for every use.
4. Replaceable parts on hand today or years from today — a permanent organization assures this.
5. Service stations with factory equipment in all large cities.

Call, 'phone or write—we can give you assistance in solving your transportation problems.

### International Motor Company

General Offices : Broadway and 57th Street  
Works : Allentown Pa ; Plainfield N J

## A NEW BOOK OF PROVERBS



M. Clay Burbridge has written out and committed to beautiful water-marked paper a volume of epigrams, which The Roycrofters have done into a printed book, at their shop, which is in East Aurora. ¶ The job is eminently artistic, to match the maxims, of which there are some five thousand. ¶ It seems impossible that any one can write epigrams in this Twentieth Century, without encroaching on the preserves of the late Solomon, Shakespeare, the Poacher-Player, and Ben Franklin, founder of the ad-club movement, but lo and behold! M. Clay Burbridge has done it. ¶ When we say this or that can not be done, we are generally interrupted by the man or woman who does it. So it is in this case. ¶ The Epigrams in this volume are well written; consequently, they are well worth reading, for they symbol human experience. ¶ They say the things we want to say ourselves, but do not think of — the things we know but do not know that we know, until we read them. ¶ The title of the work is TWENTIETH-CENTURY MUSINGS. It is bound in Ooze-Leather, and the price is Two Dollars

Order direct from

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

Work, play, study, health—these habits are inculcated at  
The Roycroft School of Life



# TRUSTY TRAYS OF HAND-HAMMERED COPPER



**SERVING-TRAY**  
11½ inches in diameter  
Price, \$3.00



Human effort is the final unit of value. We appreciate things in proportion to the brain and brawn they represent.

In Roycroft copper-work, the hammer-marks and grace of design show a face value far more striking than that of silver plate. Lawn parties are now in season, and copper, with its mellow luster, wrought finish and durability, bids best for outdoor service. Here are pictured some trays which time has proven favorites.



**TURNED-EDGE TRAY**  
Diameter, 5 inches  
Price, \$1.00



**SMALL FRUIT-TRAY**  
7½ inches in diameter  
Price, \$1.25



**SPECIAL AFTERNOON TEA SERVICE TRAY**  
15½ inches in diameter. Price, \$6.00

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

The Roycroft School of Life—Summer Session—Write for information



# TIME, PLACE, AND TEL-ELECTRIC

**M**OST people are fond of music, but very few, comparatively, can

perform acceptably on the piano. It is difficult to conceive of a home without music. ¶ The refining influence of good music can hardly be overestimated. Nor is it every day that we can hear a

*When gripping griefs the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then Tel-Electric's silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

— Shakespeare

Accurate records of these interpretations are made especially for the Tel-Electric Company, in the Tel-

Electric factories, under the direct and personal supervision of experts trained in matters musical.

When you hear a Tel-Electric record of Paderewski's "Minuet," you hear the

"Minuet" played exactly the way the Pole himself plays it.

¶ This explains the tremendous demand for the Tel-Electric Player-Attachment on the part of discriminating people who enjoy good music played as it should be played.

But you are not necessarily obliged to choose classic scores. You can switch off from time to time, and revel in mysterious

rag to your heart's content. The Tel-Electric will tear off those syncopated strains and Texas-Tommy-Tango Tunes by the yard. Just the thing, by the way, for an impromptu dance in the house. Time, Place, and the Tel-Electric!

Place the Tel-Electric box on a stand or table on the veranda, and turn the whole available dancing space over to the devotees of Terpsichore.

The home in which there is music is a real home. Let there be a Tel-Electric in your home.

Information touching on the new eighty-eight-note Tel-Electric Player-Piano will be vouchsafed gladly, on request.

We have one of these remarkable instruments in The Roycroft Inn, so when you are along this way, drop off and arrange with Ali Baba for a free demonstration. Adios!



Requires no pumping, and can be played on the porch in summer.

Godowsky, a Paderewski, a Hofmann, or a Lhevinne.

The player-piano came to the rescue a few years ago, but proved a disappointment to many. Its mechanical correctness of interpretation is not calculated to satisfy and stir the heart.

Now we have the Tel-Electric, which does away with muscle and sheer strength, as a factor in the production of sweet sound.

Electricity furnishes the motive power.

¶ "Tel" is a Greek word signifying "at a distance," and simply means that with the Tel-Electric attachment, the operator may be seated at any desired distance from the piano, all depending on the length of the little wire transmission-cord.

The Tel-Electric enables you to hear compositions played as the great masters of musical technic play them. "It will discourse most eloquent music."

**The Tel-Electric Company**  
299 Fifth Avenue, New York City



# The Roycroft Fraternity

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta  
From THE FRA Magazine for July, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

- 1 How does the one-price system operate to promote the stability of American Business?
- 2 How has the character of advertising changed since Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three?
- 3 Is advertising an Art, a Science, a Business or a Gamble? Defend your position.
- 4 Explain the assertion that "character is collateral."
- 5 What did J. Pierpont Morgan mean by saying that he would loan any honest man a million dollars?
- 6 Enumerate some of the sources of this nation's wealth.
- 7 What are the important factors in the production of wealth?
- 8 (a) Who was Adam Smith? (b) What is his epoch-making book?
- 9 Define *Transportation*.
- 10 What are the so-called "learned professions"?
- 11 What is the situation in Mexico at the present time?
- 12 Who was Maximilian? What part have the following played in recent Mexican History: (a) Porfirio Diaz? (b) Felix Diaz? (c) Madero? (d) Huerta?
- 13 What is a Utopian?
- 14 (a) Briefly summarize the case of the United States Government versus E. G. Lewis, of Saint Louis. (b) What moral do you deduce, if there is a moral?
- 15 Analyze the probable motives of Sears, Roebuck and Company in throwing out patent medicines.
- 16 What is the Wisconsin Idea? What do you think will be the outcome of this movement?
- 17 Who is the President of the University of Wisconsin?
- 18 (a) What is Woman's "Sphere"? (b) Do you think that woman, the homemaker, should necessarily be confined to the home, and her influence for good limited to a seven-room frame house?
- 19 Who is Alfred Russel Wallace? What great doctrine did he promulgate about the same time as Darwin?
- 20 (a) Define "Genius." (b) Give Edison's definition of genius.
- 21 Who is (a) Edward Thomas Bedford? (b) Ida Tarbell?
- 22 What is meant by the term, "Obscure Millionaire"?
- 23 (a) Who was Stephen Girard? (b) What did he do for the cause of Education in America?
- 24 Who was Eugene Sue, and what is his most important work?
- 25 (a) In what famous book do we read about Castle Dangerous and Giant Despair? (b) Who was the author?
- 26 (a) What is a "Captain of Industry"? (b) Define *Decentralization*.
- 27 What is (a) an "Intellectic"? (b) a "paranoiac"? (c) a "highbrow"? (d) the "proletariat"?
- 28 (a) What is commonsense? (b) Is it "common"?
- 29 In what sense is the "Intellectic" a "respectable mendicant"?
- 30 Why is it co-operation, mutuality and the spirit of fellowship hide their heads when "the new man" looms large in the offing?
- 31 Characterize the "woman's club" as a powerful instrument for social uplift.
- 32 Who was Anne Hutchinson?

"Yes, it is, but I haven't got time to laugh," was the conductor's retort. ¶ Next day the superintendent asked the conductor, "What did you tell that woman yesterday when she said it was funny that your car didn't go to Mattapan?" The conductor grinned. "I said that it sure was, but that I didn't have time to laugh." "Take three days off and laugh," was the reply.—"How."

¶ HAVE never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and

THIS is the way, according to Walter F. Weyman of Carter's Ink Company, of Boston, the superintendent of a Boston trolley company enforced his lesson of the value of service, service, service.

A woman about to board a trolley-car at a crossing in a Boston suburb asked the conductor:

"Does this car go to Mattapan?"

"No, madam," the conductor replied.

"That's funny," she remarked.

Confession of Faith. Whenever a church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of substance of both law and gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my soul.—*Lincoln*.

No one who can not master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule.—*Goethe*.



**T**o safeguard peace we must prepare for war"—I know that maxim; it was forged in hell. This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar and makes the very war it guards against. The god of war is now a man of business, with vested interests. So much sunk capital, such countless callings, the army, navy, medicine, the church—to bless and bury—music, engineering, red-tape departments, commissariats, stores, transports, ammunition, coal-ing-stations, fortifications, cannon-foundries, shipyards, arsenals, ranges, drill-halls, floating docks, war-loan promoters, military tailors, camp-followers, canteens, war correspondents, horse-breeders, armorers, torpedo-builders, pipeclay and medal vendors, big-drum makers, gold-lace embroiderers, opticians, buglers, tent-makers, banner-weavers, powder-mixers, crutches and cork-limb manufacturers, balloonists, mapists, heliographers, inventors, flying men and diving demons, Beelzebub and all his hosts, who, whether in water, earth or air, among them pocket when trade is brisk a million pounds a week.

—*Israel Zangwill.*

*A refreshingly **new** idea in the home magazine field has been instituted by*

## American Homes and Gardens

A new Department devoted to the interest of collectors of Antiques, Curios, Old China, Old Furniture, Rugs, Silver, Jewelry, Prints and Engravings, Carvings, Books and Bindings, Autographs, Old Glass, Miniatures, Old Laces, Pewter, Bronzes, Coins and Medals, etc. This is known as

## THE COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT

This means that not only *everyone* who has a collecting hobby turns with interest to AMERICAN HOMES, but that everyone interested in objects connected with family history seeks the service of this magazine which supplies information on application to *all* its readers *whether subscribers or not* on subjects connected with collecting.

**MUNN & CO., INC., Publishers**

361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

*If you are interested in antiques and curios fill out the blank below*

*The Editor the Collectors' Department*  
**AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS**  
 MUNN & CO., INC., Publishers  
 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

*I am interested in Collecting, especially in the following subjects:*

and enclose 25 cents for a specimen copy of your magazine

Name \_\_\_\_\_

*Address*

(Subscription Rates : 25 cents a copy, \$3.00 a year)

**HONOR** any man who in the conscious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenances of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold; but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives, or the hearts of friends.—*Charles Sumner.*

It is a fine thing to make yourself needed.



## TRAVELING-CASES *for* Summer Trips

GLOVE-CASE



4½ x 13½ inches. Price, \$15.00.

TIE AND CUFF CASE IN MODELED LEATHER



Size, Closed, 6 x 15 inches. Price, \$12.00.



MANICURE-CASE

of best Spanish Cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco. Instruments, the finest imported. Price, \$10.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

## In Nature,

the one unvarying thing is—Variety! Man is a part of Nature—hence the joys of his Summer shift.

## Much of this joy

is lost if time and temper are taxed by little inconveniences of travel, such as arise from misplaced accessories.

## The Roy- crofters

work modeled leather into cases for the good of travelers, some for holding ties and cuffs, gloves and manicure-tools being shown here.

## These are of

rare color and design—reproductions of an ancient Moorish art worth owning for art's sake, and great in lasting quality.

We believe in books, of course, but we believe also in the great out-of-doors—The Roycroft School of Life



# THE MAN IN MANNVILLE

**C** My friend, Irving E. Slater, writes in this morning from Mannville, Province of Alberta, Canada, requesting me to write an advertisement that will sell the "goods"—the "goods" in question being the "Roycroft Ranch," a fair-sized passel of land comprising about sixteen hundred acres, all told. Slater wants me to go through his letter and inject the ginger wherever necessary. But his stuff is so good that I'm going to print it verbatim, and let it go at that. It is a first-class ad, just as it stands, and should "produce." It runs like this:

DEAR FRA:

I have decided to offer Roycroft Ranch for sale, and it has occurred to me that I might find a buyer through an advertisement in your magazine.

You will remember meeting me at the Sierra Madre Club in Los Angeles, and again last November, when I spent a day at The Roycroft Inn and visited your farm with you. On this latter occasion, while you were busy cleaning out pig-pens and feeding the animals, I walked around with a bored expression and "borrowed" a few ideas on hog-raising that have helped me to make Roycroft Ranch the biggest and best hog-ranch in Alberta. Of course, we raise other things besides hogs, inasmuch as we (my wife and I) are in the mixed-farming business, but hogs are a big feature.

The ranch consists of two and one-half sections, or sixteen hundred acres of land, all fenced. The ranch-house is strictly modern, with bath, shower, toilet and washstand. The house faces the Vermilion River Valley and overlooks a beautiful lake of about fifteen acres, distant some three hundred fifty yards. At the present time and during the entire Spring, Summer and Autumn months, this lake is covered with wild ducks. We do not disturb them, ourselves.

For the benefit of those who like hunting, I will say that this is the only good game country left on the North American Continent. The country about here is literally alive with prairie-chicken, partridge, duck, geese and crane. There are plenty of moose and deer in the Wintertime within a day's drive of the ranch.

Everything on the ranch, including a bunch of Hereford cattle, and the largest and finest work-horses in Alberta, will be sold.

I am not in the real-estate business. I am the owner of the ranch and I am not selling because I have to, but because I want to.

It is an ideal place for a wealthy man who would like to spend a few months in the Summer, or all of his time, in the country.

It is a money-making proposition for a farming syndicate. There are several operating in Saskatchewan at the present time.

The ranch is on a paying basis now, otherwise I would not be in a position to offer it for sale with any hope of disposing of it at a profit.

Roycroft Ranch is conducted on business lines, being a purely business proposition. At the same time we find time for a reasonable amount of play and the "Glooms" have no occasion to visit the place. In fact, Roycroft Ranch is Roycroftie as far as it is possible to make it.

A grand good opportunity for some fortunate man with money at his disposal. I would like to take advantage of it, myself, but like Jim Hill, I am busted most of the time. James J. and I have that in common.

If you are interested, or know somebody who might be, the man to get in touch with is

**IRVING E. SLATER, *Roycroft Ranch***

Mannville, Province of Alberta, Dominion of Canada

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?





## The Emerson PLAYER-PIANO

*"The Sweet Toned Piano"*

You would be drawn to it in the midst of a hundred pianos.

It translates into sound that subtle sense of music which the mind from birth has expressed to the heart, and for which the heart — your heart — listens and waits.

One hundred and three thousand American homes have listened to the sweet voiced Emerson.

Your home should have one.

Write for catalogue.

Dealers in principal cities and towns.

**EMERSON PIANO CO.,**

**BOSTON, MASS.**

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



## The Hindoo Outdone

### A Wonderful Mechanical Device



HIS is not a puzzle, but a U. S. Patent—size of a watch—producing instant changes which seem to upset the Science of an age.

It is a spell-binder, a world-wonder, exhibiting the "power of mind over matter" or, rather, the lack of it. It works upon what might be called

### A Hidden Principle

With it, no skill is required to put the whole world "in doubt." It is of the kind that thrills and makes one "pinch himself to see if he is alive."

**Endless Fun** goes with its possession. Being well-made it will last a lifetime and never "goes wrong." The observer is always wrong.

The sage of Science is as much "at sea" as a boot-black. Men say "shell-game" and "magic"; ladies say "bewitched" and "black-art." All say "mysterious."

Anyone, lady or gent, over 16, obtains best results. A well-known college professor said recently: "Were it impossible to get another, I wouldn't take \$10 for the one I have." Another says: "Worth the price 10 times over. I would not be without one at any price."

**Agents** make \$10 daily, selling it, or rather "showing it," for it sells itself. Retail \$1.  
One Sample to Agent—\$50, or 5 for \$1, prepaid.

**PARIS-AMERICAN ART CO.**

40 S. State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

## LOOKING FOR LAND?



HEN a good place to look is Bradford Hills, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on the main division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, thirty miles West of Philadelphia.

The land in question comprises four hundred acres of soil, commanding excellent views of the beautiful Chester Valley on the North, and the Brandywine Valley, even more lovely, to the South. It is in the very center of a region rendered historic by the Revolutionary War, and the scenery has no equal on the main line of the P. R. R. Every acre is picturesque.

There are fine level tracts on the hilltop, suitable for residence sites; secluded nooks and dells by the stream, that are ideal for bungalow building.

The approach is easy from all points, thanks to excellent roads. Many Philadelphians own residences in Bradford Hills, and some stay here all the year around.

The place boasts two things that at one time were all they needed in Texas and Elsewhere—good water and good society.

Train service is O. K., because of the suburban traffic. Three hundred fifty of the four hundred acres are cleared for farming.

The price seems very reasonable, all things considered. In fact, this is a splendid "ground" floor proposition. Those interested in first-class real estate should lose no time in communicating with

Mr. GEORGE O. MERCER, Downingtown, Pa.

## Our Wonderful Offer Only \$1.00



HIS apparatus works efficiently on one cell, dry or other battery. The coil has perfect regulation; the current at the handles varying from imperceptible to all that can be borne. The coil and vibrator parts are very compactly built; the vibrator contacts are pure silver—thought by many superior to platinum. Mounted on a polished wood base, with neat bushings for the passage of the conducting cords. Coil ends are finished in polished black enamel. All metal parts nickel plated. Well made throughout.

For This  
Household  
Medical  
Coil



**Price Without Battery, \$1.00, by mail extra 11c, or given free with one yearly subscription to MODERN ELECTRICS for \$1.50**

Now about MODERN ELECTRICS, the wonderful, big, interesting, electrical magazine that keeps you informed of all that is new and novel in electrical achievement. There is a growing tendency among the ever up-to-date American public to keep in touch with the times not only in business, politics and art, but in science and invention as well. MODERN ELECTRICS is a profusely illustrated monthly, which fully describes these subjects and written so you can readily understand it.

The Authority on Wireless. For the Novice, the Amateur, the Experimenter and the Student.

You should take at least one semi-technical electrical magazine and keep up-to-date on the new wonders and advances in electricity—MODERN ELECTRICS illustrates and describes these subjects in a style that can be read and understood by every member of the family, particularly the young man and boy. It is nearly five years old and contains from 112 to 144 pages monthly. 15c. a copy, \$1.50 per year. Tells you how to make things at home; contains an experimental department and answers your questions free. The brightest and most interesting "plain English" electrical monthly magazine published. The magazine to read if you want to keep up-to-date on wireless and progress in electricity. We want you to become a permanent reader and to that end offer for a limited time only with one year's subscription at the regular annual rate this Medical Coil free. Money

Refunded Immediately if Not Pleased in Every Way.

Send \$1.50 today in cash, stamps, M. O. or check, and get MODERN ELECTRICS for one year and we will send you the Coil prepaid. Absolutely Free.

MODERN ELECTRICS Magazine, 241 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

**MODERN  
ELECTRICS**

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?





ASSESSED out of this plane of action June Third, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, Lewis Godlove, of Saint Louis.

As a single drop of aniline will tint a whole cask of water, so does the life of a good man influence a whole city—aye, a nation.

Yet so quietly did Lewis Godlove live, so modestly did he do his work, so gently did he express himself, that few, even among those who knew him best, realized the full measure of his worth, until now that his hands are

folded forever. Godlove was secretary and general manager of the Strauss Studio. Here business blends with art, and friendship fuses all.

The Strauss Studio is quite unlike any other concern in the world. That its workmanship is superb is admitted, but its success turned on personality. That the gentle spirit of Godlove had a deal to do in the making of this success, Mr. Strauss freely acknowledges, and so stated repeatedly while Godlove was yet with us.

The love and loyalty of Godlove for the institution, and his desire to efface himself in his work, were almost pathetic. Several times I took him away on little trips, and I had almost to carry him away bodily. He thought of every one's comfort but his own.

That unforgettable creation of David Warfield's, *The Music-Master*, and also that other fine embodiment, *The Servant in the House*, owe a direct debt to our Lewis, although the man himself was totally unconscious that he was of the "messianic type."

Lewis Godlove may have lacked aggression, but he did not lack power. For humor, kindness, sympathy, insight, appreciation and unfailing love are all forms of force, positive and effectual.

Of all the many men I know, I find, casting around in my mind, not one with this man's native innocence, childlike simplicity, and freedom from alloy, all coupled with high intellect and noble endeavor. He was pure gold—and pure gold does not possess the same value that copper does for kitchen utensils.

Possibly, here we get the reason why Godlove did not build skyscrapers and have his name blazoned in electric lights—he was too fine for his time! But had the man been different, he would not have been our Lewis. He was what he was, and his limitations made him lovable.

His example of industry, economy, integrity, unselfishness and unfailing faith in the Eternal Goodness in all men—these things are our blessed legacy. He never blamed, and when he spoke, it was to praise, commend and defend.

To have known this man as friend and brother, for a full decade, was my precious privilege. That I was not of positive service to him is my sore regret. And yet what could I have done for him? He was so gently self-sufficient: he asked for nothing—he gave everything.

And if the dead carry in their clenched hands only that which they have given away, how rich then is the soul of Lewis Godlove!

He can never be replaced; his qualities were unique, peculiar, individual. "They also serve who only stand and wait." "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Those who knew Lewis Godlove best, loved him most. The artists of Saint Louis have lost their most appreciative critic; the writers their best friend. And for all those who strive for Civic Righteousness and Social Betterment, an elder brother has gone.

Hail, simple, honest, sweet soul—hail! We are poorer for your passing, but we are richer, indeed, in that you lived. Farewell!



**This Portable Typewriter**

sent on approval—saves time, work and money—\$18 in United States. Here is an efficient, portable typewriter that writes as clearly as \$100 machines—saves 80% Standard keyboard—visible writing, makes 5 carbons—takes full size letter sheet; low cost because simple. Has only 250 parts. Others 1700 to 2700. Our guarantee says "Money back if not satisfied." Try the Bennett at our risk. Can be mailed parcel post; send for catalog.

AGENTS WANTED  
J. C. A. BENNETT  
TYPEWRITER CO.  
266 Broadway, New York



## THE RIGHT MAN

is wanted again—as usual. Funny, is n't it, how the demand for this specimen of the genus homo never grows less! ¶ A reputable manufacturing concern solicits the services of a first-class man to take charge of its publicity and correspondence. ¶ The selling end of the business is carried on by personal correspondence, circularizing, etc. If you have what Mike Kinney calls "selling microbes," you are wanted. ¶ Salesmanship and sincerity are two important qualifications for this job. Also, let us add *tact*. ¶ If you are a candidate, explain why, and direct your letter in care of ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE ROYCHOPERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE

¶ "We desire to say that the results secured from the space we have used thus far have been excellent. It was only a day or so ago that an inquiry came to us from the January issue from a dealer in New Zealand. ¶ One inquiry that came to us from Richmond, Virginia, has resulted in a total of twenty-one orders, and another in a total of sixteen orders. We have a lot of smaller chains that have resulted in several orders apiece from inquiries brought to us by our advertising in THE FRA." — — —

## SANITARY DRINKING-CUPS

¶ The promiscuous use of drinking-cups is a reprehensible practise. ¶ We have our individual tooth-brushes and Pebeek, soap and towels. ¶ And if we are wise, we will insist on the individual drinking-cup. ¶ We believe in the Science of Prophylactics. ¶ And the Science of Prophylactics is merely the Science of Prevention. ¶ *Baldwin Finback Drinking-Cups* are sanitary, hygienic, indispensable. They should be installed in every factory, store, office-building, hotel and railway-coach in the world. ¶ Prices on request.



BALDWIN FINBACK CUP COMPANY  
208 Ford Building  
Boston, Mass.

## A TEN-MINUTE LESSON IN GREGG SHORTHAND

MEMORIZE			
t	d	n	m
k	g	r	l
h	a	ä	ä
·	o	o	o
Y	e	e	period
·	o	·	x question

WORDS	
at	will
in, not	the
a, an	can
he	go

JOINED WORDS	
will not	
in the	
at the	
Indication of proper names	

**READ (by Sound)**

Can he lead the lamb here? Go get the cream in the dairy. The rain will delay the deacon. May he go in at the gate? Lena made a good cake. Can he get ready in a day?

**WRITE (by Sound)**

Can he lead the lamb here? Go get the cream in the dairy. The rain will delay the deacon. May he go in at the gate? Lena made a good cake. Can he get ready in a day?

¶ The "ten-minute lesson" illustrates the simplicity and legibility of Gregg Shorthand. Work the lesson out and send it in to the nearest school teaching Gregg Shorthand, or to us, and full information about Gregg Shorthand will be sent free.

## THE GREGG PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



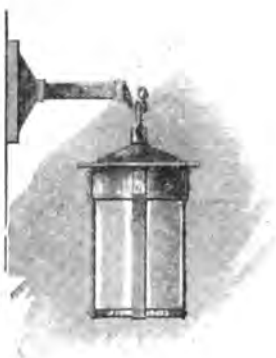
# Roycroft Lighting Fixtures



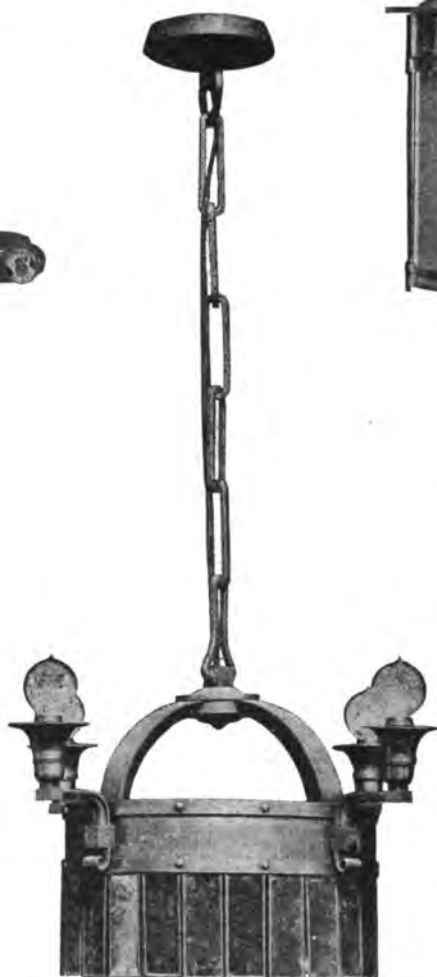
E 1031



B 333



B 382



D 440



E 1021



WITH the completion of the roomy new addition to the Metal Shop, The Roycrofters are in a position to handle orders for wrought-metal lighting-fixtures, with neatness and dispatch.

We are specialists in this line. Our work will compare favorably with similar work done anywhere else in the world.

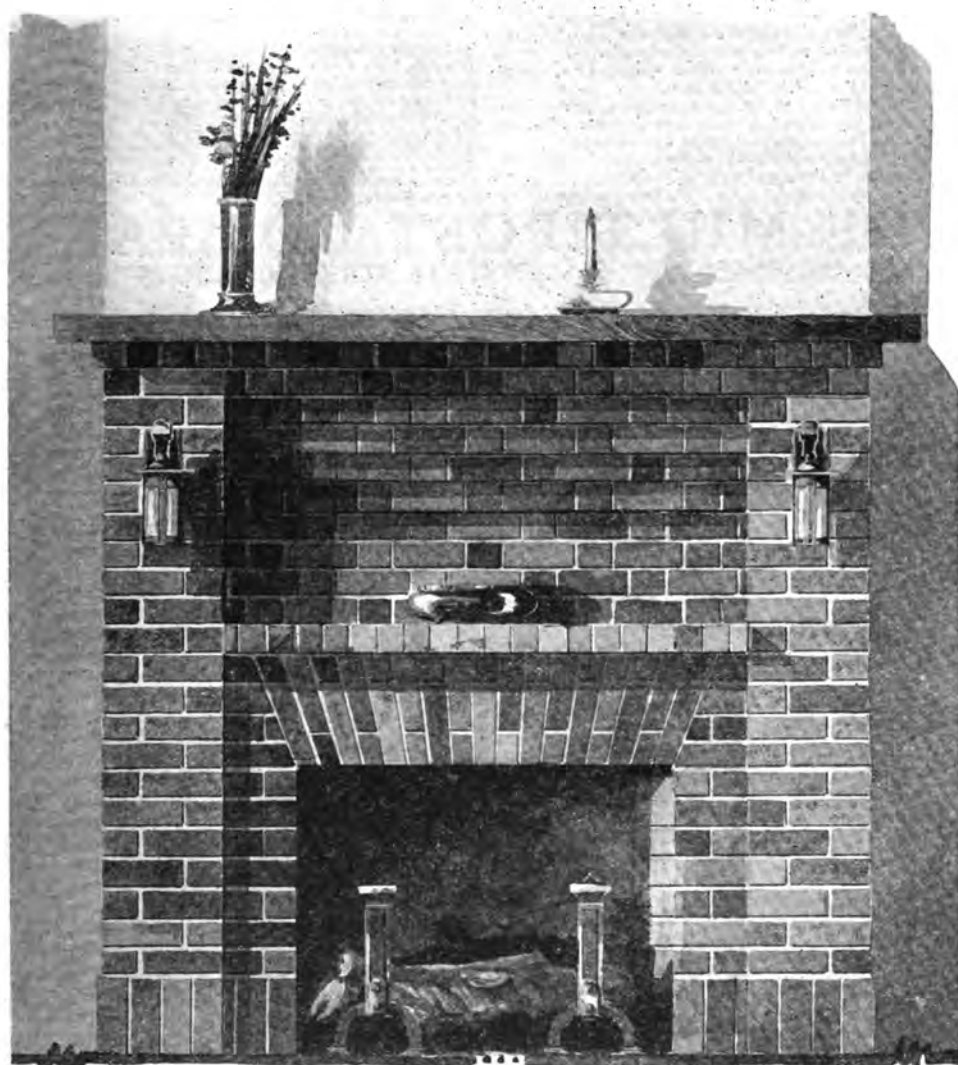
Not what you know, but what you can do—The Roycroft  
School of Life solves the problem



Roycroft Lighting-Fixtures are thoroughly distinctive and unique. The designs are thought out right here on the spot, and the execution is pluperfect. ☛ We will send you designs and photos, with prices and all necessary information, on request. If you are interested, drop us a line.



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



At The Roycroft School of Life, boys explore their environment, and learn to live



# THE STAMP ACT



THINK of stamps as money, and you will bring the bull's-eye.

Stamps are an absolute equivalent for their face-value, just as negotiable as a check—you can always cash in on them. They are good legal tender—current coin—and recognized as such.

Just note how many advertisements direct consumers to pay either in coin or in stamps.

The only commodity you won't let your neighbor give you—postage-stamps. You may borrow his gold watch, his spading-fork, his toothbrush, or anything that is thy neighbor's—but if he loans you a two-cent stamp, you make him change a dollar.

The business house that purchases stamps in sheet form is inviting carelessness and even dishonesty, oftentimes.

The wise employer installs a MULTIPOST, thereby safeguarding not only his own interests, but also the interests of those in his employ.

We are all trying hard to be honest, sure!—and the MULTIPOST simply helps us to acquire the technique.

Every business which conducts a large volume of correspondence should have a MULTIPOST or two.

The MULTIPOST, a sturdy, well-built little machine weighing about a pound, moistens and slaps stamps on envelopes about three times as fast as it can be done by hand.

Also, it records each stamp, so you always know exactly how many stamps are being used.

Stamps coiled in rolls of five hundred, all ready for the MULTIPOST, can be had at any Post-Office in the United States and Canada.

The MULTIPOST moistens and affixes anywhere from sixty to one hundred stamps a minute, all depending on the speed developed by the operator.

The MULTIPOST pays at least twenty-five per cent. annually on its cost, and this estimate is most conservative, in view of the fact that one two-cent stamp a day saved will turn the trick.

The MULTIPOST is paying its way in more than ten thousand prominent business concerns from Broadway to the Golden Gate. It is absolutely guaranteed for one year against defective workmanship and material, and will last any business house long enough to pay for itself a dozen times over.

Its use is not limited to letters. It handles mail of any size or form. Those who fail to appreciate the MULTIPOST will bear watching. The MULTIPOST will be sent upon request to any reputable business house wishing to test its powers.

We pay expressage, and there is no obligation to purchase unless you are



Drop a line today and get Multiposted

## THE MULTIPOST COMPANY

Canadian Multipost Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada  
Reference: Union Trust Co., Rochester, N. Y.

269 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

# Navajo Rugs and Blankets



IN Northeastern Arizona and the region adjoining, in New Mexico, is located the Government Reservation of the Navajo Indians, comprising nearly ten million acres of characteristic Arizona-New Mexico landscape. Folks who contend that the Indian is a practically extinct genus will be surprised to learn that the Navajo Nation is at present about twenty thousand strong, and seems to be holding its own in respect to numbers.

The Navajos own a million sheep. These they raise for wool to make into blankets and rugs—those beautiful and unique weaves that are the despair of imitators, the admiration of the judicious, the much-prized possessions of the *fortunati*. We weave our very lives into that which we make with our hands; and naturally enough, the Navajos weave their picturesque Indian natures into these rugs and blankets. The pride, taciturnity, stoicism and dignity of a once powerful race are all there, depicted, however subtly, in brilliant colors and geometrical designs of striking originality. Things made with head, hand and heart can never be duplicated exactly. So when you invest in a Navajo Rug, you are getting something just as individual and distinctive as a Roycroft Binding or Copper Vase. No house seems quite complete without a Navajo Rug, in den, morning-room or study. Before the fireplace nothing lends such an atmosphere of rest and repose as one of these Navajo rugs. It is the very quintessence of *otium cum dignitate*. Let us tell you about the rugs made for us by the Navajo Indians on their Reservation, far from Fred Harvey Restaurants, and the trail of the tourist. Somewhere in our stock is a Navajo Rug that is yours by divine right. We are sure we can please you in matters of size, color, weave and weight. And we have but one kind of quality. Send for color-cuts of original patterns in Navajo Rugs and Blankets. These rugs are shipped from the Navajo Nation direct to you—on approval. Shall we quote you prices?

## J. A. MOLOHON AND COMPANY

Successors to J. B. Moore, Indian Trader and Collector,

CRYSTAL, NEW MEXICO

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?





THE PILLARS

magnificent in the country. An education to those interested in trees, shrubs and flowers. "The Pillars" has been a resting place along life's highway to families and individuals of culture and refinement for a period of forty years. It is an Inn located at 37 and 39 South Washington Street near the center of the city. No trolley cars. Moderate prices. Automobile Garage nearby.

*Miss Mary D. Chamberlain, Proprietor and Manager*

**R**OCHESTER, N.Y., The Flower City, offers much that is interesting to the summer tourist. Located on the Genesee River within six miles of Ontario Beach on Lake Ontario. A chain of beautiful parks encircles the city. The floral display in these parks is the most

**JULY 14th and 15th, Mr. Joseph J. Lamb, of The Lamb School for Stammerers at Pittsburgh, will journey to East Aurora, to attend The Roycroft Convention, consulting with such as may need his service. GRATIS, of course.**



**T**he Venice of today is but a shadow of her former self.

Time was when Venice was mistress of the commerce of a large part of the world.

So here is a Venetian flower-holder or font, which traces an origin to Venice, or, rather, to the old Byzantine influence which ruled Venice in the days of her ascendancy. ¶ The original of this font came from Italy, and cost a fabulous price.

Howard replicas in manufactured stone can be had for the small sum of \$75.00, including packing.

For the front lawn or as the center of a driveway, as ornaments along the terrace, this font is just the thing.

¶ Send for a copy of Francis Howard's booklet, *Garden Furniture and Ornaments*, a mine of useful and fascinating information. ¶ 25 cents will fetch your copy via the courteous postman.

**FRANCIS HOWARD, Garden Expert**

5 West 28th Street, New York

## THE AUTO-CRAT OF THE DINING-TABLE



**A**li Baba says that he is much in favor of two meals a day, since most family quarrels begin at the table. Ali figures it out that two meals a day will reduce the scraps thirty-three and one-third per cent. The knowing ones go a step further, and reduce family friction the remaining sixty-six and two-thirds per cent by — no, Terese, not by cutting out the other two meals, but by using *Knitted Table Padding*, the kind that serves, and preserves.

The dining-room is the most important room in the home, as it is also in the hotel. ¶ And the dining-table is the most important article of furniture in the dining-room.

¶ *Knitted Table Padding* saves dining-tables. It makes for table-refinement, service, economy. No bunching or lumping of the cotton strands. Here is table protection in its most approved form. This table padding is the only knitted brand on the market. It is readily cleansed by rinsing in warm water, with any good washing-powder.

¶ Get *Knitted Table Padding*, in widths varying from 42 to 72 inches, at any dependable drygoods house, or order direct from

**THE KNITTED PADDING CO.,**  
10 CHAPMAN STREET CANTON, MASS.

## Everywoman

who takes more than a superficial interest in the welfare of her home should read Elbert Hubbard's booklet, *A Message to Housekeepers*. ¶ It explains the necessity of putting the cosmic quietus on dust, and the germs of disease, dissolution and death therein contained. ¶ Many a disease besides the Great White Plague traces an ancestry to the dust-particles that lurk in our homes. ¶ This booklet is sent gratis to any one directing a request to

**The United Electric Co.**

Canton, Ohio.

COUPON

Send me, gratis, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's booklet, *A Message to Housekeepers*



## ROYCROFT STATIONERY



the Stationery of significance. It tokens good taste and discrimination. It is Italian handmade, bearing the deckle edge of distinction and the Roycroft watermark. It is a fitting medium for the interchange of kindly remembrances.

*When away on a vacation  
take a goodly supply with you*

Letter-Paper (in selected tints),  
One Dollar a box.

Correspondence-Cards (deckle-  
edged), One Dollar a box.

**"Play Ball!"**

*The Secret of Perpetual Youth*



Buy an indoor base-  
ball, and then play ball,  
OUTSIDE, with the  
whole Bunch.

Get your rest through  
change.

Get to know yourself  
—and others.

**"Play Ball!"**

In two good swatable sizes,  
Fifty Cents and One Dollar.

A Thousand and One

(Elbert Hubbard)



Reading makes a full man — conversation a ready man.  
Here is a book that will make you both; and at a  
price that is not "Prohib."

In Flexible Leather, Two Dollars.  
Three-quarters Levant, Five Dollars.

## ROYCROFT TIES



OME folks say  
that Fawcett was  
inspired to write  
*Blest be the Tie,*  
after seeing a  
specimen of the  
"Tie Elbertus,"

in Crepe-de-Chine, at Two Dollars!  
He chose an apt simile — for every-  
where good Roycrofters wear The  
Roycroft Tie, as a symbol of the  
Fellowship.

These Ties are made of the finest  
material, with hand-stitched hems.

In black, brown, gray, ecru, red,  
white and blue. Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



# Now, Here Is an Offer Worth While *A Year's Subscription to* Popular Electricity Magazine

with this

## Electric Heating Pad

Only  
Prepaid to You

\$4.80

Both for



## Electricity *The Most Wonderful Force in all Nature*

What do you know about it? Stop and think. You'll realize how little you actually do know about it.

Some of the most common things in our daily lives would be impossible without electricity in its present development. The story of this mysterious power is more interesting than fiction, more fascinating than romance.

Since the day Ben Franklin drew a spark from the clouds with his famous kite and key, every day has brought new triumphs in the realm of electricity.

Even now some new and wonderful thing is happening almost daily. It was but a short time ago that we could scarcely believe that electricity could be transmitted without wires and yet today the wireless telegraph has revolutionized ocean travel and almost robbed it of its terrors.

How we all marvel at the seemingly impossible feats accomplished by Edison, Marconi and the other wizards of electricity. Yet they all say they have hardly touched the A B C's of its possibilities.

## Popular Electricity Magazine

tells, in plain English, of everything that is going on in the world of electricity. Tells it simply, so that anyone who reads may understand. Tells it interestingly, so you will like it. The liberal use of fine pictures makes it fascinating and easily understood.

Many of the little devices shown may be used for pleasure or profit. A year's subscription will provide more entertainment, more educational benefits and more practical pointers than you can possibly get elsewhere for the same money.

You owe it to yourself to be a regular reader. Get the current issue from your newsdealer, or subscribe today.

Issued monthly, 15c a copy; subscription, \$1.50 a year; (Canada, \$1.85; foreign, \$2.25). Note the special offer in next column. Use the Coupon

Sample copy sent free on suspicion.

**Popular Electricity Publishing Co.**

361 Thompson Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

## The J-M Electrotherm Heating Pad

A thin, soft and comfortable pad containing insulated wires protected with asbestos.

Its greater convenience, lightness, flexibility, even dispersion and control of heat, makes it a big improvement over the troublesome, heavy, clumsy, old-fashioned hot-water bottle.

Instantly available and regulated by a switch to continuously produce any temperature desired, adapting it to treatment of innumerable ailments, for many of which a hot-water bottle is altogether unsuited.

Invaluable in cases of pneumonia, neuralgia, bronchial affections, rheumatism, dyspepsia, cold hands or feet, toothache, earache, etc., etc.

Absolutely fire-proof, while a sensitive, automatic thermostat prevents possibility of getting hot enough to burn the user. Complete with connecting plug and 15-ft. flexible cord.

Should be in every household. By its prompt use much sickness may be avoided. Fully guaranteed.

This modern health device with a year's subscription to Popular Electricity Magazine for only \$4.80 prepaid to you. (Canada, \$5.40; foreign, \$5.90). Money back if not satisfied.

Present subscribers may take advantage of this offer and have their subscriptions extended.

### SPECIAL OFFER—"Money Back" Coupon

Popular Electricity Publishing Co., 361 Thompson Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen—Enclosed find \$4.80 (\$5.40 if Canadian; \$5.90 if foreign) for which send me Popular Electricity Magazine one year and the Electrotherm Heating Pad (postpaid) as per your special offer, with the understanding that money will be refunded me, if not satisfied, upon return of the pad to you (postpaid) in good condition within ten days from date received by me.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

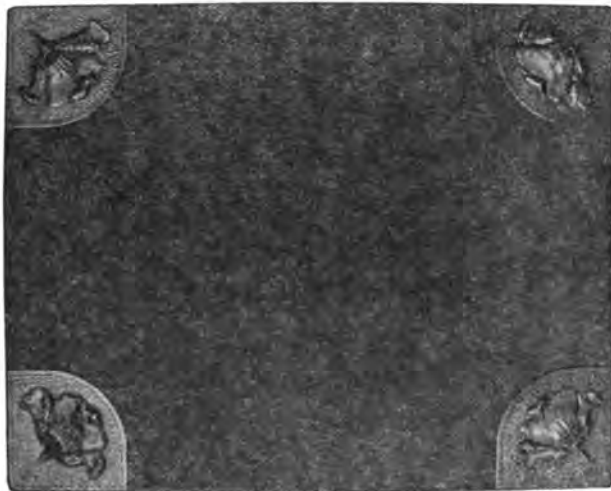
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

Town and State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended).



## DESIRABLE DESK DISPOSITIONS



**LEATHER DESK-PAD**  
Copper Corners, Poppy design. Size, 19 x 24 in.  
Price, \$7.00

**Q** The Roycrofters offer these attractive writing-table accessories, in modeled leather and copper, to the discriminating.

**Q** By means of these furnishings your desk presents beautiful order and harmony.

**Q** They are iridescent, inspirational — real Roycroftie.



**SIMITAR PAPER-KNIFE**  
50 cents



**INKWELL AND TRAY**  
Length, 11½ inches  
Price, \$6.00

**MODELED-LEATHER  
WASTEBASKET**



**COPPER BOOK-ENDS**  
Poppy design  
Price, \$4.00



Diameter, 9 in. Depth, 15 in.  
Price, \$7.00

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
EAST AURORA, N. Y.



## A WORD TO AUTHORS

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

Editor of THE SMART SET

**I**T seems incredible, in a country where authors are forever complaining of not receiving intelligent appreciation from editors, that it should be difficult for a magazine to get hold of first class matter, when the one standard of that magazine's acceptance is merit.

But that is just the case with THE SMART SET. We find it difficult to get hold of stories, or poems or essays—and especially one-act plays—that we consider sufficiently meritorious to publish.

It is no doubt true that timid editors have discouraged authors from sending out their best and less conventional literary wares—but no author should be discouraged until his manuscript has visited every magazine, and we might add—what is more to the point—until it has visited THE SMART SET office.

We are not ashamed to accept stories with a past. In fact, we are rather proud when we discover a fine piece of work which has failed to meet with an amiable reception elsewhere. Why is this the case? Because we hold, as a colorable theory, that the public will read and pay for the best.

A great number of manuscripts submitted to magazines are rejected because of the timid and puritanical policies of those magazines. The editor of THE SMART SET magazine is after the best stories which are being written today, and is willing to publish them, no matter what their themes. Positively, merit and sincerity are the only requisites which are demanded of authors.

"This story will never sell," said a well-known editor recently to an author, on handing him back his manuscript; "the theme of the story would offend too many readers."

The story was brought into this office, and was bought at once. THE SMART SET is not afraid of offending an intelligent reader with a first-rate piece of work. We have foregone pandering to the pities and bourgeois beliefs of the primitive-minded reader. We have come to the conclusion that America has sufficient intelligent readers to appreciate literary merit for what it is worth, and who enjoy reading stories, poems, and articles which do not happen to soothe their own particular brand of religion or ethic.

This word to authors, therefore, is an appeal to those writers who are sensible of their capabilities and who are in possession of manuscripts which are really worth while, but which have met with an unfavorable reception because of their unconventionality. We want stories of this nature. We

know that they exist in America, and that the majority of authors would rather write stories which are a sincere expression of themselves than write down to the popular level at the behest of editors. Already, we have got hold of many such stories, but we want more of them.

We want every efficient author in America to know that if he has a story which he feels he must write, no matter what the theme may be, it will find an outlet, provided that story is a sincere and commendable piece of work; and manuscripts will be read and passed upon promptly, payment being made weekly for all accepted material.

We want to make of THE SMART SET not only the best magazine in America, but something entirely new—the sort of magazine that Europe has been able to support, but which so far has not yet been attempted in America. The old maids of both sexes have always influenced more or less American literary art, with the result that we have not kept pace with the literature overseas. Our best writers have been discouraged and their work has been stultified.

Here then is an opportunity for American writers to show what is in them—to write the thing which they have wanted to write, but which they have laid aside because of its unmarketability with the conventional magazines.

A word of explanation, lest this statement should be misunderstood: THE SMART SET is not after sensational or risque stories. It is after genuine stories, stories which reflect life truthfully; and if these stories are genuine, their subject matter will not militate against them.

Many American writers have had to go to Europe for recognition because of the shy policy of American editors in rejecting a certain class of story. These editors may have been led by a sincerity of purpose, no doubt, but we believe the intelligence of the American reading public has been greatly underestimated by them.

To be sure, this is a great advance in American editorial policies. But the times have changed. Public appreciation has become finer. Interest in life has become keener. Today there are thousands of people in this country who demand a magazine of the highest order, who do not cling to the idea of happy endings, who do not demand that a story deal exclusively with "nice" people, and who do not look for the pointing of a moral in their fiction. In America something has remained undone in the magazine publishing business. THE SMART SET proposes to do it.



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# METROPOLITAN



*Like no other magazine, either in editorial make-up or physical appearance. It is a new magazine; daring, unafraid and full of the joy of living as Youth should be. And like Youth it is good to look upon.*

## Sounds promising, doesn't it?

Here are some of the good things in the July METROPOLITAN.

W. W. Jacobs, the sure-fire mirth-maker, contributes another one of his funny stories. It is illustrated by Will Owen, the famous English artist. ¶ Arnold Bennett is here with one of his clever essays concerning the secrets and successes of his own profession.

Allan Benson writes on "Light Upon Long Living" and propounds a proposition of keeping health, which is at present greatly interesting the medical fraternity.

In Finland women have everything that their sisters of other nations are fighting for. Rheta Child Dorr, who wrote "What Eighty Million Women Want," has just returned from Finland. Mrs. Dorr writes a first hand story of how they are using their power. (Admirers of "the more deadly of the species" and others take notice.)

¶ H. Addington Bruce tells what modern psychology has taught us in relation to choosing careers and explains how a career may be scientifically

chosen without waste of effort in the year 1913.

¶ A timely fact-story in this number is one on the Progressive Party's fight in Congress. This article tells who the men are that are making the fight and how they are waging the conflict between the fires of the two big parties.

Louis Sherwin writes on "The High Cost of Low Costumes." In other words, he describes the struggles of managers and actresses to costume summer musical shows.

Robert Dunn, who knows more about battleships and naval life than any other writer of high-class fiction, contributes an unusual sea story called "Existence Doubtful." It deals with hypnotism on board a battleship, which results in an extremely dramatic climax. (Don't miss this story if you are still young enough to be thrilled.)

A notable art feature of eight pages of beautiful pictures, reproduced in color on tint stock.

A beautiful and unusually good number this is, if we do say it ourselves.

## 25 cents for 3 months

Here's a chance to get 45 cents worth of magazine reading for a quarter. (The METROPOLITAN is \$1.50 a year — 15 cents a copy.) Tear off the corner of this ad, write your name and address in the margin, and mail it to us with a quarter. We will send you the METROPOLITAN for three months, beginning with the July number, for 25 cents. This sounds like a bargain. Why hesitate for "two bits"?

*15 cents a copy  
All news-stands*

**METROPOLITAN**  
"The Livest Magazine in America"  
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*\$1.50 by the  
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# THE FRA



EXPONENT OF  
THE AMERICAN  
PHILOSOPHY



Vol. XI

AUGUST, 1913

No. 5

## ROYCROFT PLATFORM

**VOTES  
FOR  
WOMEN**

**TREE  
PLANT  
ING**

**INTER  
NATIONAL  
DISARM  
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PROPERTY**



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD  
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.  
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



# DIRTY-AIR DEATHS

**F**ALSTAFF was toted out of the House of Master Ford in the name of "foul clothes" and was dumped into the River Thames.

Nowadays, we are toted out of our homes and planted in the substrata — and all in the name of "foul air."

Dirty-air deaths claim no small percentage of our population. Of the diseases which trace to germ-laden dust may be mentioned pneumonia, tuberculosis, typhoid and diphtheria. There are others, but the quartette mentioned are perhaps the most malignant.

These are, one and all, dirty-air diseases. That is, they can in most cases be traced directly to vitiated air — bad air impregnated with germs and other impurities. ¶ The deaths that result from these diseases (and they are very many!) are with good reason termed "dirty-air deaths."

But for dirty air, there would be no dirty-air deaths — that is certain! The thing to do is to eliminate the dirty air, for it can be done.

The TUEC Stationary Air-Cleaning System does it. And that, too, at no great expense, comparatively.

**T**HE installation of the TUEC System is of just as much importance as the installation of good plumbing, say, or adequate heating facilities, or electric lighting.

Good, breathable air, clean, sweet, pure and healthful, is even more necessary than heat and light and plumbing fixtures. These we can do without, at a pinch, but air is vital.

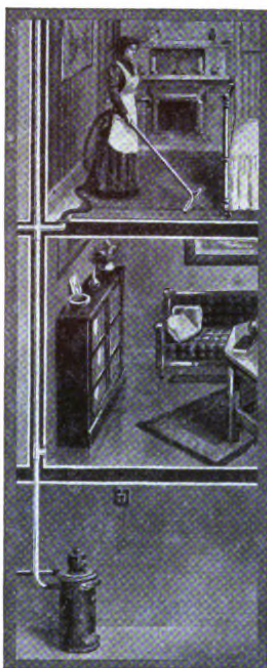
Good folks the country over are putting in the TUEC and finding out what they have been missing all along, but never knew they were missing. What we do not have, we may not miss. But it is also true that what we need, we are paying for every day, with compound interest. At least, Hugh Chalmers thinks so.

Suppose you write, this very day, for facts about the TUEC Stationary Air-Cleaning System. Just preserve a calm, judicial state

of mind, until the whole case has been presented.

Then judge for yourself about the merits of this superlatively safe, sane, commonsense system.

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**T**HE users of Diamond Tires—made of Vitalized Rubber—are getting maximum mileage at minimum expense—and so can you.

“Maximum mileage at minimum expense” means a reduction in your tire bills. Motorists everywhere have been eagerly looking forward to the day when they could get a tire containing *more mileage*.

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## Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

will give you the greatest mileage at the least cost, because of these exclusive Diamond advantages which you can get in no other tire today—

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Vitalized Rubber will resist wear from the *inside* or *outside* of the tire, consequently *lasts longer* and gives a good, liberal mileage.



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The No-Pinch Safety Flap that comes in all Diamond Tires forms a substantial wall that separates the inner tube and the rim—guarding against pinching, cutting under the rim or injury from rim rust.



Cross-section of Diamond  
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criminal by instinct or habit. The entire tendency of his mind is one of kindness, gentleness, good-will, and to take advantage of other people or thrive through their discomfiture or loss is absolutely foreign to his nature.

Second, Julian Hawthorne is not a businessman. He gets his business ideas at second hand. It is all a sort of matter of proxy. He believes what he is told. If he were a businessman, instead of a dreamer, a poet, a philosopher, a humanitarian, he would never have accepted the fairy-tales that were poured into his ears in reference to certain mines in the North. But the thing was put up to him so plausibly, and it was shown

**H**AVE known Julian Hawthorne for twenty-five years. I have done business with him, collaborated with him in writing, traveled with him, worked in the fields with him, attended political conventions with him, and have seen him under many and various conditions.

I know the man as well as most, and I believe I know him a deal better than he knows himself.

In the first place, Julian Hawthorne is not a

beyond cavil that other mines in the vicinity were rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and the man was convinced of the truth and righteousness of the proposition in which he was engaged and for which he wrote.

Third, Julian Hawthorne is not a geologist, prospector, or mining expert, and the advertisements he wrote, viewed from a scientific aspect, are silly and absurd to a great degree. The man was used as a tool by men very much less able than Julian Hawthorne in



many ways, but they were men versed in the fine art of promotion. Even these men I believe were led a merry chase by the wild bucking broncho of biz.

¶ Julian Hawthorne has been punished severely. His good name and that of his father have been used to bat up flies. The newspapers have blazoned his name in red and black face as a criminal before the law. The man is now in prison. To keep him there longer would be for the Government to gloat over a good man's misfortune. The strong can afford to be generous. The just can well afford to be forgiving. President Wilson is a man without malice. There is less of the idea of ven-

geance in his nature than in that of any other man who has ever occupied the Presidential chair, save Lincoln alone. Yet President Wilson is never maudlin. His feelings do not run over until he stands in the slop. I believe that he understands the character of Julian Hawthorne, and I believe that his heart is moved to pity by the predicament in which Hawthorne, this most able, generous, gentle and kindly man, has found himself—caught in the toils of calamitous condition, bound by the threads

## To the First 10,000 Subscribers to "The Hershey Idea"

We make a Special Subscription Price of 75c a Year. The regular Subscription Price is \$1.50, or 15c a Copy

¶ "The Hershey Idea" will make its first appearance in September. It will be published by M. S. Hershey, the chocolate manufacturer, and will be edited by William E. Wright.

¶ "The Hershey Idea" means to enter the whole field of political, economic and social journalism, and in an absolutely unbiased and judicial manner discuss all such questions.

¶ "The Hershey Idea" will fearlessly attack the oppressions of dishonest Capitalism, and the unjust assaults of Labor upon Capital, and will also emphasize the great need everywhere of conducting public business in the nation, state, county and municipalities in the same honest and economical way that private business is conducted.

¶ "The Hershey Idea" should be in the home of every American citizen—it stands for all of the *live* and *progressive* issues of the day.

¶ "The Hershey Idea" will have a Short Story section, and the stories will be of the "worth while" kind.

¶ "The Hershey Idea" is desirous of securing able articles along the above stated lines, also Short Stories (but no lovey dovey stuff). We pay market prices for good material.

"The Hershey Idea"  
Hershey, Pa.

1913.

Gentlemen: We take advantage of your offer, and enclose 75c, for which kindly credit us with one year's subscription to "The Hershey Idea," beginning with your first issue, September.

Name .....

Address .....

of unkind Fate. ¶ Hawthorne has been punished enough; in fact, he has suffered more than many a man has suffered who has gone to the gallows, because Julian Hawthorne has a great capacity for suffering. Golgotha is the only piece of real estate to which he now holds title. I want to see Julian Hawthorne pardoned.

The act will be becoming to our President and grateful to thousands of good people all over the United States.



# EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION



From August First to August Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, there will be held an Educational Convention at The Roycroft Shop, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York.

There will be daily programs, afternoon and evening. It is scarcely expected that the great questions that have been perplexing educators since the days of the late Pythagoras will be finally settled at this meeting. However, the ether will be agitated, and various good men and women will express themselves freely and frankly, and with good nature.

If the weather is pleasant, most of the sessions will be held out of doors, for at East Aurora there is plenty of out-of-doors. Those who are in attendance are invited to join the daily Roycroft classes in gardening. These classes meet every morning. Men, women and children join in the fun, because when you work in joy it is only play. Teachers who find their nerves getting a trifle outside of their clothes will do well to attend this Convention.

We work from the complex to the simple, and to simplify is the great desire of The Roycrofters.

There will be ample accommodation at The Roycroft Inn. Rates are Two Dollars and a Half a day and up, according to rooms. There is no charge for admission to any of the exercises or classes \* \*

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IF YOU WISH TO BE THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE REINS--IF YOU EXPECT TO BECOME THE EXECUTIVE HEAD OF A BUSINESS--IF YOU EXPECT TO HOLD DOWN A MANAGER'S CHAIR--

### *This Course In Business Administration Will Help You*

That you want to succeed is, of course, self-evident. You must realize that some day you will become old. Will you enjoy the sunset of life in comfort and ease or will it be stamped with the blot of failure, if not actual penury and want? Reflect on this.

**Demand for Trained Men** President James, of the University of Illinois, was asked if there was any demand from business houses for college-bred men. His reply was: "The demand has been far in excess of the supply since courses in business administration were established in our institution seven years ago. Each year has brought many more requests than we have men to recommend." Ten years ago President James would have been ridiculed for advancing this new idea for the establishment of a school of commerce in connection with a university. Men trained in the theory, practice, and administration of business will always occupy the best positions and will always command the greatest salaries.

**Failures Due to Lack of Business Training** Why do so many fail? Ask any credit man, and he will tell you that it is not because of the lack of capital or other material resources, but it is due primarily to a lack of business training. A friend once told us that he inquired of a house employing some 300 traveling men how many salesmen they had. The manager replied, "Three." Our friend asked: "How's that? I was told your force of traveling men numbers nearly 300." "Ah, that is quite different," replied the manager; "we have 297 traveling men, but only three salesmen."

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This course is intended for the business men of America, and this designation includes the banker and his clerks, the farmer and his sons, the lawyer and the law student, the financier and the man who sells bonds and stocks, the merchant and the grocery clerk, the accountant and the bookkeeper, the manager and his assistant, and every ambitious young man of the Twentieth Century type looking forward to the pursuit of any business, trade, or occupation. It covers the following vital subjects thoroughly.

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Will bring full particulars about this great course, also a free copy of our book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." This little book is worth a dollar of any man's money, but it is free to you while they last.

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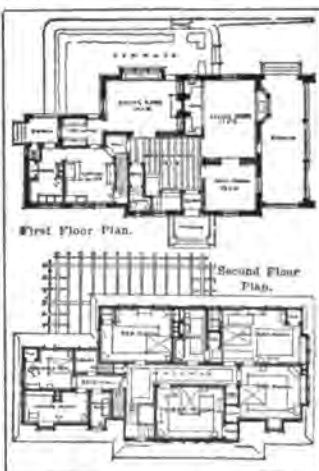
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people of his age. Francis Bacon, Carlyle, Swinburne, Goethe, Dante, Scott, Milton, Hugo, Mill, Tennyson, Darwin, Taine, Browning and Huxley, each had their own individual religious idea. None agreed altogether. If only the few chosen will inherit the kingdom of Heaven, what a glorious place Hell will be with the souls of these illustrious men!—*George H. Maines.*

**T**HE gods may be slow, but they never forget. It is not for us to punish men nor to avenge ourselves for slights, wrongs and insults. Wait, and you will see that Nemesis unhorses the man intent on calumny. A woman's ornaments should be mod-

**B**RAHMA was not a god or a man, but a product of theological abstraction. John Calvin was a Protestant reformer; John Huss was another. Henry Thoreau and Emerson were transcendentalists. Confucius and Buddha each had a different religious belief, yet today their followers number more than one-half the inhabitants of the earth. Aristotle, pupil of Plato, the teacher of Alexander the Great, and the most famous Greek philosopher, differed in religious belief from the

esty, simplicity, truth, obedience. If a woman would hold a man captive she can only do it by heeding his counsel. Violent women are even more displeasing to the gods than violent men—both are destroying themselves. Strife is always defeat.—*Pythagoras.*

Good intentions may pave the road to hell, but I'd hate to stumble over each evil intention that lines the way to heaven.

—*Myles McCarthy.*



THERE'S a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. The failures of life sit around and complain: the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain, and they haven't their lanterns at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's a man

who is treated with love-lighted eyes—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. One fellow is lazy and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer with which he will knock, and one tells a story of woe; and one, if requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. One man is afraid that he'll labor too hard—the world is n't yearning for such; and one man is alert,

## What is Home Without a Dustless Duster?



HERE are dusters and dusters, and yet again dusters, but only one duster that's really a duster. That duster is the Dustless Duster, invented and patented by F. A. Howard, who, quite accidentally and unintentionally, almost stumbled on a chemical treatment calculated to give cloth adhesiveness. This was some years ago. There is no other duster on the market with the adhesive qualities of the Howard. And therein lies its acknowledged superiority. I might add that the Howard is also the only duster that is guaranteed to retain these peculiar properties



after being cleansed and sterilized with hot water and soap. Dust is the bane of the race, being ever and always a potential, and but too often fruitful, source of disease. This for the reason that germs and dust are so frequently associated. ¶ We are told that bacteriological examination of the dust that settles in our crowded centers of population reveals the germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, anthrax, tetanus, and other malignant maladies, making merry at the expense of long-suffering humanity. ¶ "Yearly we lose twenty thousand victims to dust," declares a medical expert. And this statement is held to be most conservative. ¶ After all, it's best to be on the safe side. ¶ And the Howard Dustless Duster is a dust-squelcher, for sure!

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5000 best stores sell Howard Dustless-Dusters.

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TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

on his guard, less he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods; so it's hey for the joyous and rollicking lad—for The One Who Delivers the Goods!—Walt Mason.

THE New Way in business means opportunity for all those who have said good-by to school drill—or those who never had it. Opportunity—growth—happiness—success!

—A. Schilling.



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**NECKTIE AND CUFF CASE**  
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These articles are a real aid to the comfort and convenience of the Traveler.

They classify the different requisites, keep them where they belong, and save "rum-maging" and loss of time and temper.

*All modeled in Spanish Cowhide, in beautiful designs and exquisite colorings.*



**HANDKERCHIEF-CASE**  
Size, closed, 6 x 6 inches. Price, \$5.00.



**STICK-PIN AND CUFF-BUTTON CASE**  
(lined with ooze-morocco)  
Size, closed, 3½ x 4½ inches. Price, \$3.50.



**MANICURE-CASE**  
Fitted with the finest imported instruments.  
Size, open, 6 x 10 inches. Price, \$10.00.

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York**

Work, play, study, health—these habits are inculcated at  
The Roycroft School of Life



# Pillows, Piffle *and* Punk



¶ Bodily discomfort retards mental research.

¶ You can't study if you are uncomfortable.

¶ The difference between brilliance and bunkum is just Pillows.

¶ *Roycroft Pillows* preserve the essential harmonies.

¶ They are cozy and comfortable, artistic and beautiful.

¶ They rest the body, delight the eye, aid and abet concentration.

¶ They give "atmosphere" to the College Room.

¶ There's just time for you to send for these Roycroft Anti-Recrudescent before you lock your College Trunk.

## *Pillows*

The full skin pillows are 20 by 20 inches,  
in all colors - - - - \$5.00

We make a special plain skin pillow with  
laced edges, 20 by 20 inches - - - \$6.00

## *Table-Covers*

Velvet sheepskins to match the pillows - \$2.00

Goatskins, each - - - - \$3.00

Very fine quality calfskin, each - - \$4.00



***The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.***

Work, play, study, health—these habits are inculcated at  
The Roycroft School of Life



## An Interesting Offer

# AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS

WITH  
COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT

**A**LL readers of AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS, whether subscribers or not, are invited to consult the Editor of the new COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT on all subjects connected with their favorite hobbies. If you have any object of interest to collectors about which you desire information, a letter enclosing a stamp will bring a reply from this Department of the Magazine. Readers who have antiques and curios for exchange are invited to send lists of such objects for publication in the Collectors' exchange department. Lord Brougham once said, "Blessed is he who hath a hobby," and thrice blessed indeed is the man whose hobby has to do with the beautifying of the home, the adornment of it with objects of association such as the collector loves to bring together. The following are some of the subjects that will receive attention in the COLLECTORS' DEPARTMENT of AMERICAN HOMES.

ANTIQUES	FURNITURE	LACES
ARMS AND ARMOR	GLASS	MINIATURES
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<p>AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS MUNN &amp; CO., INC., PUBLISHERS 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK</p> <p>Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send "American Homes and Gardens" to my address for four months.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>P. O. Box or Street No. _____</p> <p>Post Office _____</p> <p>State _____</p>	<p>Date _____</p>
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**SPECIAL OFFER—Trial subscription four months, \$1.00 to readers of THE FRA Magazine**

the stings and arrows of outrageous insects, or to take arms against a swarm of buzzers, and by swatting, end 'em!

It is interesting to note that the fly is mentioned by Homer.

And from that day to this, very nearly three thousand years, the fly has stood as the symbol of saucy impudence.

Some enlightened communities, in which the leaven of civic salvation is at work, have organized fly-crusades.

Committees are formed, and cash prizes offered to the combatants bringing in the most dead flies.

☞ All this is evidence of right intent, and an entire willingness to safeguard the public health, so far as may be. But it

**W**ILLIAM MARION REEDY says that going after results rather than causes is "a typical American movement," and cites as a special illustration of his point the annual agitation in favor of fly-swatting campaigns. Writes Bill, "What's the use of swatting the fly when we leave undisturbed the things that breed flies faster than we can swat them?" ☞ Well, what is the use?

To swat, or not to swat—that seems to be the question ☞ Whether 't is better to endure

is not comprehensive enough ☞ Its scope is limited. In New Jersey, we know, whole districts have been freed from the plague of the mosquito—this by treating the low places with materials which destroyed the breeding places, thus exterminating pestiferous insects wholesale. The thing is, not to kill individual mosquitoes, but to wipe out entire colonies by destroying the breeding-places.

Accumulations of standing and stagnant water should, wherever possible, be removed. Swamp-



lands should be drained; hollows in old trees and stumps filled up; old cans and bottles, and dirty rubbish of every sort, done away with; cess-pools hermetically sealed; rain-water-barrels covered with fine wire gauze; the roof-troughs of houses frequently scoured out.

The malarial belt in Italy has been largely robbed of its terrors by certain scientific measures the Italian Government has taken in hand.

The Germans have in mind to wipe malaria off the map in German East Africa, by similar methods.

The Americans, by introducing sanitary methods into Cuba, abolished yellow fever. This in itself was worth the cost of the

Spanish-American War. It has been demonstrated that the frightful plagues of the Middle Ages were not brought down on the heads of erring humanity by vengeful gods, but resulted inevitably from a plentiful lack of sanitation.

Cleanliness and disease are opposite poles of the same idea. They have nothing in common, and they also have much in common.

Mosquitoes and flies are carriers of filth, breeders of disease. Undoubtedly, they are of



Will you examine these valuable letter-head suggestions if we send them free?

They were reproduced for your benefit — selected by us from the best work of the highest class manufacturing stationers in the United States — to show the impressive use of the different finishes in white and the various colors of Construction Bond — the paper that makes Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price. Ask us to send these suggestions free to you.

If your concern is important enough to use more than 10,000 letterheads a year, you need Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price. You are sure of that if you use Construction Bond. Why? Because Construction Bond is obtainable only of responsible, capable printers and lithographers who have quality reputations to maintain. The cream of the trade in the 170 principal cities of the United States carry Construction Bond in stock. They buy it direct from us — in big quantities — at lowest net prices. No jobber's profit — no expense for handling small lots — no losses from irresponsible accounts. No wonder that stationery on Construction Bond is good value for the money.



Write us now on your business letterhead for the portfolio of new ideas in Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price. We will also send names of concerns nearest you who can supply such stationery on Construction Bond. Write now.

W. E. Wroe & Co., Sales Office 1002 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

greater service to the medical fraternity than all other disease-agents combined.

To get rid of these disease-dealers, it is necessary to destroy their feeding and breeding arrangements. It is difficult to beat even a measly fly at his own game.

But attack him from the right vantage-ground, and you will be returned a winner every time. Also, the community of which you are a worthy member will rise up and call you blest. To get the upper hand of the vermin, annihi-

Continued on Page xxxviii





ELBERT HUBBARD

**T**HIRTY years ago the problem of oil storage and distribution was unsolved. Today it is still unsolved for many people who have not taken the trouble to investigate.

To S. F. Bowser belongs the credit of having first conceived the idea of a self-measuring oil-pump. Bowser fought the good fight and struggled along in the teeth and eyes of adverse fortune, beset on every hand with the usual obstacles, discouragement, opposition, vicissitudes, litigation. There is no fun for the pioneer in any branch of human endeavor.

Thomas Edison the other day gave many of his most ardent admirers a severe jolt, when he declared that of the thousand-odd inventions he had given the world at large, only an insignificant minority had gone unchallenged.

So Bowser persevered, and in time built up an organization that in many ways is the most wonderful of its kind.

Bowser began in a barn, just as the first Roycroft Shop was a barn.

He started in a little room in a barn in Fort Wayne, Indiana. And the strange part of it is that this barn stood on the very site of the present Bowser factory, which covers seven and one-half acres, and contains half a million square feet of floor space. The barn itself did not cover anywhere near seven and a half acres.

Bowser was the whole thing in those early years. So is he now, too—only he is not quite so much in evidence. Besides being an inventor of luminous luster, and founder and president of the establishment, he also acted as bookkeeper, cashier and general superintendent, and was his own first salesman.

# BOW

## Being a Bit of History is

Bowser possessed patience, persistence, push, business sagacity, faith and foresight. He was an executive. And an executive is a man who decides quickly and is right at least fifty-one per cent of the time. So the business grew, and Bowser grew right along with it, keeping just a little ahead.

Now Bowser is president of an organization that is absolutely unique of its kind. He owns the whole shooting-match, so to speak, and this includes the home factory in Fort Wayne, as aforesaid, together with branch and sales offices, warehouses and factories in all the chief cities of the United States and Canada. Also, branch offices in Foreign Countries.

Well did Emerson say, "Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man." S. F. Bowser & Co. Incorporated, is only the lengthened shadow of S. F. Bowser.

Power belongs to the man who can use it, and responsibility gravitates to the man who can shoulder it.

The House of Bowser is a unique organization, using the adjective in its literal sense of "sole, single, and without a peer."

First, it is the only organization in the world today devoting its entire time and energies to the manufacture of oil storage and distributing systems. Wherever oil is stored for use, whether it be volatile or non-volatile lubricating or non-lubricating, whether it be paint, oil or varnishes, there is special Bowser equipment built to handle the situation. The experience of twenty-eight years enables Bowser & Co. to cope successfully with any problem involving the question of oil storage and distribution, that can possibly arise. As a matter of fact, each new job presents its own peculiar set of facts and conditions, and must receive individual treatment. Thus it will be seen that "experience," in the case of a concern like Bowser's, implies something more than mere technical knowledge. It implies originality and versatility, without which the Bowser Service would not be the efficient, reliable thing it is.

The Bowser people are the original patentees and manufacturers of standard, self-measuring, hand and power driven pumps; tanks, large and small, for every conceivable need; gasoline and oil storage and distributing systems; self-registering pipe-line measuring oil filtering and circulating systems; dry cleaners systems, etc.

## S. F. BOWSER

Home Plant and General Offices:  
Box 2136, Fort Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.



# SER

bloid, by Elbert Hubbard

are authorities in their lines, and if you want  
adable information on questions such as these,  
must go to Bowser.

er equipment is sold all over the civilized globe,  
every year business has increased from ten to  
per cent.

ie Bowser payroll are eight hundred people em-  
d in the factory, one hundred seventy-five more  
e office, and about four hundred "roadsters,"  
ituting one of the most efficient traveling forces  
country.

er salesmen believe in the goods they are selling,  
his, after all, is the squintessence of salesmanship.  
believe they are ready—right now. And so they  
he goods. And then the house "delivers the  
"—both literally and figuratively.

are any number of definitions of salesmanship,  
trange to say, most of them are all right.

arily, a salesman is one who sells—the man who  
out and brings in the business. He is on the side  
ome, not expense. He is an asset, not a liability.  
alesman sells something to somebody who wants  
the salesman has to sell, but does not know that  
nts it, until the salesman tells him.

Chalmers, who knows a little about salesman-  
says it is "nothing more nor less than making  
her fellow feel as you do about the goods you  
to sell."

ight here is where boundless enthusiasm means  
aking of a salesman. If you lack enthusiasm your-  
ow are you going to impart it to some one else?  
owser people put it a little differently, but it  
nts to the same thing.

ability to sell a man what he needs, rather than  
he thinks he wants, and a willingness to "follow  
ales,"—this with Bowser constitutes "sales-  
up." And right here we have another eminently  
teristic Bowser quality—the instinct to play  
sharp dealing and finesse are not part of the  
er equipment.

a good salesman has made an excellent thing  
selling Bowser goods. Bowser & Co. are always  
market for salesmen—men who can go out and  
owser equipment.

even issue a little booklet entitled, *We Want Men*,  
shows how Bowser has put some of his best



S. F. BOWSER

men on Easy Street for life. Profits are not without  
honor—ANYWHERE.

Then, too, there is a little semi-monthly magazine, to  
which the salesmen contribute. This house-organ is  
called *The Bowser Boomer*. It is filled with good  
stuff right along.

Also, there are the "Bowser Boosters." These include,  
in addition to Bowser employees, all purchasers of  
Bowser equipment. A man who has installed Bowser  
equipment, whether it be a small self-measuring oil-  
cabinet, or an oil filtering and circulating system,  
adapted to the requirements of a great power-plant,  
becomes all at once a self-enlisted volunteer in the  
Brigade of "Bowser Boosters."

Here, then, we have a great business organization that  
is, in its way, more unique than the National Cash  
Register establishment. And S. F. Bowser is right in  
the class with such heavyweights as Henry Ford, James  
Oliver, Hugh Chalmers, John H. Patterson and others.  
We sometimes make the great mistake of supposing  
that Romance is dead and buried, a lost something  
that somehow belongs exclusively to the past. It is not  
so. The Spirit of Romance was never more rampant  
than it is today. Modern Business is the very apoth-  
eosis of Romance.

Business is the most fascinating pastime in the world.  
You never hear of a businessman retiring. He could n't  
retire if he wanted to. And it is not a wise thing to do,  
anyway. S. F. Bowser is still the active head of his  
company and has been without intermission since its  
inception.

Rest is rust, as everybody knows. Bowser booklets,  
folders and literature of vast interest will be forwarded  
to any address for the asking.

## & CO., Inc.,

Sales Offices in all Centers and  
Representatives Everywhere



## THE HOTEL SHERMAN

¶ In Chicago there are hotels and hotels. ¶ Some are good, others so-so. ¶ The difference between some of these hotels is largely in the size of the bill, and the tint of the upholstery. ¶ There is one hotel in Chicago that stands for service superb, food in excelsis and charges reasonable. ¶ This is the Hotel Sherman. It is the home of the Commoners. But don't forget that in America the Commoners are also Kings. Queen Elizabeth never enjoyed luxuries equal to those you and I enjoy at the Hotel Sherman. ¶ There is no such thing as poverty in the Middle West among people who work. If you do anything that the world wants done, the world will pay you for it. ¶ The people who make the Hotel Sherman their home when in Chicago are the folks who are making the world go round. They are builders, producers, creators—not bounders and bluffers. They want the best of everything. They have money to buy. They are willing to pay for what they get; but they want what they pay for. They are not mortifying the flesh any to speak of; at the same time, they are not throwing money at the English sparrows.

*Let's go to the Hotel Sherman, Chicago! WE WILL!*

## MORY & THORN

HARDWARE AND PERFUMES

260 West Broadway

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

June 17, 1913

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,  
The Roycrofters,  
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

If you can make the "mummy" sit up with *The Philistine*, why we ought certainly to make the "Sphinx" talk after a persistent campaign under your supervision.

It may interest you to know that this morning's mail brought two orders from Cuba and one from London, all of which is the result of the ad we placed in *The Philistine*. One order contained a case note and the other two contained 60 Indians each. Guess that's going some, and I know it is a ——— sight better than some of these high-priced advertising mediums.

It is results we want, and we are getting better results from *The Philistine* than from any other medium, the "Saturday Evening Post" included.

I believe that if the average businessman would realize the pulling power of *The Philistine*, you would have a waiting-list for your space.

Yours sincerely,

G. MORY (Signed)

M-B



## The Mower You Pay For, The Mower You Get--And The Mower You Want!

**H**ARRY LAUDER says that to get the maximum of enjoyment out of your benzoïn-buggy, you must be your own chauffeur. And he sets the pace in most lauderly style.

I feel the same way about a lawn-mower.

The man who pays a kid a tenth of a dollar to mow the lawn is depriving himself of a good time—just that! He is missing a lot of fun.

This statement could not have been made safely and with propriety, ten or a dozen years ago. The infernal machines of a decade ago were cumbersome things that only husky college athletes and professional strong men could tame.

Nowadays it is common to see businessmen come home from the office and take on the mowing just as a sort of side-issue.

And sometimes, if you make inquiries, you will discover that the machine is a Taylor-Forbes, the *Woodyatt*, no doubt—made by a dependable concern up in Guelph, Canada.

Ah!—that explains it.

That name, Taylor-Forbes, stands for everything you want and ought to have in a lawn-mower.

The Taylor-Forbes is strong and durable.

There are Taylor-Forbes that have been on the job since the Eighteen-Eighties and the early Nineties, and they are not "all in" even yet—not by a jugful!

They don't grumble. Neither do they complain. They just cut grass and say nothing.

The Taylor-Forbes *Woodyatt* is a standard machine because the makers have kept the

quality up, and the price down—or reasonably so.

You pay a little more for a *Woodyatt*, because it is worth more. And this is one of those paradoxical cases where you save money by spending it.

The prices range from Five to Eighteen Dollars, all depending on size and style.

The Taylor-Forbes guarantee is different from most guarantees I have seen, in that it says what it means, and means what it says—it is a guarantee that really does guarantee,

dispensing with a lot of fuss and frivol in the shape of saving prepositions. As I remember, it runs something like this:

"If for any reason within one year the purchaser of a Taylor-Forbes Lawn-Mower is dissatisfied with his bargain, we insist on presenting him with a new mower, or refunding his money."

There it is in black and white, an iron-clad guarantee that means protection for you.

The Taylor-Forbes is the lawn-mower you have been looking for. Get a *Woodyatt*!

It is easy to adjust—easy to run—a conservator of time and temper. It is made a little better than it has to be, and will give you a little more service than you usually get, or expect. And this is why it is being used on most of the big parks up in Canada, to say nothing of a good share of the seven hundred fifty thousand Canadian lawns that are soft and green and velvet-smooth.

Can you imagine Oliver Twist going into any reputable hardware-store today, and "asking for mower"? The chances are they would give him a *Woodyatt*, the lawn-mower that makes work play.



For Information write to

**TAYLOR FORBES & CO., Ltd.,**

Guelph, Ontario, Canada.



## WHERE IS IT?

HOW OFTEN WE ASK OURSELVES THAT QUESTION!



It may be an old recipe, an apt quotation, a pulse-quickenning piece of prose or a poetic heart-throb. We clip it out and put it away safely—so safely that it might just as well be lost. It *is* lost, for we can not find it!

You need a Roycroft Scrapbook to file those precious bits away in. It makes them safe, permanent and easy of access.

☛ Your Roycroft Scrapbook will become one of your most treasured possessions, increasingly so as you add the nuggets of wit and wisdom that appeal to you. It will be a casket of literature. But not a casket "for mummies."

Well bound in boards, extra strong backs, 18 by 9 inches  
Price, Two Dollars

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

## The Ornaments of a Home Are the Friends Who Frequent It



THE ROYCROFT GUEST-BOOK provides a permanent record of the visits of your friends. Many of these Books have a rare intrinsic value by reason of the autographed contributions penned in their pages.

THE ROYCROFT GUEST-BOOK is a source of joy in its reminiscences of those who have graced our domicile with their presence.

*Deckle-edge, watermarked paper. Beautifully bound in limp leather*

PRICE, TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

## Ties of Quality



HERE are only two Ties in America today, that are worth consideration ☛ ☛

One is the Elbertus Tie ☛ The other is Ty Cobb!

Ty is batting four hundred. The Roycroft Tie is running a "neck and neck" race.

They both wear well, and they both make "hits."

Ty, however, costs Detroit \$12,500 a season. The Tie Elbertus costs you only Two Dollars, and is good for several seasons ☛ ☛

Ty's make-up contains several ells of "chin-chin." The Tie Elbertus is made of Crepe de Chine, finest quality, hand-hemmed, in red, white, blue, black, brown, gray and ecru.

Don't die on third! Send for one today

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

## Medicine-Balls and Hand-Balls

are made by THE ROYCROFTERS  
for your re-creation



PRICES:

Medicine-Balls { 5 pounds, Five Dollars  
                          { 8 pounds, Eight Dollars  
Hand-Balls, Fifty Cents and One Dollar

"Health is a habit, cultivate it," says Elbert Hubbard

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

The best possible place for your boy to spend the Summer Months—at  
The Roycroft School of Life for Boys



# The Ara

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION  
Exponent of the American Philosophy

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# HUBBARD APOLOGIZES

That is something unusual  
And still stranger to say, it was unnecessary!



If you will read Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians*, you will concur. ¶ Art is autobiography. Music is soul-synthesis — the minister and medium of moods, the expression of feeling. ¶ Different composers produce different effects. ¶ Wagner quickens the pulse, Beethoven soothes the spirit, Handel inspires, Schumann impresses. ¶ Elbert Hubbard supplies the reason for this emotional melange in his *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians*. ¶ They give us an insight into the lives and characters of famous composers and musicians, which enables us to interpret their compositions understandingly and appreciate more fully their significance and individuality. ¶ No music-lover's library is complete without these masterpieces of biography. ¶ Apart from their literary worth, their fascinating style and educational value, they are gems of typography and bookbinding. ¶ Printed from special type, on deckle-edge paper, bound in the "Miriam" Deluxe binding. Price, Four Dollars for the Complete Edition of Two Volumes as follows.

*Volume One*

Wagner, Paganini, Chopin,  
Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn

*Volume Two*

Liszt, Beethoven, Handel,  
Verdi, Schumann, Brahms

Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, N. Y.

I enclose Four Dollars for Volumes One and Two of *Great Musicians*, as described above.

Name .....

Address .....



# Nut-Set of Hand-Hammered Copper



If in our make-up there is a trace of Simian ancestry, it is surely exemplified in our love of nuts!

But whereas Pa Anthropopithecus swung by his tail from the springy branches of a tree, to get at the kernel of things, we sit under a tree—or in a comfortable place—and tell a tale, cracking nuts and jokes.

This Roycroft Nut-Set makes a delightful nut-service. The quaintly-fashioned bowl and spoon, the antique-looking plates and the silver-tipped picks are in perfect accord with their mission.



## — NUT-SET —

Comprising Bowl, Spoon, Six Plates and Six Picks

PRICE, TEN DOLLARS

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.**



## Albert Hubbard Banker

East Aurora, N. Y.

You are invited to open an account



# 4%

Interest Per Annum  
figured and added to the account  
Quarterly

*All accounts are subject to check at any time*



and purity of their business methods, in spite of the snarling yellow papers that make so much of headlines and so little of the text ☛☛

Too many young men of today have flippant thoughts of the honor and honesty business-men and corporations have in stock.

There is altogether too much thinking along these lines ☛☛ It hurts.

Today, the average of probity and honor is far greater in the industrial world than a quarter-century ago.

The young man is also likely to charge too much of the elder man's success to "luck" rather than to industry and knowledge; also that the elder man had a better show in his day than

## IT PAYS TO BE KIND



HAVE been a subscriber to THE FRA since April, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, and can say that I have read every line in every copy of THE FRA since that time, including the ads. I have passed it around to a number of friends, and since my visit to the West last Summer, I have always forwarded the copy to some people who were very kind to me on that visit.

—Taken *verbatim et litteratim*  
from a letter in our files.

☛ It's easy to subscribe for THE FRA — see page xliii of this issue.

**SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, THE ROYCROFTERS**  
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

**T**O talk on honesty is to continue a subject that has been in the spotlight since the days of Adam. But it seems in order to recur to the theme. On 'Change and in the business world, nine-tenths of the transactions are done on honor, a wave of the hand, or the spoken word, and I dare say only about five per cent go wrong.

Think on this, you people who are defiling the men of business! Corporations of today are an honor to the country, by the cleanness

the young man of today. Nothing to it ☛ There are vastly more places today for the active and intelligent young man than a quarter-century ago. The trouble is, too many want to start where father is leaving off!

As time goes on, more and more does Common Honesty become a greater asset for success. In fact, there is no success without it.—*Edwin W. Ingalls.*

☛ This world belongs to the energetic.—*Emerson*



TO say that we live in a wonderful time is trite, but true as it is trite. The Nineteenth Century was called the wonderful century. The Twentieth Century bids fair to eclipse its predecessor in wonders, and the first decade only has yet passed. "The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on." Thus wrote the Persian philosopher poet centuries ago. It was true then and true now. The finger of human progress is always writing and always moving on. It never repeats and it never obliterates. What is written is written, whether it be for good or ill.

In this second decade of the Twentieth Century it is writing many things of surpassing interest, but the three words which it writes and which overshadow all others are the words, Education, Democracy and Service.—*Hon. J. B. Winslow.*

STAND for the United States of the World, with no more legal obstacles to commercial intercourse between nations than between the States of our Union; with all mankind bound together by a world postal service—international postal transports, international postal

## Travel, Travel, Little Star! An Indestructo 'll take you far!



UST back from a Little Journey to the Coast, me and Charlie, the Semite, and good old Indestructo Steamer, Number 17,740. When I say "Coast," I mean "Pacific," though the name is certainly something of a misnomer these days.

¶ Previous to starting *en tour*, we sandwiched in a little run to Boston, a mere matter of a thousand miles, all told. Fra Indestructo went along, as a matter of course. ¶ Then the big trip. ¶ Leaving East Aurora one Saturday evening, we pulled into Winnipeg in time for a lecture Monday night.

¶ Then on to Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Seattle, over vast stretches of the greatest wheat-fields in all the earth. ¶ In passing, let me pause to remark that Canada stands today as the greatest undeveloped empire in the world. Its natural resources are absolutely beyond conception. ¶ As yet, only a very little of the surface has been scratched, so to speak. ¶ Canada is certainly the coming country. Just now, as it happens, Canada is comparatively unknown. Recently I was talking with a Boston woman of culture, and happening to mention Saskatoon, she said, "Wonderful, isn't it, how that Oklahoma country is being built up?"—without batting an eye. ¶ And I replied, "Yes, indeed, it is passing marvelous!"

¶ From Seattle to Monmouth; then on down the coast seven hundred miles to San Francisco, which has risen on the ashes of its shattered self like Phoenix of old—new sprung to life, reinvigorated, rejuvenated, bigger, better, more beautiful, glorious, and enterprising than ever. ¶ Next, Los Angeles. ¶ Then round the *meta* and on the homestretch, with Phoenix, Arizona, our first stop. ¶ On to Tucson, with a stopover at Florence, to enable us to visit the Arizona State Prison, and pay our respects to my good friend, Louis V. Eytinge, who is some letter-writer, and admits it. ¶ Eytinge is a "lifer." Yet, the State has permitted him to engage in business. He has built up a business which brings him five thousand simoleons a year. It has taken the State of Arizona to show the world how a model prison should be conducted. Horace Greeley's advice was not so bad.

¶ From Tucson, on to Silver City, New Mexico, then Albuquerque, then Oklahoma City, then, *longo intervallo*, East Aurora, Friday, May Thirtieth—ALL CHANGE!

¶ And all this time, we never gave Number 17,740 one anxious thought. The Auld Lad took care of himself and was taken care of, all along the line. It is a great thing to be relieved of unnecessary care, anxiety and worry when traveling. ¶ Today Old Faithful reposes in the basement of the Roycroft chapel, over yonder, all ready to answer the summons, at a minute's notice, and go gallivanting off on another little journey.

¶ This it is to repose confidence, and your dustless duds, in an Indestructo—and forever after be relieved of the trials and the troubles that trace to a trunk.

¶ ¶ Send for a copy of the *Travel Book*, and read it. It is good stuff. ¶ ¶

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cables—with low, uniform postal rates from door to door everywhere, rates steadily diminishing with our improved transport machinery and its more efficient management; and with all mail matter in one class, with insurance against loss, damage, delay.—*James L. Cowles.*

TRUTH bubbles like the gracious fountain which dances in desert and glade, that man, parched by error, may be allured to its joyous streams.—*George Holyoake.*



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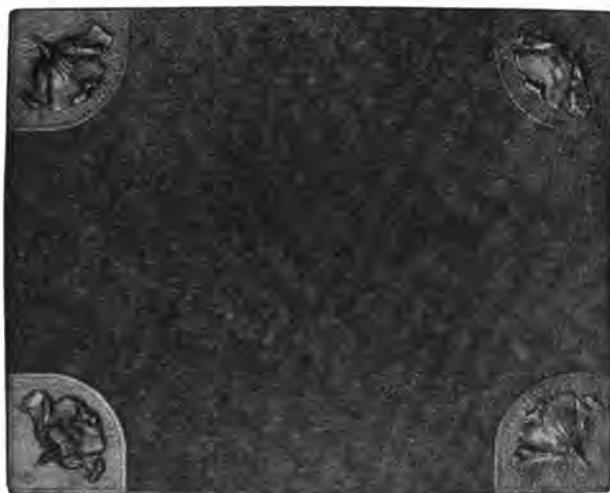
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Montgomery Ward & Company  
by Charles Dana Gibson.



# THE FRA

## EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 11

AUGUST, 1913

No. 5

The Ostrich plan of disposing of difficulties has one disadvantage—it never does

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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# THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

## A Little Journey to Saskatoon

ONCE heard Canada described by a high-school sophomore as "that tract of land just opposite Buffalo, New York." *—*

Mention Canada to most Americans, and delightful remembrances spring up of a good square meal at Saint Thomas, on the line of the Michigan Central.

"They little know of England who only England know,"

sings Rudyard Kipling. Also, they little know of the world who only the United States know.

¶ If the Honorable Champ Clark had ever visited Canada he would not have made that indiscreet remark about annexation, which was taken seriously by a great political party and blazoned to the world as a sample of Yankee intent.

The average American is too busy with his own affairs, too thoroughly immersed in his own interests, to take a good look to the North *—*

When he thinks of the North, he thinks of Doctor Cook, and before his gaze spring visions of the Ananias Club.

In order that the world shall not longer wander in Egyptian darkness concerning Canada, I want to set down a few facts.

Mark Twain says, "Truth is such a precious article; let's all economize in its use!"

Anyway, we grow as we give. So here goes—starting with a bromide: Canada occupies that part of the North American Continent exactly North of the territory owned and duly occupied by the United States of America *—* Canada extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, a distance of, say, four thousand miles, East and West.

The Dominion of Canada covers 3,745,574 square miles *—* The United States, exclusive of Alaska, covers 3,026,789 square miles.

Canada has one-tenth the population of the States; that is, the United States has ninety million, Canada has nine million.

It is estimated that one million of the people in Canada were born in the United States. There is a constant, steady influx of Americans into Western Canada, gradually increasing month by month.



The reason of this is easy to understand: Americans in Western Canada are making more money than they could make at home.

¶ Their exodus has been no error in judgment. If it were otherwise, you would find a tide of Americans going back to the States. But this is not the case.

People who prophesy what Western Canada will be fifty years from now are bold to the point of rashness.

The men on the ground who have been here longest dare not make an estimate.

The growth of the country has exceeded the wildest dreams even of the railroad-promoter.

¶ Canada has a greater extent of wheat-producing land than the United States has; a greater grazing-ground; greater potential mineral wealth; greater development possibilities as yet untouched; greater potential electric waterpower; greater fisheries, perhaps ten to one.

Ontario and Quebec will always be interesting, but not exciting.

The future of Canada practically lies in the territory West and Northwest of Winnipeg.

### The Northward March of Wheat

¶ In the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six there was no wheat produced North of Saint Paul and Minneapolis.

When the first steamboat was carried across to the Red River of the North in parts—pieces put together—and sent up to Fort Garry, the idea was that there would be traffic for the boat, because Fort Garry had to be fed with supplies brought from the South.

¶ The wheat-belt gradually moved North until it was discovered that wheat could be grown clear to Fort Garry, which is now the city of Winnipeg.

But now great crops of wheat, oats and flax are produced five hundred miles North of Winnipeg. Here is a tract of a thousand miles East and West, and five hundred miles North and South, where the soil is a black loam—practically the soil of Iowa and Illinois, evolved and produced by the same geologic conditions.

The mighty currents which once flowed over Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and the entire Mississippi Valley covered the territory North as far as Hudson Bay.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia have just as many hours of old Sol's beneficent rays as the people have in

Wisconsin, this for the simple reason that as you go North the length of the Summer day increases. The season is short, but the days are long.

At Saskatoon they play baseball in the evening, calling the game at seven o'clock. You can read a newspaper on the veranda at ten o'clock at night, and at two-thirty in the morning the day dawns.

Nature is a great economist. Also, she is an opportunist, and where the season is short and the day is long, she improves the time.

### "Number One Hard"

THE Missions of California were placed forty miles apart, from San Francisco to San Diego. Forty miles was a day's travel. Now the distance between stopping-places is a night's ride, as you sleep warmly, safely and securely in your Pullman.

From New York City you go to Buffalo in a night. From Buffalo to Chicago is a night's ride.

Nobody goes through Chicago. Everybody stops and spends a day there, at least. No trains pass through Chicago. Number One and Number Two not only hesitate, but absolutely stop.

You leave Chicago in a beautiful electric-lighted train in the evening and land at Saint Paul or Minneapolis in the morning. In the evening you embark on another beautiful, complete, luxurious train, and reach Winnipeg in time for breakfast.

No one goes through Winnipeg. Every one stops here. You might stop longer, if you could get hotel accommodations. But while Winnipeg has various beautiful hotels, they are filled until the walls bulge.

Business booms and bustles at Winnipeg. Skyscrapers go up over night. You remain away from Winnipeg six months, and when you come back you have to hire somebody to conduct you around the town.

The one thing that has made Winnipeg is Number One Hard.

Wheat is the world's staple food-product. It is the one thing that has an intrinsic value—something which gold has not. Value lies in things that will sustain life. When you think of life-sustaining products, just put wheat down as the first item on the list.

Wheat was once a weed, growing wild in the mountains of India. It was carried down into the valleys, where the sunshine was warm



and friendly. The soil was pulverized, water applied, and the happy weed bloomed and blossomed and produced six or ten kernels where there was only one before.

"All wealth comes from labor applied to land," says Adam Smith. We add one word, and say, All wealth comes from *intelligent* labor applied to land.

Wheat was first grown successfully as a business in the Valley of the Nile, where the water overflowed, and not only irrigated but fertilized the land.

The story of Joseph and his brethren going down into Egypt in order to get food to fight off starvation is no fairy-tale. It is history, and tokens the struggle of the nations to live.

¶ Then wheat was raised on the plains of Assyria, and the example of the Nile was repeated along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Civilization moved on to Greece, and wealth was computed in measures of wheat.

Rome ruled the world as long as she maintained a close and constant sympathy with the interests of the farmers. And when the farming-land was devastated and the agrarians grew sick and tired and despondent, the rule of Rome languished and the borders of the Empire contracted until population was driven in by the barbarians on the Eternal City, and starvation, pestilence and death followed.

Civilization moved on, and Constantinople, the city of Constantine, arose.

Little by little Europe increased in population, and always and forever the cities grew and prospered only in that territory where the wheat was brought to market.

#### Wheat-Producing Districts

FIFTY years ago the Genesee Valley, in New York, was the great wheat-producing district in America. The city of Rochester was called the "Flour City," because there at the Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch launched the unforgettable epigram, "Some things can be done as well as others," gristmills grew great grinding the grain up into flour and then sending it out and down the Erie Canal.

¶ The wheat district moved gradually to the West—Southern Michigan, Ohio, Indiana. Then from Illinois the wheat-belt moved gradually North into Wisconsin. And by Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six it reached nearly to Saint Paul and Minneapolis, but

not quite. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys were once great wheat-producers, but the land languished and now is being used for diversified farming.

#### A Grain of Wheat

A GRAIN of wheat contains a wonderful intelligence. In its hard kernel life lies sleeping.

Wheat was used as the symbol of immortality by the Egyptians. They worshiped it as the token of life, and well they might, since it was the one thing that sustained life and made Egypt supreme in her day and generation. The land that produces wheat holds the key to the situation. Wheat-raisers rule the world. If you have the thing that sustains life you are master of life itself.

When the Canadian Pacific reached Manitoba in Eighteen Hundred Eight-eight, and Winnipeg became a market for wheat, it ceased to be a trading-post, and became a city.

The C. P. R. carried the people out on to the prairies. They built homes, and tickled the soil with the plow that it might laugh a harvest. The land produced twenty, thirty, forty bushels of wheat to the acre. Of oats there grew forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, perhaps a hundred bushels to the acre.

The C. P. R., heavily subsidized by the Government, given alternate sections of land across the Continent—the whole thing built at a venture and as a kind of gamble—soon found that it had a paying business.

And yet the railroadmen, who knew most about the country, never anticipated the extent to which this country would evolve. Wheat was carried from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, the shipping-port on Lake Superior. ¶ Here elevators were built and the grain stored, and ships with wooden bottoms carried the grain to tidewater.

Soon larger ships were demanded, and finally we got "whalebacks," which carried ten times as many bushels of wheat as the old-time wooden steamboats did.

#### The Transportation Problem

ON May First, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, I saw the thrilling sight at Port Arthur of sixty steamships laden with wheat, starting Southward, as the ice broke up. If these ships had been placed end to end they would have measured four miles of solid iron and sheet steel. ¶ They carried a cargo valued at twenty-seven million dollars.



The railroads so far have not been able to carry the crop out of Canada during the time when the farmer wanted to ship. The wheat-producing country has grown faster than transportation facilities.

But if one wants to realize the prosperity of the Canadian Pacific, let him remember that the net earnings of the Canadian Pacific in Nineteen Hundred Three were eight million dollars. In Nineteen Hundred Twelve they were forty-five million dollars—and this figure does not include receipts derived from the sale of land and the natural increase in valuations.

In a single year the C. P. R. will be able to pay four per cent on its bonds and preferred stock and have a balance left of more than forty million dollars, for double-tracking, and making various other improvements.

For let it here be stated that it is the policy of the Canadian railroads to put back into the roads every dollar that is earned. Even the dividends paid come back, and more, too, because the roads are offering, from time to time, opportunities for its stockholders to reinvest.

#### The World's Most Valuable Asset

JUST here one might preach a little sermon to the lawmakers of the United States. There seems to be a general fear among politicians and the genus demagogue that some one individual will make too much money out of railroad-building and railroad-operating.

The fact is that so-called rich men are simply trustees. All they have, at best, is a life-lease on the property.

If these men are producing wealth—digging it out of the soil, cutting it out of the forest, fishing it out of the sea, digging it out of the mines, manufacturing it into forms of use and beauty—this wealth is the heritage of society.

¶ You will remember the question, "How much did the gentleman leave?" And the answer was, "All he had."

The idea of curtailing the production of wealth through vexatious, hampering legislation is something that the United States of America has got to abandon as a financial and economic policy.

Canada knights her big businessmen; the United States indicts hers.

The Provincial policy of guaranteeing railroad bonds and thus securing a big influx of money

is a very wise policy; and on this policy, practically, the prosperity of Western Canada has turned.

One can readily understand, on visiting this growing and evolving country, why Canada sustains a great sentimental regard for the mother country. Granting that the king is a mere figurehead, symboling the power of the British Empire, there is yet a very positive reason why Canada's heart should beat loyally and lovingly for Great Britain.

The mother land is true to her children. There is a continual tide of British gold coming into Western Canada. And while the country itself is producing vast wealth from the soil, say in Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba—upwards of five hundred millions a year from the products of the grain-fields—yet British gold is helping build these marvelous cities, extending from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

Business is now based on friendship, and the most valuable asset in the world is good-will.

¶ It is necessary that Canada should have the good-will of the mother-country; and Canada, without thinking it out, perhaps, or analyzing it, is true to her instincts, and is carefully guarding her national credit.

She is adding to her good-will. And so here come British investors making permanent investments, which are bound to bring them returns on their money, with ample security, and dividends beyond the dreams of avarice.

#### The Cities of the North

IN twenty-five years from now, Winnipeg will have a population of a million people. The cities of Saskatoon, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary—all prosperous, growing municipalities, each ministering to a vast territory—will have populations varying, say, from a hundred thousand to five hundred thousand. ¶ These estimates are conservative, and are based on the rate of growth in the Middle States, say Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Colorado.

Fold the map of Canada back on the States and you will find that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will take in all of the States mentioned, and more. And the rate of production of wealth plowed from these prairies of Western Canada is fully equal to the rate of production in the past from the farming districts in the sections just enumerated.



### The Basis of Prosperity

It is not necessary that Western Canada shall increase in the same ratio that she has in the past ten years to meet this prophecy, but her power to produce food forms a basis for prosperity that can not be discredited. Less than fifteen per cent of the arable land in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba is under cultivation; yet sufficient wealth is now being produced to give every man, woman and child in this district an annual income of five hundred dollars, or, say, two thousand dollars per annum per family. In New York State the average income per family is under six hundred dollars.

### The Real-Estate Boomer

WHEAT-GROWING has been likened to placer-mining. It gets the gold that is on top of the ground.

For ten years the C. P. R. sold land at the fixed rate of three dollars and fifty cents an acre, and five dollars for specially selected quarter-sections.

Land that was sold at these prices eight years ago, say in the vicinity of Saskatoon, is now worth, for farming purposes, anywhere from forty to seventy-five dollars an acre.

Now just a word of warning. For while it is a fact that Canada is immensely prosperous, and that the great fertility of soil and the right conditions have evolved wealth, yet at the same time there is no place in the world where you can make foolish investments with a greater degree of ease than you can here. Western Canada affords the real-estate boomer his paradise. He is laying out town lots in every direction, staking out the prairie, and he will continue to stake out just as far as buyers will go.

Most of these real-estate boomers are Yankees—some of them Damnyankees. Granting that all of them are honest in their hopes and expectations, yet it is a fact that men are ever prejudiced in the direction of their own interests. The boomer has his use up to a certain point. What that point is, has not yet been decided.

If you are going to buy real estate in Canada, deal with a man you know, or make sure by going and seeing the property yourself before putting a dollar into it.

Town-sites, ports, terminals, are mostly too good to be true.

A bellhop may give out the information that

the Grand Trunk Pacific is going to lay out a town and build car-shops at a certain place. A boomer picks up the information, passes it along, and it is published to the world as a fact.

The plot looks very beautiful on paper; but the actual fact that certain men have bought land for five dollars an acre and sold it in a year at a thousand dollars an acre does n't prove that you can do the same. Such financial deals are the exception, and are taken care of by men on the spot.

Long-distance buyers are apt to get absent treatment.

This is no criticism on Canada. It is n't even a comment on the prosperity of Western Canada. It is a comment on the high hopes, the exuberance, the effervescence of the real-estate boomer and humanity in general.

Punch's advice to the man about to wed will fitly apply to the individual who sends his money into a country that he has never seen, and to men whom he has never met.

### Some Specimen Bricks: Fred Engen

HAVING thus given due warning concerning the necessity of keeping one's feet on the ground, although your head may be in the sky, I wish to tell the simple truth, without varnish or hand polish, of one Canadian city that I visited.

In August, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, five Englishmen, representing a financial syndicate in London, come over to visit the city of Saskatoon.

They were introduced by a committee of local businessmen.

These Englishmen were loaning money to the municipality for the building of street-railways, putting in a water-supply, taking care of sewerage, supplying electric lights.

While in Saskatoon, they were taken out to the farm of my old friend Fred Engen, who came here eight years ago from the Dakotas.

Fred had been a homesteader, one of those freckled, fair-haired Scandinavians, born in Norway, North of the Arctic Circle. When four years old he induced his parents to migrate. They came over steerage, their chief assets being a generous brood of youngsters, of which Fred was one, but who made noise enough for several.

Fred became a farmhand in Dakota. He saved enough money to land him in Saskatoon, where he heard that men who could hitch up



and drive six horses could get forty dollars a month and board.

Instead of getting a job he took up a homestead of one hundred sixty acres. He ran in debt for seed and agricultural implements. The next year he raised ninety acres of wheat at the rate of thirty bushels to the acre, and sold it at seventy-two cents a bushel.

With the money he bought land at five dollars an acre. He became the owner of two thousand acres. He owns this land now. It is one of the fairest farms I ever saw—just about three miles out of the beautiful, restless, growing city of Saskatoon.

And so to this farm of Fred Engen the merry Englishmen were taken, a year ago.

The wheat was just ripening, waving, yellow and lustrous, kissed by the Autumn sun.

¶ The Englishmen had never seen such a sight. Fred Engen had a tractor pulling five self-binders. This tractor walked across the fair acres, cutting a swath forty feet wide. "Do you call this much of a farm?" asked Fred, as he struck a match on the seat of his overalls.

And the Englishmen said, "We certainly do."

¶ "Well," said Fred, "this is just Mrs. Engen's garden-patch—simply a place where she raises stuff for the family, and from which she carries butter and eggs into town when she wants clothes for the children. If you want to see a farm, you should go over to the Goose Lake district, where I have a sure-enough."

And so the Englishmen stayed over a day, and the next morning two automobiles lined up in front of the King George Hotel at Saskatoon, and they started for the Goose Lake district, a hundred miles away.

This Goose Lake country Engen had discovered six years before, while riding over it on horseback, and he at once entered into negotiations with the Government and the railroad-company and secured fourteen thousand acres at a cost of something like three dollars an acre, paying what he could, the rest on mortgage, payable in twenty years' time. ¶ At that time the railroad did not run through the district. Engen, however, with prophetic eye, saw the future, but not as big a future as it turned out to be.

The business of the automobile is to annihilate distance. These prairie roads are natural trails which form an ideal automobile-track. You can run thirty miles an hour with perfect

safety. There is just enough resiliency in the ground to get a good hold for the rubber and to make your tires last. I know of no track in the world with less jar and jolt and friction than these natural trails that Saskatchewan possesses.

A hundred miles before dinner—sure, Terese, sure—dead easy!

Fred had telephoned ahead to his foreman to have a good prairie-chicken dinner for the Englishmen. This meant one whole prairie-chicken on every plate. And for those who did n't exactly care for prairie-chicken, there was a wild duck, roasted whole.

For be it known that this is a land of small game—prairie-chickens, wild ducks, wild geese, cranes and rabbits galore.

The party brought up at Fred Engen's ranch, at eleven-fifteen o'clock.

Out across the prairie, half a mile away, they saw a sight such as they had never seen before: eight traction-engines, one behind another diagonally, each pulling five self-binders a straight run of a mile across the prairie before a turn was made, and the wheat was ready to thresh out, revealing a yield of thirty-six bushels to the acre.

Then close at hand were oats, showing a yield of sixty bushels an acre.

Just to add to the interest of the occasion, Fred had started a threshing-machine going so as to show up the yield. The grain was being cut, harvested, sacked.

After dinner the visitors went out again to see the machines turning out the golden grain.

¶ Fred explained to them that if it were necessary he could run the reaping-machines until eleven o'clock at night; then take a lay-off of three hours, and start again at two o'clock in the morning, when daylight came looming up and jocund day stood tiptoe on the wheat-fields, and the prairie-fowls strutted and boomed a welcome.

These Englishmen gathered in a knot, and talked in undertone, "You know, by Jove, really, old chappie, I si, wonderful, marvelous, really!"

Then they separated and walked in twos. Then they talked with Fred Engen.

This was no matter of boast and brag. There was the land; there was the grain; there were the traction-engines; there were the reapers; there was the threshing-machine, and there were the sacks piled on the wagons.



And the railroad ran right through the farm. Then the Englishmen got together and talked some more. Then they said to Fred, "What will you take for the fourteen thousand acres, you know?"

"Well," said Fred, "I don't want to sell it all. I have got to have a place to live. But I'll sell you ten sections at sixty dollars an acre."

The Englishmen walked off fifty yards and entered into confidences. Soon they came back and said to Fred Engen, "Let's go over to the ranch-house and have a cup of tea, you know, and some marmalade and toast, and we'll draw you a check for the first payment."

And so they went over to the ranch-house, and the Japanese cook made them toast and tea, and these Englishmen drew a draft on London for fifteen thousand pounds, as advance payment, and to them the title of the property in due time passed, on a total payment of three hundred eighty-four thousand dollars. The total cost of the property to Fred Engen was less than thirty thousand dollars, including improvements. These Englishmen made no mistake in their purchase. They were representing a syndicate of capitalists who had money to invest. They will clean up and pay for the entire tract within five years' time, and have a surplus beside—this as a straight business deal. If they build a town on the property, of course no one then can say how much their profits will be.

### The City of Saskatoon

SASKATOON is a city of thirty thousand people—a city without a pauper—a town of tireless workers!

The pioneer of old was a whipped-out party who left home because he could not stand competition. The men you meet in Western Canada are the opposite type.

The reason for the evolution of Saskatoon seems to have turned on the fact that here a little company of strong men have worked together. It is a beehive, with one animating purpose, and that the success of Saskatoon. The Saskatoon Spirit accounts for Saskatoon.

Ten years ago Saskatoon had a population of one hundred thirteen. Now it has thirty thousand.

Saskatoon has sixteen banks. It has three railroads.

Saskatoon is halfway between Winnipeg and

Edmonton—a night's ride from either place.

For five hundred miles in every direction the land is rich black loam, mingled with just enough sand to keep it mellow.

Saskatoon is in the exact geographical center of the arable land of Saskatchewan Province.

I visited Saskatoon, on invitation of my old college chum, Harold M. Weir—all-round cosmopolitan and citizen of the world, plus. Harold was born in Australia; spent his boyhood in California; went to college in England; studied art in France; circled the globe for English investors; has been connected with big and successful enterprises in the States, and has the confidence of the financial world.

His father was Colonel John Weir, President of the Nevada and Utah Mining and Smelting Company. Harold is the worthy son of a worthy father, who went down gloriously on the *Titanic*, dying like a gentleman.

Harold organized the Industrial League for the Promotion of Saskatoon enterprises. It is a Civic League, and its quality is revealed when I tell you that under Weir's persuasive personality the citizens of Saskatoon subscribed a million dollars within four and a half days for bringing here manufacturing and commercial enterprises.

Cities are possible only where they minister to the needs of a great agricultural district. We get our wealth out of the soil.

Saskatoon is the natural distributing-point for seventeen thousand square miles of richly producing farmland.

Saskatoon is situated on the Saskatchewan River. Unlike most prairie towns, here is a diversity of scene that lends surpassing beauty to this growing young city.

The Saskatchewan is a rapid-running river with high banks on one side, and on the other, stretching away for miles, is a great, happy, smiling, undulating plain.

On this high upland, diversified with its hills and valleys, is situated most of the city of Saskatoon. No flood can ever reach it, and no financial blizzard blow it away.

Here are railway-terminals, great railroad-shops, employing upward of five thousand men. Here are grist-mills, lumber-mills; the chief Western plant of the Quaker Oats Company; shops, stores, factories, and more than two hundred concerns dealing in a wholesale way in the necessities of life.



Saskatoon ranks third as the greatest distributing-point for agricultural implements on the North American Continent. No city in Canada does so large a business in agricultural implements as does Saskatoon.

Here are big warehouses, built and owned by the International Harvester Company, the Fairbanks-Morse Company, the Rumely Company, the John Deere Plow Company, and by various other manufacturers of agricultural implements and appliances.

I saw the goodly sight of a trainload of thirty-nine flat cars, each carrying a traction-engine.

¶ In Saskatoon are owned more than seven hundred automobiles.

The city, although only ten years of age, has gotten past the shanty stage. Brick, stone, concrete, steel, are the materials used in the construction of its houses.

The Fire Department is equipped with motor vehicles ♣ ♣

The pavements cover forty-two miles of cement. There are upwards of five hundred cluster tungsten electric lights, fifteen modern hotels, and on the banks of the river, overlooking the city, are the Saskatchewan Provincial University and the Saskatchewan Agricultural College. Upwards of two million dollars have already been spent on these buildings ♣ ♣

The College Farm covers an area of thirteen hundred acres. And most beautiful of all, the entire spirit of this University and Agricultural College is to train and fit young men and women for actual workaday life. The New Education, the education for usefulness, has arrived.

Scientific farming, scientific stock-raising, domestic science and economics of every kind and nature are here taught as they are taught, say, at Cornell, Ames and Manhattan.

#### Public Spirit

**S**ASKATOON has built on the basic bed-rock of commonsense. The big men here are graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. They know everything that will not work ♣ ♣

For instance, the natural thing would be to run the sewage into the river, because there is a perfect gravitation. Instead of this, the sewage is taken care of by a disposal-plant, and the waters of the beautiful Saskatchewan are left unpolluted.

Then there are depressed streets, so that at

the principal thoroughfares there are no grade-crossings. The streets either run over the railroads or under them.

Saskatoon has a friendliness and a degree of order, decency, thrift, courtesy, kindness and deliberation which one does not expect to see in what is usually regarded as a "pioneer country."

The great Cairns Department-Store, standing four sides solid to the wind and sun, is flooded with light from every side, fitted entirely with brand-new fixtures. Here the stock is all new, bright, clean, fresh, everything old being cleaned out at some price or any price after sixty days, mirroring the stability and giving a keynote to the entire city.

The Cairns Store is headquarters for every newcomer. The man arriving in Saskatoon finds himself among friends.

The promoter who overstates and can not back up his proposition with a guarantee has been eliminated.

The man who invests in Saskatoon must feel that he is on safe footing and is investing with men whose interests are his. These people are here to stay. The buildings they are now building will be here long after their builders have turned to dust. All the money they make goes back into Saskatoon. What did Fred Engen do with that three hundred eighty-four thousand dollars the Englishmen paid him? I'll tell you: he deposited it in Saskatoon banks ♣ ♣

I was delighted to see that the railroads have faith in the country. In all of the big towns and cities in Canada you will find that the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk are building hotels and business blocks after the most improved modern standards.

The principal men of Saskatoon came here as homesteaders—that is, farmers. As luck would have it, they located in the right place. Call it good judgment, if you prefer, but time and chance still hold their place in life just as they did in the days of Ecclesiastes.

#### Charles H. Wentz

**A**MONG typical successes at Saskatoon must be counted Charles H. Wentz—German by birth, born in North Dakota, gravitated to Saskatoon in Nineteen Hundred Three, and settled on a homestead claim ♣ Wentz started in business accidentally. There was no lumber in Saskatoon, and so Wentz wrote to a friend in Minneapolis to ship him



on lumber to build a shanty. It was a plain touch! *se se*

The friend turned the order over to a Weisheimer lumber-dealer, who stuffed the order and shipped two carloads, which was about four times as much stuff as Wentz required—and a deal more than he could pay for.

In any event, the lumber duly arrived, and Wentz got busy building his shanty. He could n't use all the lumber, so he sold what he did not need to his neighbors.

He remitted for the lumber, and got his shanty for nothing.

Straightway he used the wires, ordering out three more carloads—and behold, he was launched in the lumber business before he knew it.

His lumber-yard accidentally was located right in the center of Saskatoon. However, he did n't know this for two years. The land that cost him a few thousand dollars, he divided up into building-lots and sold at the tidy sum of two hundred fifty thousand dollars. By this time Wentz had arranged to take the entire product of several sawmills.

Wentz showed people how to build economically and well. He was satisfied with a minimum of profit, and this at a time when the lumber-dealer was a bashi-bazouk and charged all the traffic would bear.

Wentz is now Vice-President of the J. O. Hettle Company, Second Vice-President of the Industrial League, Director of the Board of Trade, Director of the Country Club. In spite of his many interests, he has all the time there is, and if you want somebody to hustle for you, call on Wentz.

When you want things done, call on a busy man—the other kind has no time.

### Some of the World-Makers

**A**T Saskatoon you will find a bouquet of nationalities.

I met N. G. Boggs, native of Donegal, Ireland. Boggs was a bank-clerk before he came here, and before that was a clerk at the button-counter in a drygoods-store.

Boggs bought real estate in Saskatoon—simply a lot at a time—and sold whenever he could make twenty-five dollars. His Irish blarney enabled him to do business fast.

He had the prophetic eye, and knew which way the cat was going to jump.

He organized the Saskatchewan Investment and Trust Company, of which he is Vice-

President and Managing Director. He is President of the King George Hotel, which is a gold-mine in itself; Director of the Kindersley Land Company; Director of the North Empire Fire Insurance Company; President of the Standard Construction Company, and President of the Standard Auto Supply Company *se se*

Boggs is worth a million easy enough; and he made it all since day before yesterday.

The Mayor of Saskatoon is F. E. Harrison, a native of Ottawa, manager of the Union Bank.

¶ Harrison is the only man I met in Saskatoon who has n't gotten rich on real estate. He buckled down to the banking business, and just takes a little cent per cent on what others are doing, and lets it go at that.

As far as I can see, Harrison is in no danger of going on half-rations.

W. C. Sutherland, Scotch by pedigree, came here from Winnipeg, which he found a little slow. Sutherland is Speaker of the Provincial Legislature *se se*

He took up a farm of one hundred sixty acres as a homestead; then bought all the land that adjoined the homestead.

Sutherland does not focus exclusively on grain. He breeds high-class horses, cattle and sheep. Incidentally he raises poultry and pet stock *se se*

The man in this country who can rise above the temptation to raise wheat and raises livestock instead and feeds the men who raise wheat is a sure winner.

The weak point in Saskatoon just now is the fact that the farmers in Saskatchewan do not raise their own food. Bacon is shipped in here from Chicago and Kansas City by the carload *se se*

So far, they have n't had time in Saskatchewan to set hens, much less to raise pigs.

Engen and Sutherland, however, and a few others see the handwriting on the wall. They know that most people eat three times a day, especially in this country where everybody has his appetite with him.

### O. M. Helgerson

**O**NE of the most romantic of all careers of Saskatoon citizens is the record of O. M. Helgerson, who naturally is a Norwegian; and if his first name is n't Ole, it should be.

¶ Helgerson was born in Iowa, of parents who came from across the sea.

In Iowa he raised poultry, and got money



enough to go to the Iowa State Agricultural School at Ames.

Next he went up into Wisconsin and showed the Badgers how to produce milk, selling milk by the quart, getting up before daylight and working a route.

Even if you work a pump, milk is a slow road to fame and fortune. However, it's sure. Helgerson made sixteen hundred dollars in the milk business, and came up to Saskatoon with all of it.

He bought a hundred acres of land at three dollars an acre. But things not looking very auspicious, he went out to the Coast with the rest of his good coin buckled around his cosmos.

All of this coin he straightway speedily lost in real-estate speculation.

He soaked his watch for four dollars and rode the bumps back to Saskatoon, where he found that his farm had increased in value. Straightway he sold it for fourteen hundred dollars, thanked God, and was about to start for Iowa, when he discovered that the man who had bought his farm for fourteen hundred dollars had sold ten acres of it for two thousand dollars. This made Helgerson decide to stay in Saskatoon.

Helgerson went into partnership with a Scotchman considerably older than himself, and a very worthy and excellent man, with all of the Scotch virtues, including that of Presbyterianism.

The firm bought a tract of sixty acres, on a year's time, along the railroad, and started to sell it out at the rate of a thousand dollars a lot, fifty by one hundred twenty.

Business was good. But one day the Scotchman came to Helgerson in tears and told him that his conscience could no longer allow him to continue robbing people.

The Scotchman was sure the land was not worth the money, and under the circumstances, having taken the whole project to the Lord in prayer, he wanted Helgerson to let him drop out of the game.

He was willing to take all the money he had made, but he did n't want to take any more in this iniquitous way.

Helgerson bought the Scotchman out and continued selling the lots.

Time went on, as time does, and after a year, the Scotchman wanted one of these particular lots for business purposes; and when he bought

it, he had to lay down twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

Helgerson does n't want all the profit. He has bought lots, sold them for a thousand dollars, and bought them back himself in a year's time for two thousand.

He trades rapidly. When he can make a little clean profit, he lets the dirt go. He is no land-hog. He is a sort of intuitional judge of values, and knows which way trade is going to drift.

Helgerson has made five hundred dollars a day for the last two years, in good, clean, straight real-estate deals, where everybody was satisfied, and everybody made money.

Ⓜ Please remember that in Saskatoon the oldest children born in the town are now just in the kindergarten. Also, please note this, that although in Saskatoon there is an official commissioner in bankruptcy, this man has never yet had a single case brought before him, for the simple reason that nobody in business in Saskatoon has ever failed.

#### Frank S. Cahill

A FEW weeks ago I saw a story in *Frank Leslie's Weekly* about a traveler in Saskatchewan who met a man on the roadway driving a mule that had one ear, and this mule was hitched up with a cow.

This man was a homesteader, picking out his claim. And the man driving the one-eared mule and cow was Frank S. Cahill—call him the Honorable Frank S. Cahill, Member of the Canadian Parliament, if you wish.

All of Cahill's possessions were then in the moving-wagon.

It was discovered that the cow could be driven alongside of the friendly mule and do her share not only in supplying milk for the Cahill family, but in helping pull the load. Cahill located his farm, all right; got an opportunity to sell it in a year at double what he paid for it, and invested the money in another farm. This farm was on the townsite of Saskatoon. The farm was divided up into lots, on which Cahill built houses and stores, and rented them, or sold them as fast as he could, wherever a little profit was in sight. Some of the lots he sold, he bought back in six months at double what he got for them. Never mind; as long as other people made money, too, Cahill did n't care. Cahill being Irish by pedigree and a good sport by nature agreed to buy back the property at double the



price the party paid for it. This was a plunge. ¶ Driving around Saskatoon, you will find Cahill's name on quite a number of buildings. When he moved out of an office, he left his sign on the premises. Now he owns dozens of stores, shops without number, various residences, and everything he has is for sale, and every dollar he gets he puts right back into Saskatoon. ¶

Cahill could undoubtedly liquidate at over two million dollars. But Cahill is not liquidating—he is reinvesting, right here.

Other Saskatoon dealers who have evolved from homesteaders are A. L. Haining, B. A. Archibald, L. R. Hargreaves and T. K. McCallum—all beautifully Scotch.

Charles T. Stacey came from Burton-on-Trent in Merrie England, and has set a pace in everything that pertains to civic pride and municipal well-being.

In Saskatoon you find the Norwegian, the Swede, the Dane, the Scot, with all of the primal virtues of industry, economy, integrity, which go into the making of a man and into the making of a nation—the simple primal virtues—the things for which there are no substitutes.

These are the things—combined with geography and opportunity—that have made Saskatoon the most remarkable city of its size on the North American Continent.

Modern martyrdom is the sweet apotheosis of the things we do not care to avoid.

## Two Men



CAME to the stage entrance the other day a man and inquired for me.

"Send him up," I said to the Door Man.

"I guess not," was the answer.

"He is n't the kind of a man you want to see here—if at all. Perhaps you had better go to the door and find out what he wants." ¶

So I went to the door, and there the man stood in the alley. There was a familiar, foolish grin on his face. ¶

"Don't you know me, Bert?" he said.

And I knew him, although I had n't seen him

for full forty years. When I saw him last he was a totally different individual from this man who stood simpering, leering at me out of watery eyes.

His mouth was wobbly, his teeth all gone, save two lone sentinels, one above and one below. His face was streaked with tobacco. He was bowed, rheumatic, undone.

I just looked at him. I forgot to say anything until he aroused me with a second interrogation, "Don't you know me, Bert?"

"Yes, I know you," I answered, and I mentioned his name.

He was a hundred and fifty years old—yet he was born the same year I was.

We grew up together until we were sixteen, when our ways parted. We attended the same classes in the little country school; wrestled each other's clothes off; played I-spy and anty-over. ¶

He was a brilliant fellow; at least we used to think so. He got his lessons without studying. And the fact that he forgot them just as quickly, I never knew until years afterward. He made a great impression on the girls as he grew up. He had made some money, wasted it, took to booze and patent medicines; settled down into a mudsock, and has just existed. ¶

All this I knew at a glance, reinforced, possibly, by a few things that I had heard and forgotten but which now came back to me.

¶ "Don't you know me, Bert?"

"Yes, I know you."

I gave him a comp and he saw the show. I watched him as he leaned over the balcony. He didn't understand what I was talking about, but his wobbly mouth worked and his bleared eyes tried to smile me a welcome. After the show he came around again, and this time it cost me a dollar to dispose of him.

¶ I tried to shake off the impressions of my old-time schoolmate, but I thought of him that night, and I cast my eyes around the audience, thinking possibly he might come back. ¶

### Christian Ropp

¶ HOWEVER, as I passed the caloric over the footlights and the giggles gurgled gleefully under the cosmic lee scuppers, straight, looking level into mine eyes, was a man I knew—another man—and this man, too, I had known in my youth, although when I was a boy he was a man grown. For him I had



great respect. He had big, fat horses. He was a strong, simple, bronzed, hard-working individual.

But he had a fad and the fad was mathematics. My father told me of this.

Mathematics, to me, at school, was a bugaboo. But here was a man who knew the arithmetic from cover to cover and he could work any example in it right in his head and do it instantly. He could divide sixteen thousand two hundred and one by seven and eight-tenths and do it as fast as he could put down the answer.

He could write down columns of figures, and when you drew the line across the bottom, he would write in the total.

This man's name was Christian Ropp.

So there he was, white of beard, but clear of eye, intelligent, smiling, appreciative.

We nodded in recognition.

Christian Ropp has used his brain.

He is a Mennonite. And the Mennonites are people who work with head, hand and heart. They are the people who gave sanctuary to Spinoza—one of the world's saviors—when Jew and Catholic, alike, placed a price on his head.

Ropp has a firm hold on the primal virtues—industry, economy, good health, right thinking.

Mathematics has been his hobby.

And so, as I talked, I signaled in pantomime that he should come around to the stage-entrance after the show, that I wanted to see him.

When I came off I went out, and there he was—this man in his eighties. He had a copy of his new book, *Ropp's Ready Calculator*—the latest edition—that he had brought for me.

He came in and sat down in my dressing-room while I changed my clothes. He told me of his book. In mathematics we have worked from the complex to the simple. All of the theories in the old-time schoolbooks for working out mathematical problems were cumbrous complex, difficult, faulty.

The business of Christian Ropp has been to comprehend the miracle of numbers. To him it is supremely simple. He loves his work. He has used his brain. His heart is young.

And the moral of all this seems to be that every man is his own ancestor. We are preparing for the days that come, and we are what we are today on account of what has gone before.

He who puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains will eventually have no brains, for the enemy will do the grand-larceny act, and the end is as sure as the laws of mathematics.

Nature designed that when we die we should die all over, and the brain should be the last organ to abdicate. It should sit secure and watch every faculty decline—interested, curious, wondering, hungry to know.

All life is pleasurable if we live the life of activity tempered by "moderation in all things," the life lived by that able man, bronzed of face, calloused of hand, mathematician and gentleman, Christian Ropp of Illinois.

Habit is the buffer of our feelings, the armor that protects our nerve-force, the great economizer of energy.

## The High Cost of Living



It can safely be figured that food in the hands of the housewife costs her fully double what the farmer receives for the product.

The first step in reducing the high cost of living is better transportation facilities, and the cutting out of the middle-man wherever possible.

The Parcels Post under the Zone System, as now authorized, is not what the advocates of the Parcels Post expected or desired, but it is an entering wedge, and those who have studied the matter closely and viewed it from every possible point of view are convinced that we have here the germ of a great betterment.

The express companies have never catered to coupling up the farmer with the consumer by a short haul.

The express companies have always penalized the small shipper. They have given hundred-pound rates, and made it practically prohibitory for the farmer to ship direct to the consumer.

The express companies have played into the hands of the commission men.

We have had expressmen delivering to the commission men; the commission men hiring



expressmen to deliver to the grocers; and the grocers then delivering to the consumer—every man handling the product, taking a profit, with the added cost of insurance, storage, commission, transportation.

A saving in time is a saving in money where food-products are concerned.

Age may be necessary to whisky, but it is not a necessity in the matter of eggs, nor a recommendation when it comes to lettuce, celery, carrots, potatoes, apples and dressed poultry.

The farmer has wasted a deal of time in going to market. And when he goes to market, he sells usually to the commission man or to the grocer. He does not reach the consumer.

### Transportation and Farming

**T**RANSPORTATION should be a matter exclusive and apart from farming.

It is good to know that the Post-Office Department for several months past has been busy inspecting and passing on the kind of packages that would be allowed. It is now proven that eggs, milk, berries and dressed poultry can be safely carried by Parcels Post.

As an experiment, eggs have been shipped in boxes containing a dozen, from Oklahoma to New York, and have arrived in perfect order.

☞ Baskets of fruit will be allowed where simply cheese-cloth is sewed over the top of the basket.

There has always been a very great disadvantage in shipping eatables by express, especially where these eatables were consigned to private parties who were not in business and who had no definite ways of checking up the contents and collecting damages for shortages. It is a serious matter to rifle a package sent by the United States Mail, but no special penalty is involved in the case of packages sent by express.

### The Express Trust

**T**HE express companies have allowed their goods to be handled by a class of semi-brigands. Any hooligan in a country town, who could n't get a job anywhere else, was hired by the express company.

The plan of breaking open boxes or oranges, fruit, berries, meats, and taking out samples, has been universal. The majority of such packages sent to consumers arrive in bad order. This seems like a broad statement, but any one who is familiar with the situation knows that it is within the limit.

This is a thing that has discouraged the farmer from shipping direct to customers in the city.

☞ Shipments of milk and cream arrive on an average about ten per cent short, from the fact that the men who handle the express all carry dinner-pails, as they have a perfect right to do, and these men supply their families. This is regarded as a part of their legitimate perquisite, and the express companies have made no special effort to stop this petty species of graft.

The farmer was powerless. The consumer was given the smile audible when he made a complaint, and was told to put in his claim to the company. You can't make claim for three oranges or a half-pound of butter or a quart of cream. And if you do, the chances are that the complaint will never go beyond the local agent, who conveniently files the whole thing in the wastebasket.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock has passed the word down the line that there must be no tampering with packages. "We are all on our good behavior," says Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who regards himself as an employee of the Department—simply one of many, a servant of the public.

There is no doubt that the Parcels Post, as it is now authorized, under the Zone System, is going to be given a very honest, intelligible and thorough tryout.

In many cities, automobiles have been engaged, and on various routes the R. F. D. will have two-horse wagons instead of one.

It is only a question of a little time before farmers will be arranging to ship daily packages to their customers in the city. And prices, thereby, will be cut to the consumer, in many instances twenty-five per cent.

The farmer will make more; the consumer will receive a better article, and the cancellation of time will be no small item in the saving. ☞ It is good to see that the Post-Office Department have taken hold of this thing with the thorough intent and expectation of making it a success.

It has taken a long time for the United States to get around to a Parcels Post. But now we have it. It is for the people and for the Department to exercise a degree of patience until the thing gets properly lubricated through use.

☞ Increased transportation and distributing facilities will encourage the farmer and the gardener to increased production.



High prices of living are not without their advantages. The world grows exactly as individuals grow, and the bumps of life have a distinct economic value.

Blessed be drudgery; also, blessed be hard times! And blessed are the people who can work their blunders up into life and grow through their mistakes.

Each truth in the phenomenal world is only a half-truth because each thing in the phenomenal world possesses the inherent possibility of becoming its opposite. That is why you are at war with yourself. You are made up of half-truths.

## Just Water



WATER is an essential to life, and to civilization.

Usually we think that water is water, and we describe it as *H<sub>2</sub>O*. Anything that is wet is water.

Sailors designate water as salt water and fresh water. Fresh water is good to drink, and salt water is n't, although it is all right for bathing.

Our senses are so rude and crude that we do not realize that water is as sensitive as air; and while we demand pure air to breathe, yet, unless water is offensive to the taste, we regard it as satisfactory.

A human body is more than seventy per cent water. Let the amount of water in the human body increase or decrease from the normal, and disease and inefficiency take place. Also, let the quality of water absorbed be of the wrong kind, and disease follows. When the system is not able to dissolve and throw off the solids in the water absorbed, we get "stone," renal deposits, gallstones, Bright's disease, "Hobnail liver," and various other diseases that have been complimented by being given long Latin names. One of the latter is arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries through calcareous deposits. Doctor Weir Mitchell compares old age to scale in a boiler. Men get old and die because the system gets clogged with clinkers.

When we talk about impurities in the blood, we refer only to deleterious substances in the water that circulates through the body.

## The Composition of Water

NO two specimens of water are exactly alike, yet water from similar localities the world over show like characteristics. Samples from the steppes of Russia, the plains of South Africa, and our own Western plains give the same general analysis.

Water that falls from the skies in the form of rain is the purest form known, but in its fall from the clouds it takes up foreign substances in its passage to the earth. Rainwater always contains gases of various kinds, as well as traces of vegetable matter.

Substances floating in the air are picked up by the water as it descends.

## The Distribution of Water

IN our arguments at the Little Red Schoolhouse about the water disappearing, we were not aware of the fact that water is n't of itself a simple compound, but that it is made up of various other substances. Water is dissipated and absorbed into the air by the rays of the sun, and when condensed is precipitated and falls to the earth in the form of rain, snow or hail.

All vegetation contains a large proportion of water.

Water is found even in the rocks.

Surface water, which includes the water from rivers and streams, is of course not so pure as water that is collected fresh from the skies.

¶ In passing through and over the rocks and running over the ground, water takes up foreign substances in the way of carbonates of lime and magnesia, chlorides, sulphates and alkalies, with traces of iron and other minerals, and much organic matter of vegetable origin.

¶ Well-water is the water we get by digging or boring down below the surface of the earth. Sometimes we get good water by boring wells ten feet deep, and in other places it is necessary to go down a hundred feet; in some instances, we have Artesian wells that are several hundred feet deep, and go down below great strata of rocks where there is a pressure on the water that forces it to the surface and gives it a flow in a continuous stream.

Water takes up the qualities of either air or earth, over and through which it travels. Like a man, it is a collector.

Water from Artesian wells usually contains a large quantity of lime and magnesia carbonates, chlorides, and alkaline substances.



Shallow wells are likely to be contaminated with sewage and other refuse animal matter that falls in from the surface.

Nitrates and ammonia are the constituents usually found in these shallow wells, and the presence of these things indicates contamination of a dangerous character. The use of such water for drinking and cooking purposes often breeds typhoid fever and other maladies.

¶ Then we have mineral waters, which produce physiological effects on the human body of a peculiar kind and nature.

Anything that excites the Erie Canal is supposed to be of a medicinal sort, but the value in the line of good health of mineral waters is largely conjectural.

It does not necessarily follow because a thing is strange in its taste and peculiar in its effect that it is moving in the line of health, save as it affects the thinking processes of the individual and gives him a new thrill. Saline waters are those which contain a predominance of sulphates or chlorides.

Then there are acid waters that contain sulphuric acid.

Sea-water, which forms the ocean, contains in substance every sort and kind of material that goes to make up the round world.

In sea-water there is always a certain proportion of gold, and the question of getting this gold out of the ocean still perplexes chemists who are looking for a royal road to wealth.

Water is considered as hard water or soft water, according as it contains large or small quantities of calcium or magnesium salts.

¶ It does not require a chemist to discover whether water is hard or soft.

Every country youngster knows soft water from hard when he washes his hands with soft soap.

At the corner of the house, in the good old times, always used to stand a rain-barrel. There was a big, wide board that we got in position hastily when we saw clouds coming up from the Southwest.

The mother who does her own washing appreciates soft water for laundry purposes. Clothes washed with soft water look better and will wear longer than if washed in hard water.

The youngsters want the soft water because it makes a lather, when the hard water will not.

Soap, when used with hard water, liberates

the minerals in the water; and in use as a shampoo for the hair its tendency is to harden and make brittle the hair and dry the scalp, and is found especially unsatisfactory.

¶ Every woman appreciates the difference between soft and hard water for shampooing purposes.

I know laundries that have machines for making soft water from the water supplied by city systems and Artesian wells. Some of these laundries advertise soft water for shampooing purposes, and I have known some of them that supplied it gratis to the women in their vicinity, thus securing unto themselves a valuable advertisement.

### Water for Industrial Purposes

WATER for steam purposes has not been carefully analyzed until very recent times.

¶ Railroads used any kind of water that was wet, and thanked fortune.

We are a pioneer people, and pioneers take what they can get and do what they can.

¶ Railroading in some respects is yet practically in the pioneer stage. In America, to steal from railroads or rob them by faked-up damage-suits is considered no sin.

We regulate the income of railroads by fixing their rates, yet we force on them outlays, and practically order them to increase payrolls. Both the public and the managers of railroads have a few things to learn.

Only in recent times have we discovered that the thing that is offensive, difficult, unpleasant and undesirable for a shampoo is just as undesirable to a steam-boiler or a locomotive.

¶ The steam-boiler and the locomotive, however, are not conscious beings and can not express their disapproval.

We now know, however, that the life of a boiler may vary from ten to thirty-five per cent through the quality and kind of water used in feeding it.

Hard water produces scale and mineral deposits that solidify on the inside of the boiler pipes and tubes, rendering them, to great degree, non-conductors of heat.

When we were told through the Interstate Commerce Commission that the railroads of America were losing a million dollars a day through waste and inefficient management, we lifted our eyebrows in doubt.

Then when Harrington Emerson, the eminent efficiency expert, was asked if in his opinion this was correct, he promptly said, "No;



it is wrong—the sum is nearer two million dollars a day.”

Senator Nelson Aldrich declared that the United States Government was wasting a million dollars a day through bad business methods.

On being pressed to name one instance of waste, it is said he replied, “Our use of hard water for steam-making purposes in most of the boilers owned and operated by the Government on land and sea.”

Harrington Emerson says that the use of hard water in locomotive-boilers causes losses to the railroads of America—in time, breakdowns, “stalls,” loss of traffic, and increased cost of fuel—aggregating a total of a hundred million dollars a year.

In this estimate Mr. Emerson is backed up by Roger Babson, the eminent statistician, and Martin Kallman, the economist.

Years ago, when kerosene-lamps had an inconvenient way of blowing up from time to time, there were good men who came along and sold us a powder to put in the lamps which was warranted to prevent explosions.

We bought the powder, and sometimes the lamp did not explode, and sometimes it did.

¶ This powder was mostly brick-dust.

In the same way, there are men who have gone over the country selling powders to put into a boiler to prevent scale and corrosion.

Most of these powders are absolutely valueless. And the engineer, having no scientific data from which to work, had no means of knowing the value of the compound. It was simply a matter of faith. And faith, founded on ignorance, is not an especially valuable proposition.

### The New Kind of Engineer

¶ HIRED a man some years ago to manage my farm, and it was discovered that the kitchen refuse which we collected and sent up to the farm was not being fed to the pigs by the good farmer, as we had ordered. He was dumping it into the creek, to the great disadvantage of the purity of the water. ¶ When we asked him why he did not feed this refuse to the hogs, he said, “Because there is salt in it.”

On being asked to explain, he said, “Why, everybody knows that salt kills pigs.”

Here was a piece of information, founded on ignorance, that this man had hugged to himself for years. He was not an economist.

Some one had told him that salt killed pigs and he believed it, and so threw away what would otherwise have been good and valuable food for the pigs.

The point is simply that the gentleman's knowledge was not of a scientific kind. He knew, perhaps, quite as much as many steam-boiler engineers.

However, we are now breeding a new kind of engineer—the man who knows what he is doing and why he does it—thanks to a few men who have specialized on certain scientific problems and worked them out and given their knowledge to the world.

¶ Paternity is a more or less important office, I will admit, but since it does not involve danger, risk, courage, self-sacrifice or heroism, it can not compare with maternity.

### The Independent Religious Society



KNOW of no religious society in America that occupies a similar position to that of the congregation presided over by Mr. Mangasarian.

For fifteen years Mr. Mangasarian has spoken once a week to this same religious body. Every Sunday at Studebaker Theater, Chicago, at eleven A. M., the congregation gathers. If you want a seat, you had better go early.

¶ Quiet, intelligent, appreciative, happy, prosperous people sit and listen to an hour's discourse. It is a unique audience. Incidentally, we might also say that Mr. Mangasarian is a rare speaker. He is the only one of his kind. He is willing to follow a reason to its lair. His mind is critical, crystalline, and he works things out with the least amount of triteness and truism possible. With it all there is a gentle flow of wit and a flavor of disinterestedness that is most delightful.

We compare the work of Mr. Mangasarian with that of Theodore Parker, in Boston; of David Swing, in Chicago; of Robert Collyer, in New York; of Joseph Parker in London. But none of these was a rationalist: they took the middle ground.

“Between Rome and Reason,” said Cardinal



Newman, "there is no place for a man to place his foot."

Mr. Mangasarian agrees with Cardinal Newman in the proposition. Cardinal Newman chose Rome and sanctuary. Mr. Mangasarian chooses Reason and the open road.

As a little sample of Mr. Mangasarian's quality, I quote the following, entitled, *A Sign of the Times*:

"The International Bible Students' Convention voted, a short time ago, the following resolutions:

" 'We now unreservedly repudiate as thoroughly unscriptural the teaching of a place, state, or condition of a literal "lake of fire and brimstone" for the torment of the wicked; and further, we believe from many personal testimonials that the vast majority of ministers of all Protestant denominations have privately repudiated the "hell-fire" theory, but have, for supposedly good reasons, hesitated fully to inform their congregations; and furthermore, we believe that, on this account, thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, are being driven into skepticism and infidelity.'

"A remarkable statement, indeed. Observe that what these Bible students protest against is not the inhuman doctrine of hell-fire, but the claim that the Bible teaches such a doctrine. To save the book is their exclusive object. If any one should prove to them that the 'lake of literal fire and brimstone' is scriptural, these same protestors would accept the doctrine without a murmur. It is not the doctrine they dislike; it is the Bible they are jealous of vindicating. We would have thought more of them if they had said, 'We consider the doctrine of hell degrading, and if the Bible teaches it, so much the worse for the Bible.'

"How did 'hell-fire' get into the creeds if it was not in the Bible? No one ever quotes Shakespeare to prove 'a lake of fire,' because there is nothing in Shakespeare to lend countenance to it. But tens of thousands of pulpits are daily quoting the Bible, and have done so for the past twenty centuries, in defense of a 'lake of fire and brimstone'—because the doctrine is scriptural. Had not the authority of the Bible been behind the doctrine, it could never have lived so long among civilized people. Is not that point clear?

"The resolution says also that 'the vast majority of ministers of all Protestant denominations have *privately* repudiated the hell-fire theory.' Privately? We suppose they do not repudiate it publicly, because they have a feeling that the Bible is squarely against their private opinions in this matter. But the resolution further states that thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, are being driven into skepticism and infidelity by the 'hell-fire' preachers. Is it not significant how a dogma once supposed to be necessary to convert people to Christianity is now held responsible for driving people out of Christianity? We wonder what part of the theological luggage will be thrown overboard next, in order to cease making infidels of former converts. In our opinion, if the doctrine of 'hell-fire' makes skeptics of believers by 'tens of thousands,' the failure of the clergy to declare, honestly and courageously, that they will not preach any doctrine even if it enjoyed the full endorsement of the Bible, unless such doctrine was in perfect harmony with human reason, is making skeptics of the best people by the hundreds of thousands."

THE crowd principle is the first principle of distribution. The man who can get the most men to buy a particular thing from him can buy the most of it, and therefore buy it the cheapest, and therefore get more men to buy from him; and having bought this particular thing cheaper than all men could buy it, it is only a step to selling it to all men; and then, having all the men on one thing and all the dollars on one thing, he is able to buy other things for nothing, for everybody, and sell them for a little more than nothing to everybody. Hence the department-store—the syndicate of department-stores—the crowd principle in commerce.

The value of a piece of land is the number of footsteps passing by it in twenty-four hours. The value of a railroad is the number of people near it who can not keep still. If there are a great many of these people, the railroad runs its trains for them. If there are only a few, though they be heroes and prophets, trains shall not be run for them. The railroad is the characteristic property and symbol of property in this modern age, and the entire value of a railroad depends upon its getting control of a crowd.—Gerald Stanley Lee.



## And They Shall Beat Their Swords Into Plowshares

By Alice Hubbard



**ABRAHAM** was a nomad. He was a nomad not only by prenatal tendency, but from compulsion. He was under the direct supervision of Jehovah: "Arise, and get thee hence."

And Abraham arose and went on ~ ~

He was a direct descendant of Noah, Shem being his grandfather eight generations removed ~ ~

Abraham lived in an age just following that of hunters and fishers.

He had a few sheep and herds, gold and silver; but he owned no lands, nor did any one that he knew own lands.

There were neither surveyors, lawyers, deeds, titles, land values, nor spite-fences.

The land was apparently public property, and everybody had squatter privileges.

In Abraham's time there were no cities, although Babel had been attempted. There were no markets, no roads, no single tax, no money, no competition in industries.

There were just Abraham and Lot, his nephew, Sarai, Abraham's wife, his flocks, his herds, his gold, his silver, the great desert, and the Egyptians.

Thus Abraham, founder of a tribe, pitched his tents wherever there was good grazing for his flocks. When food became scarce, they folded their tents and moved on to pastures new, even if they were not green.

Nobody called the place they left an abandoned farm, but it was. What an implied confession of miserable defeat and moral bankruptcy there is in that expression—Abandoned Farm! It is akin to running away from a mother whose resources you have exhausted.

¶ Abraham felt no obligation to his Mother Earth. He just took all She would give him, and without a symptom of gratitude or regret, he moved on to wherever living was easy ~ ~ Abraham did not work his land. He was one of those earth pirates who pillage from the soil all that they can possibly get from it. Men who work land on shares work this way, and are mudsox, whose greatest accomplishment is the ability to get away quick.

Abraham's flocks grazed, and he fed on them, and on the few wild grains that he could find. And again he moved on, leaving abandoned farms in his wake.

His was not the desire to make two blades of grass grow where he found only one, but to leave no blade of grass growing.

It is a pity that the story of Abraham, either as a farmer, businessman or exemplar, has been recorded as Holy Writ, for it has, without a question, had an influence upon vagabondia, those polygamously inclined, and land pirates—those thoughtless ones who realize no obligations to Mother Earth.

But Abraham lived four thousand years ago.

### The Development of Man

**T**HE history of the development of man, from the Stone Age to the present time, is the history of the evolution of man's brain and his moral sense. Hunters and fishers felt very few obligations. The nomads cared for and protected their tribes and their flocks, but not the land.

The age of agriculture began when man had the brain to realize that land was valuable when intelligent labor was applied to it ~ ~ Then land became property.

And man's wealth was denoted by the number of acres he tilled.

### The Feudal System

**T**HE King of England once owned the "tight little Island," and thought it was his by Divine Right.

When he found his farm was too big for him to work, he parceled it out to men, loyal and true, who served him. He made them lords of this land, and they paid the King tithes for the privileges which he gave them.

Sir Knight had under him yeomen and peasants, who labored on his estate. The Knight protected them from robbers, marauders, and took the responsibility of giving them food, shelter and clothing.

Castles were built which were fortifications, and were a place of refuge in time of trouble for all who were under the protection of the Knight ~ ~

The castle became of value to the lord, the yeoman and the peasant, for it protected them from enemies and saved their lives. As they realized how vitally it served them, they looked to a building as well as to the earth as a necessity to life.

But the enemy was rarely trying to despoil



the Knight of his castle. It was to get possession of the lands and the herds. They were the real value and coveted.

When the King was king by Divine Right—that is, when he was the natural leader of his people, and his province was to protect them in ways that they could not protect themselves—he had a natural right to tax their lands, and to expend such taxation for the benefit of all. And this he did.

The Feudal system had its place in the evolution of civilization.

But there came a time in England when the successor to the King was only the son of a King—after the flesh.

This King forgot that he was the father, the provider, the protector, where the people could not provide and protect themselves. He thought that power meant his right to luxuries and indulgence.

And the King taxed the Lords, and they in turn taxed the yeomen and the peasantry until England was groaning under the terrible burden of taxes and waste.

The people were scarcely fed.

The King and his court invented luxuries until the health of England was only with the peasants.

And then the Magna Charta—the people's demand for freedom.

It is well to notice that the King who made these terrific demands upon his people did not live in the country, did not work in a garden, did not till the fields, did not know what it cost to produce a bushel of wheat, a peck of potatoes, a rasher of bacon. He did not know the toil that was required even to prepare this food after it was grown. He had lost his sense of values. He took all that he could get, and did not even estimate nor know the cost of its production in labor.

He was surrounded by city walls, by castle walls, by the elaborate luxuries that were brought to him and which he came to demand.

¶ He lost touch with Nature, and became unnatural, denatured.

Rome, even in the height of her municipal pride, valued land. The "eternal question" was the demand of the common people for the use of land, their land-rights.

And Rome's wealth was in her land.

In America, our first wealth was in the land, and it was so acknowledged.

The first European settlers here set aside a

day for Thanksgiving: not because stocks and bonds had been high; not because gold, silver, iron and copper had been discovered; but because the earth had given them a harvest—a return to them for their service in labor, intelligence and love. They had given their best to provide themselves with what they required for their natural wants.

Charles A. Bowsher criticizes our system of computing wealth. We reckon wealth in dollars. But the only values are the energy-producing products. How many kilowatts of energy will it produce? should be the test of values.

We know the story of King Midas. And yet, we consider wealth as gold, silver, stocks, bonds, factories, factory-products, elaborate houses and mines.

It is quite rare when land is reckoned as wealth. It is very rare to find a person who has an intelligent knowledge of what it costs in time, and energy, and forethought, applied to land, to produce a loaf of bread, a quart of milk, a pint of cream, a peck of potatoes, a five-pound roast of beef.

Just ask that charming woman so elegantly dressed, so entertaining and accomplished, the process of the production of the lunch which, as hostess, she is serving.

Ask almost any successful broker how many teams of horses, how many days' work, how many acres of land, were required to produce that wheat which he is buying and selling, but never sees. Wheat is to him rows of uncertain, varying figures. It is not labor, love, thought, beautiful sunshine, rain, warm wind and the blue sky.

We have become appallingly ignorant with regard to facts concerning the fundamental needs of life.

The great majority of earners today know what their living expenses are, how much of their salaries or their incomes has to go for groceries, for electric lights, gas, heat, rental. But it is a rare earner who knows the cost of producing what he buys from the grocer and the milkman.

So artificial has our life become!

We are away from the soil. We have forgotten our Mother Earth and what her inexorable demands upon us are.

And what has become of the land? From giving it the remnant of our thoughts, we have almost ceased to think about it.



It is not long since the farmer was called a hayseed, an ignoramus, and was a subject for a foolish joke.

Any youth who had the energy to get away from the farm, to go to the city where people were thinking and doing, where there were entertainment and pleasure, went.

The unambitious, unenergetic, the unimaginative, unromantic young people alone remained on the farm. Genius did not stay there to give its best to soil and seed, flocks and herds.

The harvest gathered by the unimaginative, unenergetic, unskilled, was taken to market by the unambitious, and was bought for distribution to the ambitious by the energy that had left the farm and gone to the city.

What did the buyer on the market pay for the products that he bought of the farmer? Assuredly no more than he could help. If he could deceive or browbeat the farmer, he did, and the farmer became suspicious, discouraged.

¶ The farmer as a rule raised his crop just as easily as he could, plowed shallow, cultivated little, and put into the ground for seed for reproduction what he could not sell on the market. And his family had for their use, too, what was not marketable.

We have talked and scolded about the poor quality of food that we find in the grocery and on our tables. We have stormed at the farmer, but until recently, that is all we have done.

¶ Now we are investigating, thinking, and we are looking into the situation and hunting the cause.

And here are a few things that we find: That for farm labor there is given the lowest wage that is given for labor anywhere. As a result farm labor is scarce. Good farm labor it is almost impossible to find. The farmer himself receives less for the hours spent in toil than any other toiler. This means that the average crop is poor, very poor, compared with what it might and should be.

What the average farmer receives for his labor expended on the soil brings him lower returns for his days of labor than he could receive digging ditches, working on the road, being a clerk in a store, a clergyman, or a physician. ¶ The price of land, the taxes, the return in money that the farmer receives for farm-products, will not allow him to pay for labor as much as a laborer can receive for any other work.

The average farmer's wife receives practically nothing for her labor.

The farmer receives very little return for capital invested.

In order to pay his taxes, make improvements necessary to carry on his business, purchase the necessary implements, he must practise all the economies of the Scotch and Yankees combined. He must work incessantly, day after day. In the growing season, he gets up in the morning before it is light, and his work literally is never done. He must toil unceasingly. ¶

We talk everywhere about the high cost of living. ¶

Women form Housekeepers' Leagues and study economies.

Horace Fletcher tells us how to fletcherize, to economize on food. Doctor Tilden tells us to eat less food. Doctor Wiley warns us against impure food.

And yet the cost of living increases.

We pay for inspectors to inspect refrigerators, groceries, hotel kitchens, bakeries.

But we have not until now gone back to the farm to apply the remedy for our troubles. And it is there that ministration is needed.

¶ We have considered that if a man were unsuccessful in everything else, there was the farm. Let him work on it. Anybody could do that. Anybody could drive a team, hold a plow, follow a drag.

Theoretically, we know that the farmer must be the wisest of wise men. Practically, we give to Mother Earth for service the remnant of intelligence.

What should the farmer know in order to be truly successful?

First, he must know cattle, their habits, their food, and what cattle will bring him the most economic and best returns in milk and in beef; the practical and best food to give them; the economical handling of food.

He must know horses from a horseman's standpoint, from a farmer's standpoint. Pigs must be common knowledge to him. He should be familiar with the infinite housekeeping details of chicken-raising, and the same for ducks and turkeys.

He must know how to raise oats, wheat, corn, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, alfalfa, timothy, clover. ¶

The infinite secrets of the soil can not all be secrets to him. He must know the chemistry



of the soil, and when, where and how seeds must be planted to get their nourishment from the soil.

He must know edible roots for cattle.

He must know garden vegetables and gardening ♣ ♣

He must know architecture and construction enough to supervise the building of a house, barns and sheds, that shall best serve his needs ♣ ♣

And he must know economics. No other person on earth needs to have so broad and generous an understanding of the subject of economics as does the farmer.

Let the cost of living aviate, let it soar, until the best intelligence, the most ambitious, the most aspiring of the human race shall realize that it is worth while to till the soil, to become in love with Mother Nature.

Our hope today is with the farmer.

Doctor David Starr Jordan has resigned the presidency of Leland Stanford University to work for World's Peace, so important has the necessity for abolishing war appealed to this great thinker. ¶ We are holding Peace Congresses, studying ways and means of settling disputes, that there shall be no more lifeblood spent in the horrors of war.

"Peace on earth! Good-will toward men!"

¶ That sentiment as a theory has been with us for two thousand years.

Now it is appealing to us from a practical standpoint, and we know that war does not pay, that it is the greatest waste that human beings can allow. In this practical age, when we are giving our best thoughts to economics, we say, "Abolish war!"

In the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, the great people of the world are putting forth their efforts to impress humanity with the desirability of a world compact between nations whereby there shall be no war.

Eugene H. Grubb looks forward to the Panama Exposition as being the greatest opportunity that has ever come for the development of ideas for peace and peace sentiments for all nations. And what means would Mr. Grubb use to help bring about peace?

He would raise the standard of farming; have the nations encourage the farmer; give its best thought to the cultivation of the soil; have governments give recognition, as never before, to the development of farms; give the

highest honors that can be given for the development of the best farm and garden products, the best fruits, cattle, and other stock on which human life depends.

He would have world workers everywhere do what they can to make popular the sentiment that the money expended for war and war appliances should be given to develop farming and the teaching of farming. He would give encouragement and every help for the production of better food, better farm-products.

¶ This, too, is one of the means that Doctor Jordan is urging in his peace movement ♣ Men who till the soil, men who own farms, do not want the land despoiled by war.

When you have developed a farmer, you have developed a world benefactor, not a despoiler.

¶ No man will give his sympathy to that which is undoing the work to which he has given his best thought and energy.

We have not placed the right value upon food. We have not demanded the best food. We do not know what it costs to produce food. We have a far better understanding of the cost of producing every luxury, every indulgence, than we have of what it costs to produce plain, wholesome living.

It is possible that there is just one way for us to give the farm the right attention. If the high cost of living should soar so high that even King Midas could not reach it, we would realize that food and shelter are the only primitive values.

Compel those who live on the work of others to bring out of the soil, with the labor of their own muscles, brain and heart's love, the food they consume for a year, and then no modern queen or king would ask why, when the people cry for bread, they can not be given cake ♣ The best brain, the best conscience, the best labor, should be given to tilling the soil and reaping harvests, distributing and using foods.

¶ Our schools will one day be the centers of the best wisdom, the highest knowledge required for the scientific cultivation of land. They will be in the center of farms, and girls as well as boys—no matter what their plans for future work may be—will have an intelligent and practical understanding of what it costs in time, energy, intelligence, love and labor to produce a gallon of milk, a sack of wool, a pound of bacon, a quart of strawberries, a peck of pears, a bushel of apples, a sheaf of wheat, a bin of vegetables.



No greater business betterment could be devised for this or other countries than that every citizen should own a piece of land and till it.

"Farmers do not go to war," says Eugene H. Grubb. "Farmers are for peace, and they must be."

Farmers are not exploiters. They know no short cut to wealth.

If each man would earn from the soil his living, he would not try to live off the wealth of another. He would respect his own property and the property of other people.

There would be no waste. We would not throw into our garbage-cans food enough to keep our families. Food would be precious to us. It would be cared for as precious things are. It would be cooked well. It would be served economically, and it would be eaten with primitive thanksgiving.

And the desert would blossom as the rose, and the waste places would be made glad.

The brain needs exercise as much as the body, and vicarious thinking is as erroneous as vicarious exercise.

## An Inventor of a Civilization

By Milo Hastings



THE present years riot in the luxury of invention, but of all the devices proffered for the aid of man, the Roadtown, proposed by Edgar S. Chambless of New York, excels all in the marvel of change which its adoption will bring about.

Other men have invented telescopes and telegraphs and phonographs and telephones and railroads and motor-bicycles and scenic railways and corn-binders, chafing-dishes and automatic exercises and bread pills, but Mr. Chambless has not been content to confine his efforts to agriculture or manufacture or intelligence transmission or patent medicine: instead he simply packed off in the ethereal realms of imagination and took a look at the world, and invented a new scheme of living—a new civilization.

Now there are hundreds of thousands of patents filed away at Washington that are as

worthless to man as the dust of a comet's tail; so, indeed, there are some few dozens, perhaps few hundreds, of inventions of new ways of living. These schemes are called Utopias, and their inventors are usually kind-hearted novelists with artistic tastes, and a plentiful lack of business experience and scientific knowledge.

The reason the majority of the inventions filed at the patent office in Washington are worthless is not because they will not produce the product that their inventor promised, but because they will not produce it as cheaply as competing methods. For illustration, there are dozens of wave-motors that will harness the energy of the waves, but when they get it harnessed it costs more per horsepower than the energy produced by an old-fashioned boiler and a wheezy steam-engine.

### A New Plan of Living

IF Mr. Chambless was of the type of the inventors of previous new schemes of civilization, we would feel inclined to buy his book to while away a weary hour, and pass by, leaving the dreamer in his dreams. But Mr. Chambless is not a novelist nor a long-haired artist. He is an investigator and promoter of patents, and he comes to us with a well-formulated plan, bristling with engineers' figures which show that the goods he will have to sell—rent, transportation, service and utilities of all kinds—that come through pipes or flow over wires, are to be offered at cheaper rates than in either present city or country life. Therefore we are interested, for we know from experience that humanity will travel in ruts eternally unless some one sticks up a bargain-sale sign with a hand-point at a crossroad. So when Mr. Chambless says he will build a house a thousand miles long, and offer us every convenience of city life out in the midst of woods and green fields, we at first smile and tell him we are not in the market for millionaires' villas; but when he shows us figures to prove that our rent for an eight-roomed house with steam heat, hot and cold water, electricity, gas, passenger and freight transportation, food delivered in our dining-room, telephone, music by wire, vacuum for sweeping, gas for disinfecting our house, refrigeration in the Summertime, distilled and cooled water for drinking, and other conveniences too numerous to mention, are to be had for twenty dollars a month, we rub



our eyes and look at our watches to see how long we have been asleep. And when Mr. Chambless produces letters of commendation from Thomas A. Edison and a score of other big men, who are known to have their feet on solid earth, we wake up and ask how much the shares are worth.

It is then we learn that the Roadtown, for such Mr. Chambless calls his new plan of living, is not to be promoted by a wild-cat, stock-selling campaign, but like the great discoveries of medicine and science, is to be given to the world to be a trust for the people.

### The Thousand-Mile House

THE Roadtown is a plan to combine the business of house construction with the manifold forms of the distribution of people, freight, parcels, fluids, electrical power and electrically conveyed intelligence. It is to be a continuous house built in a line, and extending from the end of the existing systems of transportation of the present cities out into the country.

The Roadtown will have a light and airy basement, through which will run rapid-transit monorail-cars. These are to be operated by electrical power, and being made with leather-faced wheels and rubber-padded coupling, will be practically as noiseless as an electric automobile running over an asphalt pavement.

From the monorail platform, stairs will lead to the houses or apartments above, which will be distinct homes, entirely shut off from their neighbors by sound-proof concrete walls.

¶ From each house, stairs will again lead up to the roof, which, like the basement, will be continuous. Upon the roof will be a rubber-matted path or promenade for pedestrians, which will be roofed over, and enclosed with glass panels and heated in the Wintertime. Out beyond this path, on the edges of the roof, will be paths for cycling or skating with rubber-tired skates.

With the means for power travel in the basement, and such a promenade upon the roof, there will be no occasion for streets or roadways along the Roadtown line, and hence the windows on both sides of the house will open into private gardens, and may be freely thrown open to light and air without subjecting the home to the idle gaze and eavesdropping ear of the gossiping neighbor or curious passerby.

### The Triumph of Invention

OUTSIDE of this remarkably novel, yet surprisingly simple, scheme of transportation, the most wonderful feature of Roadtown is the simplicity and ease with which a new invention can be brought into the Roadtown home.

The farm abounds in the pleasures and utilities of Nature, but it is rich enough to afford but few of the inventions and devices of man. The railroads straggle through the country twenty miles apart. To get to it the farmer used a horse-drawn vehicle; now the automobile, offered at the price of a bountiful season's crops, is at hand as a substitute. The farmer enjoys such of civilization's fruits as can be purchased with the price of his labor on the land, and hauled to the farm. Compared to his ancestry, the farmer lives like a prince; but comparing the civilizing influences available on the farm with the best of those known to the world, the farmer is but a savage living in a hut.

In the case of cities, with the houses close together and many of them built as huge blocks to hold ten or a hundred families, it becomes possible to install a great variety of co-operative utilities not available in the country: water, sewage, heat from a single furnace, gas, electric lighting, telephone, horizontal transportation in the street, vertical transportation in the buildings—this is the ordinary limit, and this much is attained at a fearful cost of money, and of Nature's utilities lost, as light, clean fresh air, quiet, and contact with living Nature.

The continuous house, with a runway for pipes and wires beneath the floor, offers an opportunity for the installation of any liquid, gaseous or electrical utility, at a cost based upon an equal division of the cost at the central plant, divided by the number of homes to be supplied, plus the cost of about twenty-five feet of pipe or wire.

There are many of the luxuries of the rich, such as accumulation of jewelry, gold-embroidered gowns, and single works of art that can never be available for the rank and file of men. But the jewels and gorgeous cloths are meaningless playthings which owe their significance to the fact that they are made to distinguish the rich from the poor. The real luxuries, such as hot water, music by wire, and vacuum-sweeping, are not in themselves



expensive, but are at present prohibitive, owing to the cost of getting them into the consumer's home. Moreover, most of these things grow cheaper as the quantity consumed grows larger. In the light of such considerations, we can now see wherein the Roadtown scheme, so seemingly at variance with all the accepted ideas of economic possibilities, may be entirely practicable.

### Family Life

**M**OST unique among the revolutionary habits of living which Mr. Chambless predicts will come with the combination of house-building and transportation, is the removal of the cook-shop from the home. The description of family life by communism at mealtimes is anything but desirable for home-loving people. The delicatessen system means a diet of bakery products, pickles and cold meats, the scheme of delivery is clumsy and the method expensive, yet the system is extensively developed in city life. The Roadtown, by means of mechanical carriers, with hot and cold compartments, will make possible the growth of central cooking and serving stations, from which meals can be ordered by telephone and delivered half a mile away in three minutes' time. Moreover, the dirty dishes and soiled table linen will be sent back to the central kitchen, where a score of able-bodied men can do the work that now makes household drudges of half a thousand women.

Among many other utilities inexpensively placed in the Roadtown line will be power in the form of electricity, compressed air, the reduced pressure or vacuum used for sweeping. Power in such forms can be utilized not only in operating all manner of large manufacturing and agricultural machinery, but in the home for operating fans, opening doors and windows, operating dumb-waiters, etc. The extent to which such mechanism is developed will, of course, depend upon the taste of the inhabitants, but there is one use which means so much in labor-saving, and in improved hygiene, that we can well consider it a part of the scheme. It is a device operated by compressed air, which, by means of a rod to which the bedding is attached at the floor, the bedding may be swung up and into a closet, the outer wall of which is composed of open shutters. The bed frame may be an upholstered couch or divan, and give the

day-time appearance of a living-room, while the bedding is being aired.

### Healthier Than Either City or Country

**T**HE city man commonly holds the country as the place par excellence in which to live, as far as health matters go. So, indeed, in some respects it is. The country home is free from street dust and filth and nerve-racking noises; neither has it dark interior sleeping-rooms. On the other hand, the country home has no efficient method of the disposal of household wastes, while contamination of drinking-water from outhouses and stables is anything but rare. Moreover, the farmer is without cold storage or efficient transportation facilities, and while he revels on fruits and vegetables in the Summer season, he confines his Winter diet to bread, meat and potatoes. The heating and ventilation of farmhouses is always poor, and proper bathing facilities or sanitary methods of laundering are practically unknown.

In the Roadtown, there is no health-giving feature of the country that is not in evidence, and no comfort of city life nor modern sanitary appliance left out. The death-rate in the Roadtown will be less than in any previous form of life known to man. With vacuum-sweepers, garbage and sewage disposal works, with purified water, and food free from all adulteration, with air and sunshine and proper bathing facilities, with no undue exposure to the weather, yet with all outdoors in which to frolic, with a mixture of indoor and outdoor labor, public athletic parks and swimming-pools and, shall we say, a publicly employed medical professor whose income is not measured by the amount of sickness in the community—what can the Roadtown not hope for in the prolongation of life!

The industrial life of the people who will live in Roadtown can not be fully discussed in this article. The first use of the Roadtown will undoubtedly be for residences of city commuters who are now so sorely pressed for a means of getting from their work out to a place where their children can live next to Nature.

¶ The Roadtown, with its arrangement for rapid-transit facilities and its provision of all the household luxuries of the city, will undoubtedly be the commuting scheme of the future. But the Roadtown is capable of far more fundamental uses in Mr. Chambless' scheme of civilization.



Two hundred fifty houses to the mile gives three acres of land within a mile of the house-line; and for the methods of intensive agriculture, this would be sufficient to support a family.

Thus the Roadtown will be the farmhouse of the future, and eliminate not only the physical drawbacks to farm life, but the social and intellectual handicaps as well.

### The Future Manufacturing Town

**M**OREOVER, the Roadtown, with its excellent means of transportation for men and materials, and its complete distribution of power, will be the manufacturing town of the future. Not only will the workers in smelters and boiler-shops and packing-houses live in Roadtown lines, as they now live in checker-board towns, but many light manufacturing industries, such as spinning, weaving and knitting, will be taken back into workrooms connected with the homes, and with the aid of co-operative buying of the raw material and selling of the finished product, the worker in these and hundreds of trades will again become free to work as he likes, and enjoy what he produces as does the farmer.

With agriculture, manufacturing and transportation in one unit system, the Roadtown becomes, save for a few gross industries, as fishing, mining and foreign commerce, a complete civilization.

The Roadtown will provide its own libraries, art-galleries, schools, lecture and dance halls, amusement and athletic parks, its own co-operative stores with guaranteed purity of foods and drugs, and, shall we say, its own publicly paid physicians.

The mechanical advantages of the continuous house are indeed marvelous, and if the economics now promised develop as anticipated, the old style of isolated city and country civilizations is bound to pass from the face of the earth and humanity be housed in criss-cross lines, from which they will go out to work the land on either side.

The physical and mental advantages of life in such a civilization, compared with that of either present city or present country, is amply evident, and the industrial, social and political changes that the Roadtown will bring about smother the imagination.

When will these things come to pass? Mr. Chambliss says that it depends wholly upon the ability of the public to grasp a new idea.

## Vaccination and the Law

By Hon. Harry Weinberger  
Of the New York Bar



**L**AWYERS do not know the law—at the best they only know where to find it. Most lawyers are under the impression that the Board of Health, under the so-called Police Power, has the right to vaccinate even against your wishes.

When the doctor of the Board of Health comes to your house, with his big protecting policeman, to vaccinate you and your family, what are your rights under the law? Of course, if you are in favor of vaccination, you let him vaccinate. But assuming that from your study, reading and observation you have come to the conclusion that you do not want to be vaccinated, and do not want your family vaccinated, because it does not protect from smallpox, and every time one is vaccinated he takes the risk of tetanus (lockjaw), syphilis, cancer and other diseases, and even death—because all vaccine virus contains bacterial taint—what should you do, and what may you do?

Blackstone in his *Commentaries* said: "No laws are binding on the human subject which assault the body or violate the conscience. The right of personal security consists in a person's legal and uninterrupted enjoyment of his life, his limbs, and his reputation. Both the life and the limbs of a human subject are of such high value in the estimation of the law that it pardons even homicide if committed in defense of them or in order to preserve them."

### Vaccination an Assault

**N**EW YORK STATE is typical of practically all the States of the Union in reference to vaccination. The only law in New York on the statute-books in reference to vaccination is that, in order to go to school—that is, public school—a child must be vaccinated. You will immediately note that there is nothing about children who go to private school, or who are above school age, and there is nothing about adults. Boards of Health may have rules about vaccination in epidemics and at other times, but they are only rules without the force of law.



In the case of *Smith versus Health Commissioner Emery*, the question of compulsory vaccination in New York was given its death-blow. Smith had been quarantined because he refused to allow himself to be vaccinated. He applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, setting forth that he was imprisoned and restrained of his liberty at his house in the said City of Brooklyn by the direction and order of the Commissioner of Health; that he had been exposed to no contagion and was not afflicted with any contagious disease.

The Commissioner, in his answer, stated that for several months smallpox had been epidemic in the city; that as he was informed and believes, before ordering Smith to be detained in quarantine, he (Smith) was engaged in the prosecution of the express delivery business in said city, and in its worst-infected districts; that the business includes the carrying of household furniture and other articles which may come from infected centers and be infected with the germ of smallpox; and that Smith was unusually exposed to such contagion and it was of special importance that he should be vaccinated at once, and that he was detained in quarantine because of his refusal to be vaccinated. The Court held that though every local board of health is required to guard against the introduction of contagious and infectious disease, and to require the isolation of all persons infected with and exposed to such disease, yet to justify such isolation the fact must exist that the persons are infected with the contagious disease or have been exposed to it. No authority is given by said laws to said health commissioner to quarantine any person simply because he refuses to be vaccinated and to continue him in quarantine until he consents to such vaccination.

The Court further held that though Smith went through the districts where smallpox was, still that could not be considered exposure to smallpox, and the fear that he might carry infected articles is not enough; and, further, that there was no right of compelling any one to be vaccinated.

One case in the Supreme Court of New York held that vaccination against your wishes is an assault—in other words, in the same category with the use of brass knuckles and the slung-shot.

### That Compulsory Education Law

THE Thorpe case has a good many interesting features to anti-vaccinationists. Herbert A. Thorpe, of Princes Bay, Staten Island, sent his two children to school with a letter in part as follows: "I am sending you my two children, both in perfect health, for schooling. Children have been vaccinated without the parents' consent and often without their knowledge. My children must not be vaccinated, and I will shoot dead any man who vaccinates them. As you are the principal I will also hold you responsible." Needless to say, inasmuch as the children were not vaccinated, they were sent home. Later, the Board of Education, upon making inquiry of Thorpe, were informed that he was not giving them the exact education required by the law, nor the exact amount of time—in fact, a good deal less. The Board thereupon requested him to have his children vaccinated, and that he would be allowed then to send them to school. Upon Thorpe refusing, he was served with a summons from the police court, under the Compulsory Education Law.

¶ The following argument was made before the Court: "All children are healthy or unhealthy—both sides can agree on that. If the Court and the Board of Education claim that the Thorpe children are healthy, though unvaccinated, then Thorpe complied with the law by sending healthy children to school in the first place, and the Board of Education was at fault in not taking them. But if the Court and the Board of Education say that the Thorpe children are unhealthy, because unvaccinated, then Thorpe did not have to comply with the law, because the law distinctly says that children in proper physical condition must be sent to school." The Court and the Board of Education were asked to take either horn of the dilemma. Thorpe was dismissed, and the Board of Education wofully failed.

### The Attitude of the Courts

THE pro-vaccinationists contend that the courts have upheld vaccination, and yet when we examine the records what do we find? In the *Viemeister* case, decided by the New York Court of Appeals, and which is the leading case in the United States, and typical of almost all of the cases which have got into the courts, and in which the pro-vaccinationists claim victory, we find that *Viemeister*



asked that the Board of Education be compelled by mandamus to take his child into school, even though unvaccinated. The Court held that public education, even though guaranteed in the constitution of the State of New York, was only a privilege and not a right, and that, therefore, the State had a right to prescribe rules for the admission of children into schools. Without quibbling as to whether the Court was correct in deciding that education was a privilege and not a right, and without going into the question of whether there really is any difference between the two, the Court yet refuses to pass on vaccination, except that it is a rule that the State can pass, the majority of the people believing in it, and with which you must therefore comply before your children can go to school. Judge Woodward, of the Appellate Division in the same case, said, "It may be conceded that the legislature has no constitutional right to compel any person to submit to vaccination."

#### The Situation in Massachusetts

THE United States Supreme Court, in *Jacobson versus Massachusetts*, held: That where there was an epidemic of small-pox and the law prescribed that every one should be vaccinated, and any one who refused should be fined five dollars, that that did not infringe upon the constitutional rights of the individual. The Court also seemed to hold that a State could pass a law that every one should be vaccinated. Yet, that not being the real issue before the Court, it is only obiter dictum. And furthermore, the decision is not final, because it is not decided according to principle. It stands with the *Dred Scott* decision—involving the slavery of the black man—and which would not stay settled because not settled right. If any State passed a law compelling vaccination, and you resisted, I believe the United States Supreme Court would protect you, and declare the law unconstitutional. It must be noted in the *Jacobson* case that there was an epidemic, and the penalty for refusing to be vaccinated was a five-dollar fine, a sort of bribe to be vaccinated. The Court may have also been influenced by the fact that the Massachusetts law was like the old English Compulsory Vaccination Law, where if you refused to be vaccinated you were fined. In England today, if you file a certificate that you have conscientious objections against vaccination, you

and your family are free from the fine and your children can remain unvaccinated. So, lo and behold, the great victories of the pro-vaccinationists vanish.

Vaccination stands today in the position of any medical operation, and requires the consent of the person to be operated upon, and in the case of the infant requires the consent of the parents. No medical prescription, even though written into law, at the request of the politico-medicos, can be really enforced. They may attempt to bulldoze by fines in some States—bribe by public-school education for children in others—but you can apply your reason to the question of vaccination and decide for yourself whether you want to be vaccinated or not.

In the words of Alfred Russel Wallace, the great scientist, "Vaccination is a delusion—its penal enforcement a crime."

Let Health and Wealth be incidental, and you 'll have both.

## Surely the Time Will Come

By Edward Carpenter



SURELY the time will come when humanity will refuse to be diseased any longer.

This list of hideous and filthy complaints—too filthy to be calmly spoken of: these small-poxes, typhoids, choleras, cancers, tumors, tubercles—dropsy, diabetes, uremia—all preventible, and easy enough to prevent;

And yet—incredible though it seems—men and women still tolerating and condoning them;

Men and women who pride themselves on their culture, refinement, punctiliousness of nose, and so forth—and who would turn up the latter at the sight of a pig and a few fowls in an Irishman's cabin—actually tolerating in their own persons the perpetual presence of the most disgusting organisms;

And other men and women, through sheer ignorance, believing such a state of affairs to be necessary.

Surely the time will come when to be diseased, to spread disease around one, or transmit it to descendants,



To live willingly in the conditions that produce disease, or not strenuously to fight against such conditions,

Will be looked on as a crime—both of the individual and of society.

For since a little self-control, since a clean and elementary diet, pure water, openness of the body to sun and air, a share of honest work, and some degree of mental peace and largesse, are the perfectly simple conditions of health, and are, or ought to be, accessible to every-body—

To neglect these is sheer treason ;

While to surrender them out of fear (should one stick to them) of being robbed of other things far less precious is to be a fool as well as a coward.

Surely the time will come when people, seeing how obvious and simple is the problem of human life,

Will refuse (even at the bidding of the Parson, the Policeman, Mrs. Grundy, and the commercial Slave-Drivers and Tax-Collectors) to live the lives of idiots ;

Will refuse to do other work than that which they like, and which they feel to be really needed ;

Will cease to believe that their own well-being can only be maintained at the cost of the Fear, Torment and Slaughter of the animals, and the Hanging and Imprisonment of men ;

And will waste the hours no more in elaborately preparing food which, when prepared, does but rot the vitals of those who consume it, and in schemes of money-making and "business" which but destroy their souls ;

The time will come surely when we shall cease to burden our limbs and becloud our skins with garments, the major part of which are useless, unless as a breeding-ground of ill-health, deformity and indecency ;

Shall cease to build walls and fortifications of property and possession each round ourselves as against the others—deliberately confining so and crucifying the great god of love within us—

And shall at last liberate our minds and bodies from that funny old lazaretto of the centuries, of which none but ourselves, after all, are the warders and jailers.

Self-reliance is very excellent, but as for independence, there is no such thing.

## The Use of Tobacco

By J. W. Hodge, M. D.



RITERS on materia medica and toxicology, without exception, describe tobacco as a poison.

It belongs to the natural order Solanaceæ or nightshade.

Tobacco owes its activities and its poisonous properties to a volatile, liquid, alkaloidal substance named nicotine, which may be extracted from the tobacco-leaf by chemical processes. Nicotine

is a poison of such virulence and great activity that it is capable of extinguishing animal life more speedily than any other poison known to toxicologists, with the single exception of prussic acid.

Tobacco-smoking, when freely indulged in, has been known to produce fatal effects in an adult male. Melsen states that "the smoke of half an ounce of strong tobacco contains sufficient nicotine to prove fatal to an adult person, not habituated to its use."

When tobacco is received into the mouth, the nicotine is absorbed by the lining membrane and carried directly into the blood. There it circulates through the body and comes into actual contact with every vital organ. In this way it speedily produces in those not accustomed to its use, vertigo, nausea, feeble pulse, headache and faintness.

When tobacco is smoked in the cigar, cigarette or pipe, a poisonous principle called pyridine enters the smoke, and is conveyed, together with nicotine, into the blood by absorption through the mouth and lungs. Every person who respires tobacco-smoke, willingly or unwillingly, necessarily has his blood impregnated with a mixture of the poisons called nicotine and pyridine, respectively.

### The Evils of the Weed

THE lining membrane of the mouth and throat is injured more by smoking than by chewing, for the obvious reason that smoke conveys the noxious principles in a more concentrated form to the delicate mucous lining.

Pyridine, like nicotine, is very acrid, and is highly irritating to the mucous membrane.

Medical writers describe what they term "smokers' sore throat," which is known to



result from this cause. Sometimes a small blister appears in the smoker's mouth which, by continued irritation of the nicotine and the empyreumatic oil, called pyridine, forms an ulcer and finally assumes a malignant or cancerous character.

Besides the above-stated evil results, it is believed, with good reason, that so grave a malady as syphilis has been communicated by the pipe of an infected smoker. The voice has been injuriously affected by the practise of snuffing and smoking, whereby the poison is brought into direct contact with the vocal organs and surrounding parts. The stomach and other digestive organs can not fail to be disordered by the habitual use of tobacco.

¶ While the waste of saliva caused by spitting on the part of chewers and smokers is bad enough, the swallowing of it, saturated with the poisonous nicotine and pyridine, is still worse. There is no avenue of escape from the horns of the inevitable dilemma, upon which the slave of the tobacco-habit finds himself empaled.

Medical writers are agreed in placing among the common effects of the free use of tobacco in any form, nervous debility, indigestion, nausea, impairment of appetite and constipation of the bowels.

The heart of the tobacco habitue comes in for a large share of the mischief. Irregular and intermittent action, accompanied by cardiac palpitation, is a common effect of tobacco.

¶ In standard medical works may be found a description of what physicians term "irritable heart," "smoker's heart," "tobacco heart," etc. It is a troublesome affection of such grave import that it bars an applicant in whom it is discovered, from receiving a policy in a life-insurance company. No life-insurance company will knowingly accept a risk of this sort. Out of four hundred inveterate smokers whose hearts were examined, the heart's action was found to be irregular and intermittent in nearly one hundred, or about twenty-five per cent of the whole number of smokers examined.

A very common and serious cardiac disorder induced both by the use of tobacco and by alcoholic beverages, and more especially by the two conjointly, is known among medical authors as "fatty heart." In this condition, the muscular fibers of the heart, upon which depend its strength and vigor, are softened,

degenerated and weakened. In this state the heart's walls are liable to stretch and become attenuated by the pressure of the blood, thus laying the foundation for what is called cardiac aneurism.

Angina pectoris, a very painful and dangerous malady, is believed by many pathologists to depend upon fatty degeneration of the heart muscle.

Doctor William Osler states that he has seen cases of angina pectoris which had, obviously, resulted from the use of tobacco. This fatal malady is characterized by sudden and violent pain in the cardiac region, shooting into the chest, neck and arm, accompanied by dyspnea, distressing faintness and extreme prostration.

¶ Diseases of the heart and large arteries appear to be increasing in prevalence to an alarming extent in tobacco-using nations. These diseases are usually incurable and almost universally fatal. Among other affections which may reasonably be ascribed to free indulgence in the use of tobacco, arteriosclerosis, loss of virility, and various neuroses may here be mentioned.

It is worthy of serious inquiry how far the increase of these grave maladies is chargeable to the effects of tobacco and alcohol, accumulating from generation to generation.

#### Exploded Fallacies

INSANITY has been ascribed by good medical authority to the excessive use of tobacco. That the poisonous pyridine and nicotine are capable of perverting the brain functions and mystifying the mind is so well recognized, even by the laity, that mental vagaries are frequently alluded to as "pipe-dreams."

The deleterious effects of tobacco upon the eyes and optic nerves are universally recognized by ophthalmologists. Amblyopia of a specific type has been ascribed by pathologists to the free use of tobacco. It is described as "nicotine amblyopia."

The auditory, optic and olfactory nerves are injuriously affected by tobacco.

Tobacco amaurosis is a grave affection of the eye and optic nerve, not infrequently ending in total and permanent blindness. Of late years the attention of ophthalmologists has been directed to this grave malady as a common occurrence in persons addicted to the use of tobacco.

Who can say how many of the hopelessly



blind beggars who sit on the street corners soliciting alms in every big city lost their sight through the use of this pernicious practise which the "white man" adopted from the savage of the forest, the North American Indian? *•••*

All physicians are familiar with the action of tobacco, either alone or in co-operation with other causes, in producing tremor of the hands, nervous depression, languor, disturbed sleep, general distress and even hypochondriacal delusions *•••*

How frequently do young men who should be in the very prime of life enter a doctor's office with hands trembling like those of an old drunkard, with visage lank, sallow and melancholy, presenting the appearance of nervous wrecks, miserable victims of the insatiable appetite for the poisonous drug! "I am sick all over, and as timid as a girl," was the expressive description of his own condition, given by a distinguished Member of Congress, who was a slave to the tobacco habit.

As a presumed prophylactic, or preventive of infection, tobacco is a common resort among medical men, especially during the prevalence of epidemics of infectious diseases.

On entering an infectious ward of a quarantine hospital or on encountering a pestilence, shallow-minded doctors are wont to "fortify" themselves with a cigar or a drink of whisky. Such irrational practises tend rather to invite infection than to repel it.

When we reflect that tobacco is a sedative or depressant of nerve-force, we are enabled to discern the gross folly of such actions on the part of physicians who should know better.

#### **Tobacco-Using Nations**

**O**F all civilized nations the Spaniards take the lead in the common use of tobacco. They and their American descendants are about the only people among whom both sexes indulge indiscriminately in smoking. Spain has been described as one vast tobacco-shop. And see how the noble old Castilian has degenerated! How his intellectual and normal energies have been abased!

On the other hand, look at the settlers of New England, who for several generations proscribed almost entirely the two luxuries—or let us say curses—alcohol and tobacco. They grew stronger and hardier from generation to generation in every element of national greatness. Their abstinence from

tobacco and alcohol and their attention to the laws of health have produced the most active, enterprising and vigorous people on the face of the earth.

At this point it is worthy of note that wrestlers and prizefighters while in training abstain entirely from the use of alcohol or tobacco. Experience has taught them to do so. We may learn a lesson even from them.

The French Minister of Public Instruction, after having classified the students of a large college into smokers and non-smokers, finding the latter to be the better students, contemplated the prohibition of the use of tobacco in all the colleges of France.

#### **The Terrific Wastes**

**L**OSS of time is no small item in the count against tobacco. Lord Stanhope estimated that in forty years two years were dedicated by a snuffer to tickling his nose and two to blowing it. In these days a habitual smoker or chewer will devote a much larger proportion of his time than this to smoking and spitting. That waste of time, however, is but a trifle compared with the sacrifice of time which grows out of the bodily indolence and the aversion to intellectual activity begotten by the slovenly tobacco-habit. Tobacco is conducive to indolence, both physical and mental. Repose or inertia is required for the full enjoyment of the pipe or cigar. Smokers tell us that, in order to concentrate their minds on any subject and think continuously, they lay aside the pipe.

Although opposite statements are made by men addicted to the practise, the balance of sober and competent testimony is in favor of the view that tobacco unsettles, dissipates and enfeebles the minds of those addicted to its habitual use.

In the attempts of tobacco-users to meet this argument, instances are cited of great men—generals, statesmen and philosophers—who were inveterate chewers, smokers or snuffers. But who will contend that the use of tobacco made them great or added to their intellectual attainments? The best that can be said is that it did not appear to impair or destroy their mental vigor to an appreciable degree; that they were great in spite of it, and might have been still greater without it.

Such cases are, at best, rare exceptions, and prove nothing against the validity of the general rule. Where one tobacco-habitue has



escaped palpable injury from the poison, one thousand and one have suffered appreciable injurious effects from the poisonous drug. Vaccinators assure us that but a small proportion of persons who are cowpoxed contract tetanus as a result. Yet, where is the sane person who would voluntarily run the ghastly risk of the infective vaccine lancet because there may be one hundred chances of escape from, to one of seizure by, the death-dealing tetanus (lockjaw)? The vaccinators, understanding this, pass laws making vaccination compulsory or obligatory.

There is another point to be considered in this connection. Some intellectual men tell us that they are unable to exert their minds without the help of tobacco, merely from the abject slavery of the habit. Habits invariably tend to develop into necessities. The man who is accustomed to sleep in a factory with his head nearly in contact with a noisy steam-engine will be roused instantly from his slumber by the stopping of the machinery.

Does this prove that uproar is an anodyne, or that stillness disturbs sleep?

The young ladies of Styria are accustomed to eat arsenic in large quantities to beautify their complexions. The Styrian men mix arsenic with their horses' feed to improve their coats and make them long-winded; and they themselves eat the poison for the latter purpose.

By slow degrees the arsenic habit is formed and, when once established, can not easily be broken off. So soon as the arsenic is suspended, symptoms of arsenical poisoning promptly make their appearance, and these symptoms disappear on resumption of the poison. Does this prove that the habitual use of arsenic is beneficial or wholesome?

The examples of great men who were smokers are frequently cited for imitation, as if their greatness was due to the acquisition of a sensual habit. The fact that some great men yield to the temptation of an unnatural appetite for stimulants and narcotics only proves the weakness of human nature inherent in man.

Daniel Webster was a great lawyer, statesman and orator, but who doubts that he might not have achieved far greater results had he not been a victim of alcoholic intemperance? That one bad drink habit sullied and hampered an otherwise brilliant and useful career.

Charles Darwin refused to smoke because, as he said, "I will make no necessities to myself." Serene, self-poised and contemplative minds like his, which rise and soar far above the ordinary passions and pursuits of the world, refuse to submit to the mastery of the flesh. Such mighty intellects are masters of their own desires and rulers over their own appetites and propensities. Would that our world were blessed with more such intellectual giants as those! Theirs is true greatness unhampered by sensuality.

The rule which applies to the use of tobacco, alcohol, opium, cocaine and other narcotic poisons is this: If the sudden abandonment of the practise induces discomfort or disease, that discomfort or disease is a sure index of the amount of injury which the noxious agent has insidiously inflicted upon its helpless and unsuspecting victim.

It does not make much difference what a person studies—all knowledge is related, and the man who studies anything, if he keeps at it, will become learned.

## American Peace Policy

By David Starr Jordan



**W**HAT shall we say of the plans of the President and the Secretary of State for the promotion of International Peace? ¶ We shall say that nothing more practical and effective has yet been suggested. There is no better means of bringing American influence to bear on the problems of the old world. ¶ The end in view is to relegate war to a position of last resort in times of international difference, to place soldiers and dreadnaughts in the background—not in the front of national movement.

The essence of this American policy is that in case of friction between nations, the matter be placed for six months in the hands of a joint high Commission of Investigation, chosen in part from the contending nations, the majority from friendly neutrals. These for six months shall study the question at issue, neither nation in the meantime demonstrating, mobilizing or increasing its armament,



until the final report is made. After this each nation is free to choose conciliation, concession, compromise, arbitration or war. And with six months to think it over, there will be no war. Wars are waged for greed, for politics, or because the mob has been stirred by senseless speech or reckless journalism. And in many cases this reckless journalism has been carefully calculated and fully paid for by those interested in the sale of the accessories of war.

The treaty of arbitration will naturally follow on the treaty for investigation. Courts will naturally supplement results of friendly offices. But the agreement for friendly conference comes first and is for the present the more important. The Treaty of Arbitration is most valuable—not as preventing war, for a nation bent on war, if there is such a nation, will not stop to agree to arbitrate. The world is finally ruled by public opinion. Arbitration treaties clinch public opinion and hold it to its duty.

¶ The present decade has been characterized by needless, costly and brutal wars, the result not of actual conditions of today, but of blunders and crimes committed in the past. Wars do not spring up afresh in our civilization. They spring from old wars whose seeds were not destroyed by peace.

But, however dark the present outlook may seem, with half the coined money of the world spent each year on war and war's accessories, the far outlook is most promising. The unspeakable horror of the Balkan war, the waste of armed peace and frustrate war throughout the civilized world—all these make powerfully for peace, for real peace—the Peace of Law and Trust, and not the Peace of Force.

And just now is the time when American influence can be most definitely crystallized and made effective. And we are thankful that we have in the seats of authority at Washington men who definitely work for peace and whom war and war's fripperies do not dazzle nor attract.

THE great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader; to pursue them requires not the aid of many counselors. The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Only aim to do your duty, and mankind will give you credit where you fail.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

## Rhyme in Time of Agitation

### *Overworld to Underworld*

By William Griffith

GOD went to sleep one day in quiet  
And had a dream of bee-folk swarming,  
With stingers whetted for a riot:  
His work so needed some reforming!

And since bee-folk are very human,  
Both as to virtues and to vices,  
They settled down as man and woman  
Engaged in making laws and prices.

And some with both hands on the Bible  
Were not above clandestine sinning,  
Refraining meanwhile, as a libel,  
To praise the work from the beginning.

And some were very simple sages,  
Remaining simply on the level,  
Instead of drawing handsome wages  
To tell the truth and shame the devil.

Who breaks as well as makes the laws is  
Since then, as zealously as ever,  
Resigned to remedy the causes,  
And rock the cradle of endeavor.

Amid the stress and strain and tension  
And rot and rust and sloth and shirking,  
It baffles human comprehension  
How well the old machine is working.

And since sheer heresy nor schism  
The face of honest labor blanches,  
Apply the salve of socialism  
To kill the root and save the branches.

And damned be those who never falter  
In sanctimony nor in sighing,  
But think to blunder by the altar  
And plunder heaven without dying.

THERE is in man a higher than Love of  
Happiness. He can do without Happiness,  
and instead thereof find Blessedness!  
Was it not to preach forth this same Higher  
that sages and martyrs, the poet and the  
priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered;  
bearing testimony, through life and through  
death, of the Godlike that is in man, and  
how in the Godlike only has he Strength and  
Freedom?—*Carlyle*.



# Thoughts Are Ephemeral

**I**F written they may become eternal. Thoughts pioneer the way—crystallized into action, they move the world. ¶ Are you getting your best thoughts down on paper? Is it possible with the ordinary medium of writing to put them down as they come to you—those brilliant inspirations of a moment that often fade away into oblivion before you can convert them into written words? ¶ With Gregg Shorthand you can write them down as they come crowding one upon another—no matter how swiftly they come—thus giving them tangible, permanent form to be weighed by later judgment. With Gregg Shorthand you do not face the dilemma of Dryden, who said, "Thoughts come crowding in so fast upon me that my only difficulty is to choose or reject." Gregg Shorthand would have given the old masters infinitely greater power of expression. ¶ You can enjoy this greater power of expression yourself by learning to write Gregg Shorthand. It can be learned in a remarkably short time, in spare moments. It is simple, safe, sure. You can read it like print. More than that, it is wonderfully interesting, and can be used in a practical way almost from the first lesson. Many of our most successful business and professional men make daily use of shorthand. President Wilson himself is an accomplished shorthand writer, but employs a Gregg Shorthand writer to report all his speeches and take down all the words he utters for publication. ¶

*Some interesting booklets about Gregg Shorthand will be sent upon request.*

## THE GREGG PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

# Our Wonderful Offer Only \$1.00



**T**HIS apparatus works efficiently on one cell, dry or other battery. The coil has perfect regulation; the current at the handles varying from imperceptible to all that can be borne. The coil and vibrator parts are very compactly built; the vibrator contacts are pure silver—thought by many superior to platinum. Mounted on a polished wood base, with neat bushings for the passage of the conducting cords. Coil ends are finished in polished black enamel. All metal parts nickel plated. Well made throughout.

**For This  
Household  
Medical  
Coil**



**Price Without Battery, \$1.00, by mail extra 11c, or given free with one yearly subscription to MODERN ELECTRICS for \$1.50**

Now about **MODERN ELECTRICS**, the wonderful, big, interesting, electrical magazine that keeps you informed of all that is new and novel in electrical achievement. There is a growing tendency among the ever up-to-date American public to keep in touch with the times not only in business, politics and art, but in science and invention as well. **Modern Electrics** is a profusely illustrated monthly, which fully describes these subjects and written so you can readily understand it.

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You should take at least one semi-technical electrical magazine and keep up-to-date on the new wonders and advances in electricity—**Modern Electrics** illustrates and describes these subjects in a style that can be read and understood by every member of the family, particularly the young man and boy. It is nearly five years old and contains from 112 to 144 pages monthly. 15c. a copy, \$1.50 per year. Tells you how to make things at home; contains an experimental department and answers your

questions free. The brightest and most interesting "plain English" electrical monthly magazine published. The magazine to read if you want to keep up-to-date on wireless and progress in electricity. We want you to become a permanent reader and to that end offer for a limited time only with one year's subscription at the regular annual rate this **Medical Coil** free. **Money Refunded Immediately if Not Pleased in Every Way.**

Send \$1.50 today in cash, stamps, M. O. or check, and get **Modern Electrics** for one year and we will send you the **Coil** prepaid. **Absolutely Free.**

**Modern Electrics Magazine, 241 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.**

**MODERN  
ELECTRICS**



## Jardinieres of Hand-Wrought Metal



**Brass Jardiniere**

Diameter, 12 inches  
Height, 11 inches  
Price, Twenty Dollars



**Copper Jardiniere**

Rim diameter, 10 inches  
Height, 11½ inches  
Price, Ten Dollars

The Roycroft artificers in metal are always striking! Here are a few results of their "strike." \* \* \* \* \* They strike with a purpose; that purpose being to materialize an idea, to evolve beautiful and unique articles in copper and brass \* \* \* \* \* These Jardinieres and Ferneries are a fitting home for your choice ferns and plants with "associations." \*



**Flute-Edge Fern-Pan**

of mellow-toned copper  
Price, Two-Fifty



**Roycroft Bowl**

Diameter, 12¼ inches; height, 5½ inches  
Price, Six Dollars

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York**



# Modeled-Leather Hand-Bags

**R**OYCROFT Modeled-Leather Hand-Bags differ from the *Manus Baga Vulgaris*, or common or garden hand-bag, by reason of their simple dignity of design, their marvelous color effects and their undoubted durability.

They are free from fuss and frivol — unobtrusive, yet distinctive.

They have character — and they give it.



**LADIES' SHOPPING BAG**  
Leather-lined, having small coin-purse. Price, Twelve Dollars.  
Size, 8 x 9 3/4 in. exquisitely modeled in Empire design.  
Same design, 7 x 9 1/4 in. Price, \$10



## HAND-BAG

of English Calf, mounted on hand-wrought copper frame, set with a tiger's-eye. Ooze-morocco lining, hand-braided handle of goatskin strips. Inside bill-pocket. Exclusive designs, matchlessly modeled.

Price, Thirty Dollars

**The Roycrofters**

East Aurora, Erie County, New York



**AFTERNOON BAG**  
for Jeunes Filles. Price, \$3.50



# THE PHILISTINE

AN APPRECIATION BY ONE



*The Philistine*, being a classic, never grows old. *The Philistine* for June, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, interesting as it is today, will be more so in Nineteen Hundred Twenty-three, or at any subsequent date.

The first *Philistine* ever published, nearly eighteen years ago, is filled with material that is a deal more respectable today than it was then. We have n't caught up with that issue yet, not quite, but we have traveled far enough over the route to be able to judge where we will fetch up. We know now that if what Elbert wrote eighteen years ago is not just clear to us yet, it will be, eventually.

We have seen the myths vanish, the precedents smashed, the fetishes discarded; and laughter has taken the place of fear in our systems. We now know that although everything matters a little, nothing matters much, and we are following the cosmic urge. We are prepared for the best, and we expect it.

The big magazine has its place, I suppose. So also has the little one. Metaphorically speaking (only), we need the Dreadnaught, and we also need the Torpedo-Boat — the big boat for bluff, the little one to do the work.

*The Philistine* is a periodical of protest, and some one must do our protesting, or it will never be done at all. I am willing to leave mine to the fellow who can do it better than I.

It is a convenient size. I put it in my coat-pocket when I start for a street-car. I can hold it in one hand, and thus not elbow my neighbor. I so lessen the sum total of profanity — audible and unexpressed. If I must hang onto a strap, as I usually must, in a city that grows so fast, the other hand is sufficient to keep *The Phil* within range.

I can read it through, traveling between the Public Square and any of the suburbs. Thus do I annihilate space and save myself the necessity of gazing into the face of a garlic-eating inhabitant, or into the back of a too peekaboo waist.

I always wear a smile as I read *The Philistine*. I look happy and laugh if I feel that way, and as my reading is mostly done in crowded cars — in public, so to speak — I thus pass for a sweet-dispositioned personage.



It is a tabloid; it talks but little, and says much. It creates a tendency to be brief, to cut out the persiflage. I have read all the *Philistines*, and would estimate that they have helped me to eliminate at least one-third of the gabfest. That is to say, I now accomplish the same mileage on sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of my former explosions.

Then, too, it is about something. The Fra does n't write just for the fun of it. (Many others have said this same thing, who did not mean what I mean.) His comments are on things and people which, and who, affect conditions that are vital.

It is epigrammatic — so said that it is rememberable. You carry something away with you, and it is always something that you can use in your business or profession. And by the way, it does n't matter what your business or profession is, so long as it is legitimate and for the good of both parties.

I use Elbert Hubbard's language and his ideas very freely. I give him the credit, whenever I am addressing people whom I am sure will recognize to whom it belongs. I am constantly finding myself able to reword the epigrams and orphics so that they appear original with me. This results in two benefits—it provides me with mental massage, and I get a lot of credit that would otherwise elude me.

When I have a big proposition to put over, and feel the need of a stimulant, I read *The Phil*. It is the strongest thing I take, and thus far it has been all that I have needed.

That it has been a good teacher, I grow increasingly sure, because every day I realize more and more that I could, if necessary, do my work without it, and that if Elbert should abdicate, "I would not be left naked to mine enemies."

I read every word of it. I trade with its advertisers, when I have the money. I tear off the covers and frame them for the epigrams and put them up in my workroom. Then folks come along and say, "Why! What an interesting place you have!" Recently a very great physician paid me a visit and became so interested that he forgot that his mission was business.

He said, "Somehow, everything about you seems to suggest this great man at East Aurora," and I said, "You mean Elbert Hubbard?—oh yes, I understand he is using my act." Then as a compliment to the physician for noticing my resemblance to greatness, I loaned him the Fra's play, *The Doctors*, which he read with delight, asking permission to loan it to another physician, which I gave, and he still has it—the book, I mean.

I have *The Philistines* bound and they become books. I know just which one to dig up when I have any special mood. All the laughs and cries are catalogued in my memory. When I am short on ideas, I know where to find them.

The ability to apply what I have gained from *The Philistine* and Elbert Hubbard, I rate as the most valuable business asset I have. I do not underrate the value of my experiences gained during ten years as a University student and teacher, but I know that *The Philistine* has done more to help me get my goods in the show-window, and my light from under the bushel, than all other influences combined.



## Candlelight For The Cozy Cottage

THE Summer Cottage is the modern shrine of Nature-worship.

There we bring our cares, our worries and world-weariness, and burn them on the altar of Nature's freedom.

The Summer Cottage should reflect in every detail the restful simplicity of the woods, the mountains, or the seashore outside its door.

Candlelight has the soothing glow that the spirit of the scene requires. For such use, The Roycrofters make candleholders of hammered copper, strikingly odd and picturesque.



Tulip Taper  
Height,  
13 inches  
Diameter of  
Base,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Price, \$2.00



Colonial Candleholder  
Diameter of tray, 4 inches  
Height, 2 inches  
Price, \$2.00



The \$3.00  
Sconce is 13  
inches in  
height  
Diameter  
of  
candle-cup  
is 1 inch  
Price, \$3.00



Diameter of  
candle-cup,  
1 inch  
Height,  
10 inches  
Price, \$2.00



Candleholder  
with  
Ash-Tray  
Height,  
 $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Tray,  
5 inches  
Price, \$2.00



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



# ELBERT HUBBARD'S Little Journeys



**W**e have prepared a little book giving titles, sample pages, various portraits, and other valuable information and interesting data concerning Little Journeys and their subjects. This booklet will be sent gratis to any one applying for it. Use the coupon below.



☞ For sixteen years Elbert Hubbard has written one Little Journey a month, writing in leisure and working in joy.

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☞ If you can earn a living, and know the great characters of history, you are an educated person, whether you have trod a college campus or not.

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☞ Price, \$2.00 per volume, or \$56.00 for the Complete Set.



## *The* ROYCROFTERS

*East Aurora, Erie County, New York*

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Without obligating myself in any way, you may send me the booklet, gratis, describing the set of LITTLE JOURNEYS.

Name

Address



# The Roycroft Fraternity

*Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta*

FROM THE FRA MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTEEN

- 1 How about the theory that Canada is a neck of land in the immediate vicinity of Crystal Beach and Fort Erie, Ontario?
- 2 (a) Who is Rudyard Kipling? Name half a dozen of his best known works. (b) Discuss Champ Clark's doctrine of expansion. (c) Who was Doctor Cook?
- 3 What do you understand by "Egyptian darkness"?
- 4 Who was Mark Twain? How did he acquire his pen-name?
- 5 What is a bromide?
- 6 How do the United States and Canada compare in point of (a) land area? (b) population? (c) natural wealth?
- 7 Why is it certain that the future of Canada lies in the territory West and Northwest of Winnipeg?
- 8 What are the "geologic conditions" referred to on page 130, first column? Explain the allusion.
- 9 What is meant by "Number One Hard"?
- 10 In what respect is the biblical story of Joseph and his brethren as applicable today as it ever was?
- 11 What is the most valuable asset in the world?
- 12 How do Canada and the United States demonstrate their appreciation of big business?
- 13 What was Punch's advice to the man contemplating matrimony?
- 14 What is a tractor? What does it do?
- 15 (a) What do you think of Saskatoon as the progressive capital of a rising empire? (b) How would the ancient Greeks in all probability regard Saskatoon? Why?
- 61 When may a man be said to be a bashi-bazouk? What is the literal meaning of the term? the figurative?
- 17 What idea is brought out in the sketch entitled, *Two Men*?
- 18 What is a mudsock? a "comp"?
- 19 Who was Spinoza?
- 20 In what sense can every man be called "his own ancestor"?
- 21 Discuss the High Cost of Living from the standpoint of the express trust.
- 22 Transportation is the second most important thing in the world. What is the first? the third?
- 23 What do you think of the Parcel Post as it has worked out thus far?
- 24 Explain the chemical designation of water.
- 25 How does the presence or lack of water in the human system determine the well-being of the body?
- 26 Explain the theory of the artesian well.
- 27 What are the duties of the Interstate Commerce Commission? Could we reasonably dispense with the services of this commission?
- 28 Who is (a) Harrington Emerson? (b) Roger Babson? (c) Martin Kallman?
- 29 Who is M. M. Mangasarian? Who were (a) Theodore Parker? (b) Robert Collyer? (c) Joseph Parker? (d) Cardinal Newman?
- 30 The old orthodox theory of "hell-fire" seems to be losing grounds these days. What does this argue?
- 31 Is the idea of the "abandoned farm" a new one, or simply a heritage from the nomad races of antiquity?
- 32 Describe the workings of the Feudal System in the Middle Ages.
- 33 What was the Magna Charta?
- 34 To what great movement is Doctor David Starr Jordan devoting his time and energy?
- 35 Who was King Midas?
- 36 What is a Utopia? Who was it wrote a book entitled *Utopia*?
- 37 Summarize the idea of Mr. Chambliss' "Road-town."
- 38 What is the position of the law with reference to the practise of vaccination?
- 39 Who was Blackstone?
- 40 In what sense may vaccination be considered as an "assault"?
- 41 Who was Alfred Russel Wallace? How did he regard vaccination?
- 42 Do you think the time will come when sickness will be considered a sin?
- 43 Enumerate some of the evils attendant on the tobacco habit.
- 44 Who was Lord Stanhope? By what title is he more familiarly known?
- 45 Where is Styria?
- 46 Do you think "International Peace" is a likelihood even remotely possible? Why? What are your own views on the subject of (a) war? (b) disarmament? (c) arbitration?



The advertisement is enclosed in a decorative rectangular border with floral and scrollwork motifs at the corners and midpoints. At the top center of the border is a small illustration of a piano roll. Below this, the text "The Emerson PLAYER-PIANO" is displayed in a stylized font, with "The" in a smaller script above "Emerson".

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BOSTON, MASS.

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# WHAT TO GIVE FOR A WEDDING PRESENT



**Dragon-Fly Design**

Is one of our Fall problems. The Roycrofters solve the difficulty by offering a wonderful selection of

## Modeled-Leather Mats,

unsurpassed in the richness of their coloring and beauty of design.

A set of two or three Mats of different sizes makes a Bridal Gift that is delightful, distinctive and without duplicate.



### SIZES AND PRICES

7 inches diameter,	\$	1.00
8   "       "		1.25
9   "       "		1.50
10  "       "		1.75
12  "       "		2.25
15  "       "		3.50
18  "       "		5.00
20  "       "		7.50
22  "       "		10.00

### DESIGNS

Rose, Mistletoe, Ivy-Wreath  
Thornapple, Lotus, Moth  
and Dragon-Fly.

The two last-named designs  
in 20 and 22 inch sizes only.



**Moth Design**

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**

Not what you know, but what you can do—The Roycroft  
School of Life solves the problem



## Incentive Thought Will Answer Your Call

THOUSANDS and thousands of mentally talented and ambitious souls are groping in the gloom of thought-fog,—waning concentrative power—and flickering incentive.

I was in this state myself for years, until my discovery and practice of INCENTIVE THOUGHT proved to me that thought-science is the positive power-path to mental ease, obedience and achievement. If you are groping in the gloom of mental fog, my INCENTIVE THOUGHT MESSAGE will answer YOUR call, just as it answered mine. It tells a fascinating story of how I regained mastery by thought—discloses incentive thought-laws and forces wrested from years of bitter experience—explains how you can employ and enjoy this system of thought-training yourself.

The price of the "Message" is \$2. Think of possessing this power-thought endowment—this incentive force—and send for it today.

**ROBERT STEVENS, AUTHOR**  
**INCENTIVE THOUGHT MESSAGE**

1354 E. 48th Street

Chicago, Illinois

## New Typewriter

\$18

E. S. A.

Built by a mechanical wizard. Has only 250 parts. Other machines have 1500 to 2700 parts. This sensational simplicity is the secret of the unheard-of selling price of \$18. It's built in famous Elliott-Fisher Milling Machine factory and sold on a money-back-unless-satisfied-guaranty, 30,000 in use.

**The Bennett \$18 Portable Typewriter**

Does work of high-priced machines. Every big improvement: visible writing, standard keyboard, reversible ribbon, W. L. Blue. Easily carried. Write for catalog. J. C. B. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 E. 42nd New York Foreign Add.: 75 Cannon St. London, E.C.



**I**F I WERE TO COMPILE A BLUE BOOK of the UNITED STATES, I WOULD SAVE TIME AND WORRY BY SECURING PERMISSION FROM ELBERT HUBBARD TO USE the SUBSCRIPTION-LIST of THE FRA MAGAZINE

HUGH CHALMERS

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## RUGS WITH CHARACTER

**T**HERE is some discussion on, these fine days, as to whether the Indian is a coming man, or only the remnant of a race that in another hundred years or so will be a memory. ¶ Surely, "Chief" Myers, "Chief" Bender and Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle athlete, are goodly specimens of physical manhood. And also they are right there with the gray matter, when it comes to a little set-to with the white man. ¶ Bender pitched a two-hit game of ball the other day, and had the opposition on the jump throughout. He is well named. ¶ And by the way, did you ever notice how every Redskin who breaks into the national game is straightway dubbed "Chief!" ¶ There are still a good many Indians in our Western States, but the West is tame these days. No longer does the "wild and hirsute" live up to its lithograph. If you crave the stimulus of excitement, New York is the place to go. Gyp the Blood has Alkali Pete of Dead Man's Gulch lashed to the mast. ¶ Some of these Indians in the West are Navajos, living on the big ten-million-acre reservation in New Mexico and Arizona. ¶ A few years ago they stirred up no end of trouble for the whites, but now they seem to have settled down and evolved into peaceful, tractable, law-abiding citizens. ¶ The Navajos are known the wide world over for the famous rugs, blankets, baskets and jewelry made by them in their villages. ¶ These articles have attained wide renown. They are eagerly sought and tenderly treasured by people everywhere who value picturesque, beautiful things in which there is a very tangible tinge of romance. ¶ Navajo Rugs are distinctive and unique. They are made in original designs, rarely repeated, and the colors are rich and striking—reds, blues, grays, whites, yellows, browns and blacks. ¶ These Rugs are shipped from the Navajo Nation direct to you, on approval. Your choice of size, color and weave. Quality and weights to match your exchequer. ¶ Send for color-cuts of the original patterns furnished by the Navajo Indians. Direct your request to

**J. A. MOLOHON AND COMPANY**

Successors to J. B. Moore, Indian Trader and Collector,

CRYSTAL, NEW MEXICO

Why not mention THE FRA when writing to advertisers?



# Rare Roycroft Books

## for Graceful Gifts

### Ballad of Reading Gaol

BY OSCAR WILDE

This poem is a grim, weirdly-tuneful masterpiece.

It is the naked essence of a sensitive soul—the cry of one who climbed the heights of estheticism and plumbed the depths of outraged feeling and wretchedness.

And all the woe that moved him so  
That he gave that bitter cry,  
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,  
None knew so well as I  
For he who lives more lives than one  
More deaths than one must die.

*Printed on Japan Vellum. Initials in red and gold. Bound in Three-quarters Levant. Price . . . . . Ten Dollars*

### Friendship, Love and Marriage

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Nature taught the Sage of Walden Pond many things, among them the faculty of keen insight and introspection. These three essays on Friendship, Love and Marriage are models of clear vision and understanding.

Ideal friendship, untouched by the sordid breath of selfishness, and unsullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. Love is a light, and true marriage is an illumination.

*Printed on a fine Handmade Paper, with special title-page and initials. Bound in Three-quarters Levant. Price . . . . . Ten Dollars*

### Nature

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

This was Emerson's first Essay. It was his safety-valve!

It is a prospectus, a revelation and a prophecy. It is Emerson at his best.

Nature satisfies the soul—deifies us with her elements!

Give me health and a day and I will make emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and understanding; night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

*Printed on Handmade Paper, special initials. Bound in Alicia. Price . . Seven and One-half Dollars*

### White Hyacinths

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Wherein is an attempt to body forth ideas and ideals for men, eke women withal, who are preparing for life by living.

A heart-tribute to a woman—one rich in love, loyalty, gentleness, insight, gratitude and inspiration.

"Elbert Hubbard's best bid for literary immortality," as some one has put it.

Post-mortem tributes are of small avail.

*A typographical gem. Bound in Modeled Leather. Price . . . Ten Dollars*

## The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

At The Roycroft School of Life, boys explore their environment, and learn to live



# The Smart Set

## A BETTER CLASS MAGAZINE

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT, *Editor*

*Under the new policy of The Smart Set contributions by the following authors are appearing:*

Brieux  
 George Moore  
 May Sinclair  
 August Strindberg  
 William Butler Yeats  
 Arthur Schnitzler  
 Eden Phillpotts  
 Frank Wedekind  
 Theodore Dreiser  
 Maarten Maartens  
 Leonard Merrick  
 Frank Harris  
 Ludwig Lewishon  
 Bliss Carman  
 Ezra Pound  
 Ford Maddox Hueffer  
 J. D. Beresford  
 Florence Wilkinson  
 Gabriele D'Annunzio  
 Reginald Wright Kauffman  
 Daniel Carson Goodman  
 Harris Merton Lyon  
 Arthur Stringer  
 Edgar Saltus  
 Richard Le Gallienne  
 D. H. Lawrence

**I**n the September issue of The Smart Set there will appear a powerful one-act play by Brieux, author of "Damaged Goods."

It is called "A School for Mothers-in-Law," and, despite its lightness of touch, is a searching social document, in many ways as important in theme as "Damaged Goods."

May Sinclair will contribute an arresting and human story entitled "The Pictures." This story is in Miss Sinclair's best vein.

William Butler Yeats contributes a long lyrical poem, "The Three Hermits."

Gabriele D'Annunzio contributes a realistic story of mother-love entitled "The End of a Dream."

Reginald Wright Kauffman contributes a novelette of New York life—"Judgment." It is a strong modern story, and unquestionably the best thing this author has ever done.

These are but a few of the features in the September issue of The Smart Set. Twenty-five other contributions are on the table of contents.

**T**HE SMART SET is frankly making its appeal to the thinking reader, the reader who demands the best in modern literature, the reader who is dissatisfied with the inane output of the average "popular" magazine.

If you are this kind of a reader, you will welcome the September Smart Set. Something new and genuine has remained to be done in the American publishing world. The Smart Set is endeavoring to do it.





should be conserved, not dissipated. At least, Irving Fisher says so. And Fisher, he knows—I guess!

Besides, swatting is undignified.

You can put the comether on the flies with no extra labor. All you need do is, systematize. And to systematize is to do the right thing at the right time.

John Wesley systematized—methodized—and founded a religious denomination.

It was all quite accidental.

So, while we need not attend Methodist prayer-meetings, we can all be good "Methodists," if we want to. And most of us are Methodists in this, anyway: that we rarely do those things which ought to

late their means of propagation and living—they can't stay if they would.

Don't swat flies!

No permanent advantage was ever gained by swatting flies, unless you are a baseball-player, and then you can go as far as you like.

Baseball is the only profession I know of, in which the young man who strikes out for himself is accorded no honor.

Otherwise swatting is a sheer waste of energy. And energy, except it be in a worthy cause,

be done. So, then, here are a few figures for your kind and careful consideration :

Every female fly lays one hundred twenty eggs every twelve days.

Every newborn fly is ready to lay one hundred twenty eggs in twelve days.

And every egg means a fly, hellbent on mitching mallecho. It means mischief. Also, it means much swatting. And swatting takes time and muscle.

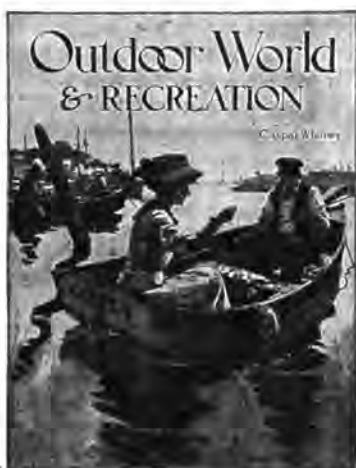
The real way to get rid of flies is not by



"swatting," but by putting the kibosh on their propagation plans. This is where you want to begin to stamp out the flies and the "three musketeers," as Little Willie put it. Get at it early. Keep your platforms and doorways and all the other places where flies most do congregate, sprayed with Bacili-Kil, called B-K for short. Soon there will be no flies to bring and carry disease-germs, and your premises will smell sweet and clean, and the odor of sanctity will be upon you and yours.

The following directions are given, in the hope that some of the Faithful may be induced to launch out on a really scientific, sanitary campaign of fly-busting, that is at the same time, safe, sane, simple and eminently sensible.

Make a dilution of one ounce of Bacili-Kil (germ-killer) to each gallon of water. Spray or sprinkle all breeding-places, such as work-room floors, cellars, cupboards and low, damp and dark places, or wherever filth accumulates; in this way destroy all nests and eggs. B-K is clean, colorless, non-poisonous and leaves no odor—leaves everything sweet, clean, pure.



### AUGUST PLAY-DAY NUMBER

Its articles and photo pictures throb with the lure of the mountains and seashore. It is refreshing and inspiring.

Fox Terrier Vic and Her Family  
Big Game Fish Gossip  
Fighting the Bird Butchers of the Feather Trade  
Transcontinental Motor Trails  
Air-Castles and Bass  
Camera Aid to Vacation Fun  
Mystery of the Eel  
An Angling Duel and a Girl  
A Record Wolf Killing  
Shooting Up a Rookery  
Hunting for the Mountain  
Dramatic Polo Moments  
The Record Makers  
Family Cares of the Moose Mother

### Outdoor World & RECREATION

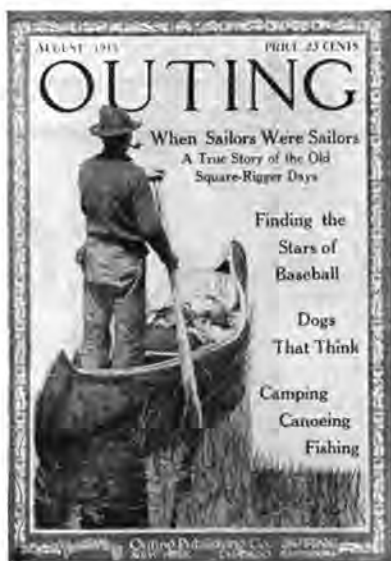
stands for recreation, wild life protection, conservation, clean sport and fair play.

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Send 10c. in stamps or coin and we will mail you a sample copy, including the beautiful art print, "A SUMMER EVENING," reproduced from the famous painting by H. S. Tuke, R. A., with our special "get acquainted" subscription offer.

Outdoor World Publishing Company  
10 Duane Street New York, N. Y.



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Lessons in Penmanship by the finest writers in the world. Practical Problems and Solutions on Advanced Bookkeeping, Higher Accounting and Arithmetic for the Business Office. These are features of every number of

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Articles on Salesmanship, Office Management and Advertising. Interesting Reports on Labor Saving Devices, Commercial Law, The detection of Forgery by Handwriting Experts. Valuable to every office man and woman and all who are engaged in commercial work.

\$1.00 a year

Sample Copy, 5 Two-Cent Stamps

TRIBUNE BUILDING  
NEW YORK CITY

THE more we consider the independence of the press in its principal consequences, the more are we convinced that it is the chief and so to speak the constitutive element of freedom in the modern world.—*De Tocqueville.*

SUBTLE softness soulward stealing,  
Sleep! sweet savior still sincere.  
Silent, soothing, sorrow-sealing,  
Somber shadow, sad, severe!

—*Francis Saltus.*



**The Philistine**  
*for* **STRONG MEN ON WEEK DAYS**  
*but* **NOT FOR SUNDAY** [ OH,  
 YOU  
 BILLY ]

**Subscribe** *for the* **Big Little Fellow — NOW**  
*Whilst it is yet called the day*

**ONE DOLLAR A YEAR**

*With the following Twelve Business Booklets as Premium:*

Helpful Hints for Business Helpers

Get Out or Get In Line

Pasteboard Proclivities

The Closed or Open Shop, Which?

Our Telephone Service

Readable Write-Ups

Help Yourself

How I Found My Brother

The Cigaretist

A Message to Garcia

History of The Roycroft Shop

The Hundred-Point Man

*That means a Hubbard Hunch and a Philistine Punch*  
*every month, for a year, for a single dollar*  
**NOW won't you sign the coupon?**

**ELBERT HUBBARD,**  
*East Aurora, N. Y.*

*Enclosed find One Dollar, to pay for a year's subscription to THE*  
*PHILISTINE and the twelve Business Booklets offered.*

Name .....

Address .....

Foreign Postage, 24 cents; Canadian Postage, 12 cents.

Wholesome food and plenty of sleep combine with study, work and play, in judicious proportions, to make manly boys at The Roycroft School of Life



## Yosemite All Pure Silk Scarf

**I**S the last word in auto veiling and evening scarves. It is all Pure Japan Silk—nothing else—woven by a special new-patented process, and is dustproof, non-shrinking, waterproof, will not crock or break. Not like chiffon or veiling or commerce, but more beautiful than either. Will last many times as long as any other veil on the market, and look ten times as well. Every veil is 27 inches wide and two yards long. Will not slip when tied, owing to peculiar weave-stitch. Will wash like a handkerchief and hold shape and color. Made in purest dyes in black, brown, navy blue, light blue, lavender, pink, gray, moss green, and pongee shades. Sent prepaid to your address for

—Three Dollars—

**ALLSILK SALES CO.,**

Dept. AF, Watertown, N. Y.

## This Marble Table



Is but one of the hundreds of unique and exquisite garden decorations evolved in Francis Howard's Garden Studio in New York. ¶ This particular table is made in two or three sizes, but the same beauty of proportion is retained. ¶ The top is made of the magnificent *Breccia Violetta* Marble, and measures 3 feet 4 inches in diameter. ¶ The lower part is of white marble, with a delicate patina applied on the same. ¶ Price, in marble, \$275.00 and up, all depending on the size of the table. ¶ In Howard's Manufactured Stone, with marble top, it costs from \$175.00 up. ¶ The original, by the way, is in the Villa della Regina, Pompeii. ¶ The table is suitable for a porch, to drink tea from, or it will fit into any modern bank, whose directors believe in beautiful equipment as a business asset. ¶ Just put a glass top on it, so the ink will not discolor the marble. ¶ If you are interested in beautiful gardens (and what good Roycrofters is not!) send 25 cents for a copy of "Garden Furniture and Ornaments," Francis Howard's newest booklet. Address

**FRANCIS HOWARD, Garden Expert**  
5 West 28th Street, New York

## SOME PRINT-SHOP!



A discerning advertiser writes us this:

**I**I have just looked over the last number of THE FRA, and I want to compliment you on a most excellent number. There certainly is some fine stuff in it, and the way you set your advertisements out does the artistic soul good.

Score one for the Print-Shop!  
Have you a little printing job you want done de luxe?  
If so, 't were well 't were done quickly.

We invite correspondence.

**THE ROYCROFTERS**

**EAST AURORA  
NEW YORK**

## A Message to Portia



**ELBERT HUBBARD** has written a booklet calling the attention of the public in general, and housewives in particular, to the grave danger of dust in the Home. ¶ Dust is recognized by Science as a most fruitful source of disease, being known to carry the germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, anthrax, tetanus, typhoid, sciatica and other blighting maladies. Health, happiness and length of days follow close upon the elimination of germ-laden dust-particles. ¶ Send for *A Message to Housekeepers*, directing your request to

**The United Electric Co.,  
Canton, Ohio**

COUPON

Send me, gratis, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's booklet, *A Message to Housekeepers*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Flower-Vases of Hammered Copper



**Single-Flower Vase**  
With square base and copper handle. Fitted with glass flower-holder  
Price, \$2.00



THE Roycrofters do not "paint the lily, or gild refined gold." They *do* make Vases and Bowls, however, that are a fitting setting for those messengers of love and beauty, the flowers. ¶ These Vases are unique in design and workmanship, and are in perfect unison with their mission ❖ ❖



**Flare-Top Bowl**  
For short-stemmed flowers  
Height, 3 inches. Diameter, 6 1/2 inches  
Price, \$2.00

We also have on offer  
A Violet-Bowl  
Height, 2 3/4 inches. Diameter, 4 inches  
Price, \$2.00

**The Roycroft Bowl**  
A beautiful piece of copper-craft  
Height, 5 1/2 inches. Diameter, 10 1/2 inches  
Price, \$6.00

Height,  
10 1/2 inches  
Diameter,  
6 1/2 inches

Height,  
22 inches  
Diameter,  
8 inches



**Limousine Vase**  
A beautifully finished hanging Vase, hand wrought  
Price, \$2.00



**Shaft Vase**  
Price, \$5.00



**American-Beauty Vase**  
Price, \$10.00

**The Roycrofters**  
East Aurora  
New York

Not what you know, but what you can do—The Roycroft School of Life solves the problem



## IT IS TRUE

*That somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours  
For one lone soul, another lonely soul,  
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,  
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.  
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,  
Into one beautiful and perfect whole.*



ALL the world loves a lover, and Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Lovers* foster the feeling. They are delightful glimpses of real romance minus its cloying sweetness. So we are offering a beautifully printed and bound volume of

**GREAT LOVERS**

and

**THE FRA** (for a year)

for

**TWO DOLLARS**

Sign the coupon and mail now

ELBERT HUBBARD, East Aurora, N. Y.

I enclose Two Dollars as subscription to *THE FRA* Magazine for one year and the Volume of *Great Lovers* as offered.

Name .....

Address .....

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



# TO CONVINCE YOU

THAT ROYCROFT  
FURNITURE IS ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT,  
THIS OFFER IS MADE

**H**ERE is one of our most popular pieces — a combination reading-table and bookshelves — the regular price of which is Fifteen Dollars F. O. B. East Aurora, N. Y.

Just so long as the orders keep coming, we will send one of these pieces anywhere in the United States, East of the Mississippi, freight prepaid, for the one sum of Twelve Dollars, cash with order. To Western points, we will prepay freight to the Mississippi, and you pay the rest.

¶ Now this is not a "knock-down" offer, but is what most people know as a "leader." It is at one time a generous and a selfish proposition. You are offered a piece of furniture below its usual selling-price, and we sacrifice profits on it, hoping to interest you in further purchases of other pieces. Don't you see, we

make this simple, substantial, straight-line furniture with our head, hand and heart. We believe that which serves best distracts least. Things in evidence must be unassuming and dignified. You can

not afford to harass your nerves with gaudy and noisy surroundings. ¶ This particular piece of Roycroft Furniture will lend itself to the surroundings; and no matter what the style is, there will be no clash. There is a quiet dignity about it that is well substantiated by its utility and

capacity to serve. ¶ Just see for yourself how useful it may be — and it takes up very little room. ¶ We finish it in Roycroft Brown, a soft, deep shade that peculiarly brings out the beautiful grain of quartered oak. ¶ Your order will be filled promptly, on receipt. Write us about it today



Combination Reading-Table and Bookshelves, No. 922  
Top, 15 x 26 inches; Height, 30 inches

The Roycroft line of furniture includes a varied assortment of designs for Dining-Room, Den, Library and Bedroom in quartered oak or solid mahogany. Send twenty-five cents for a complete catalog.

THE ROYCROFT FURNITURE SHOP  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Wholesome food and plenty of sleep combine with study, work and play, in judicious proportions, to make manly boys at The Roycroft School of Life



## BANISH BACTERIA WITH B-K



WE ARE living better and living longer than ever before. The death-rate in our cities is lower than it was even ten years ago. If the mortality-tables of the Insurance Companies are dependable criteria, we are living ten years longer, on the average, than we were a generation ago. Forty-four years is now given as the average length of life, whereas thirty-three was formerly quoted.

☛ It is known that the tremendous infant mortality has been largely instrumental in lowering the general average.

☛ With the gradual elimination of infant mortality, the average will aviate surprisingly.

☛ If the good work keeps up, it will not be many decades when most of us will be attaining the prescribed threescore years and ten—or maybe twenty.

☛ We are living the sanitary life, or trying to. The germs of disease, dissolution and death are everywhere. They are so infinitesimal as to escape the naked eye, and sometimes even the microscope. But they are none the less deadly for being microscopic.

☛ Circumvention is the thing. The best time to get after disease is before the symptoms are made manifest. In other words, we believe in Prophylactics, the Science of Prevention.

☛ B-K is on the side of Prevention. Thus it makes for Health and Well-Being, rendering "cure" unnecessary.

And what is B-K? I'll tell you. B-K is a scientific purifier that purifies and makes all neat, sweet, clean and sanitary.

The uses to which it can be put are legion.

To begin with, B-K, though ten times stronger than carbolic acid, and more potent, twice over, than Bichloride of Mercury, is a non-poisonous agent, and can safely be kept within the reach of the children.

B-K is clean, colorless and leaves no odor. Also it is healing. It is used effectively as an antiseptic lotion for the bodies of men and animals—in fact, for pretty nearly all the known purposes of the disinfectant.

It is used in the orchard and garden, as a spray to destroy scales, lice, and tree pests of all kinds.

If sprinkled in the house, it will cause the flies to migrate. This, by upsetting their feeding and breeding arrangements. They simply can not linger.

Properly diluted with water, B-K constitutes the ideal disinfectant for use in homes, hospitals, hotels, creameries, factories, stores and shops, schools, churches, theaters, public halls, Pullman sleepers, day-coaches and street-cars.

It is especially valuable because occupation is possible immediately after treatment.

B-K is sent by freight or express, to any part of the world. Address

700 Pioneer Bldg.

**GENERAL PURIFICATION CO.**

MADISON, WIS.

**Speed** is essential in a typewriter  
**Accuracy** is a requirement of speed  
**Stability** insures continued efficiency

**The Underwood and the Underwood alone** possesses these features

**"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"**

**Here is the Proof—the International Typewriter Records**

Year	Winner	Net Words	Machine Used
1912	Florence E. Wilson	117 per minute	UNDERWOOD
1911	H. O. Blaisdell	112 per minute	UNDERWOOD
1910	H. O. Blaisdell	109 per minute	UNDERWOOD
1909	Rose L. Fritz	95 per minute	UNDERWOOD
1908	Rose L. Fritz	87 per minute	UNDERWOOD
1907	Rose L. Fritz	87 per minute	UNDERWOOD
1906	Rose L. Fritz	82 per minute	UNDERWOOD

**Underwood Typewriter Company, Incorporated**  
 Branches in All Principal Cities Underwood Building, New York



# Roycroft Lighting Fixtures



E 1031



B 333



B 382



D 440



E 1021



WITH the completion of the roomy new addition to the Metal Shop, The Roycrofters are in a position to handle orders for wrought-metal lighting-fixtures, with neatness and dispatch.

We are specialists in this line. Our work will compare favorably with similar work done anywhere else in the world.

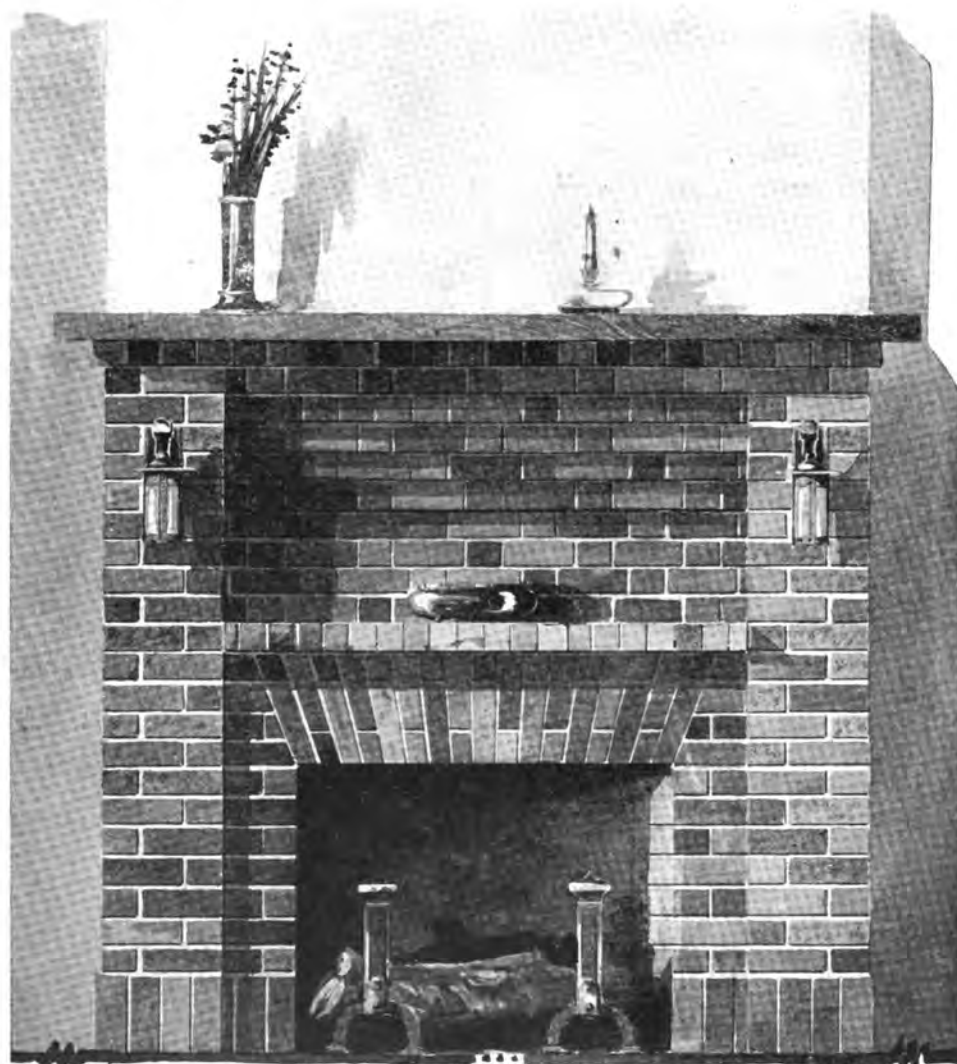
At The Roycroft School of Life, boys explore their environment, and learn to live



Roycroft Lighting-Fixtures are thoroughly distinctive and unique. The designs are thought out right here on the spot, and the execution is pluperfect. We will send you designs and photos, with prices and all necessary information, on request. If you are interested, drop us a line.



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



The Roycroft School of Life—Summer Session—Write for information



# They Fit the Feet

**J**AMES S. COWARD says that if a business house expects to rise above the level of the commonplace, it must do something above that level, and keep doing it.

¶ Fra Coward is a good man to listen to on this subject, for he is a living exponent of the theories he advances.

¶ What Coward did to bring his own business above the level of the commonplace, and keep it there for half a century, was, as he himself puts it, "to supply the wants, not merely of customers in the aggregate, but of each individual customer."

¶ In this way, the special-service idea, on which the Coward business is built, was kept at high-water mark. Coward clerks are strictly on the job at all times, willing, faithful and efficient helpers. But in the event of any unusual problem bobbing up, they understand that the customer is to be referred to Coward Himself for personal attention. And Coward won't let you rise to remark that perhaps you had better wait and come around again another day, until he is quite sure he understands the exact nature of your complaint, and can benefit you.

¶ With Coward, the selling of Shoes is not an impersonal business proposition. It is a purely personal matter, in which two friends are engaged in arriving at a mutual "understanding." ¶ No business can long survive that is not based on this idea of special service to the consumer. Coward's business is founded so firmly on this principle that the institution is even known as The Coward Shoe SERVICE. ¶ The Coward Mail-Order System is an excellent example of efficiency plus. People from all over the country order shoes from Coward's, and dissatisfied purchasers are as scarce as hen's teeth. ¶ This because Coward Shoes fit the feet, and are always just exactly as represented.

## THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

*The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - (for weak arches)*  
*Made in our custom dept for over 30 years*

*The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - - - (made especially for tender feet)*  
*The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe*  
*The Coward Combination Shoe - - - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

## JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK  
(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) (SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



# THE FRA

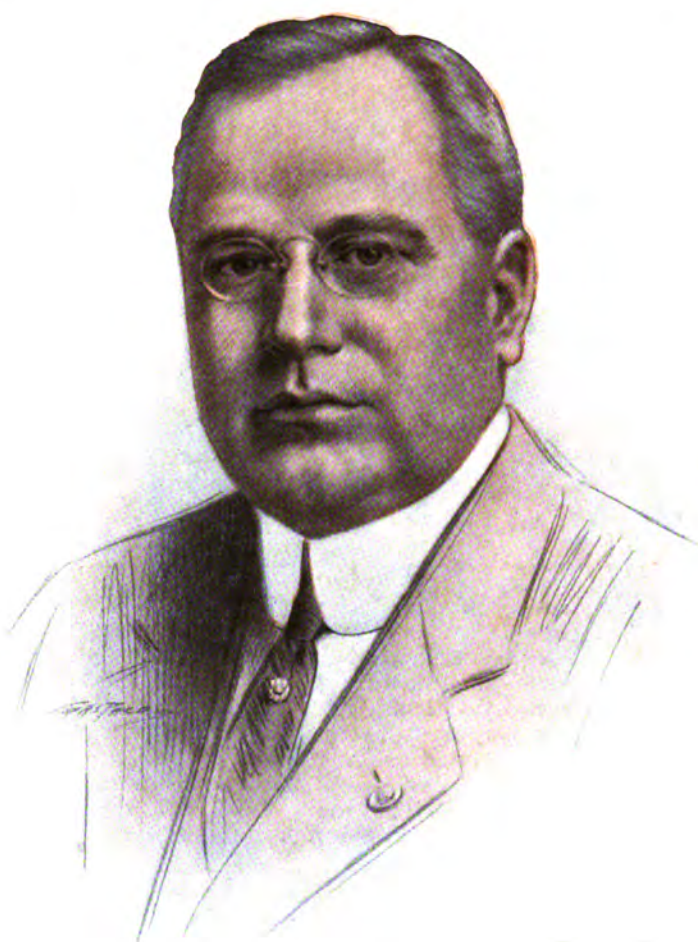
EXPONENT OF  
THE AMERICAN  
PHILOSOPHY



Vol. XI

SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 6



GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD  
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.  
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR





## A Little Journey to The Roycroft Inn

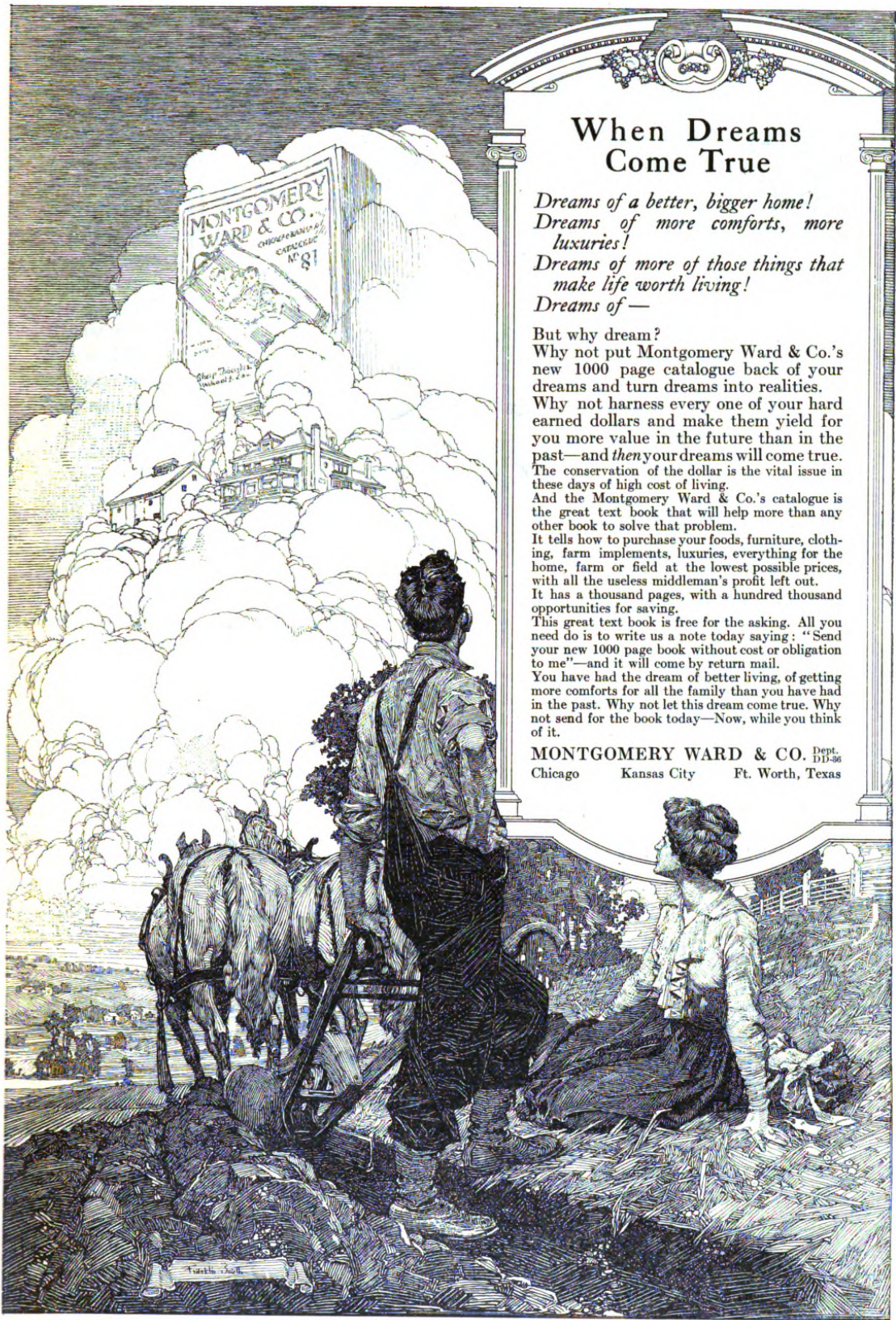
**What you get** A hearty welcome. ☐ A beautiful room or suite. (Outdoor sleeping-room if desired.) ☐ Attendance that is unobtrusive, yet untiring. ☐ Service solicitous, yet not servile. ☐ Food wholesome and nourishing. Vegetables fresh from The Roycroft Gardens, and eggs, milk, cream and butter direct from The Roycroft Farm. Cooking that is "homelike" in its daintiness and deliciousness. The cheerful company of people who understand and respect moods. Daily programs of walks and talks, dances and musicales. Immaculately clean, comfortable beds that invite sleep. Here, also, you acquire the habit of health. You don't get fussed to death, worried to death or talked to death. ☐ Tips are tabu, and the bar is banished.



**RATES:** Two and a Half to Five Dollars a Day *Member American Plan*  
MAKE EARLY APPLICATIONS FOR RESERVATIONS TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York





**When Dreams Come True**

*Dreams of a better, bigger home!  
Dreams of more comforts, more luxuries!  
Dreams of more of those things that make life worth living!  
Dreams of —*

But why dream?  
Why not put Montgomery Ward & Co.'s new 1000 page catalogue back of your dreams and turn dreams into realities.  
Why not harness every one of your hard earned dollars and make them yield for you more value in the future than in the past—and *then* your dreams will come true. The conservation of the dollar is the vital issue in these days of high cost of living. And the Montgomery Ward & Co.'s catalogue is the great text book that will help more than any other book to solve that problem. It tells how to purchase your foods, furniture, clothing, farm implements, luxuries, everything for the home, farm or field at the lowest possible prices, with all the useless middleman's profit left out. It has a thousand pages, with a hundred thousand opportunities for saving. This great text book is free for the asking. All you need do is to write us a note today saying: "Send your new 1000 page book without cost or obligation to me"—and it will come by return mail. You have had the dream of better living, of getting more comforts for all the family than you have had in the past. Why not let this dream come true. Why not send for the book today—Now, while you think of it.

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.** Dept. DD-36  
Chicago      Kansas City      Ft. Worth, Texas



# F. A. HOWARD—D. D.



WO sons of Erin were gazing up at a brick block. ¶ "An' phat 's th' manin' av thim litters?" questioned Pat, pointing to the cryptic insignia, I. O. O. F.

¶ "Oh," replied the other, with a pat-ronizing air, "that manes that th' buildin' is wan hunderd feet high." ¶ Now, the degree of D. D. does not always stand for Doctor of Divinity. As applied to Mr. F. A. Howard, it signifies "Dustless Dustman." ¶ In fairy folklore the dustman is a sort of genius of sleep, whose stealthy approach is marked by people's rubbing their eyes drowsily, as if to rub out the dust. ¶ The Dustless Duster rubs out dust, and saves time,

money, and more precious than all the rest, human energy. ¶ It does its appointed work a little better, a little more efficiently than

**HOWARD**



any other duster known to mortal man or woman. This is because it is made of an adhesive fabric, chemically prepared.

¶ Getting after dust with the Howard Duster is like wiping sums from a slate.

"Give it a wipe, and all is done," as Hood says. ¶ To cleanse the Dustless Duster, use boiling water and a 'bit soap.'

Eleven styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters.

5000 best stores sell Howard Dustless-Dusters.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

**HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.**  
TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



man of some-body. One could see the spirit of the man who worked with it, and the spirit of the man who owned it and who placed it there with the man, all softly, powerfully, running together. There were exceptions, and every now and then one came, of course, upon the man who seemed to be simply another and somewhat different contrivance or attachment to his machine—some part that had been left over and thought of last, and had not been done as well as the others; but the factory, taken as a whole, from the manager's offices and the great counting-room, and from the tall chimneys to the dump, seemed to me to have

SPENT a day a little while ago in walking through a factory. I went past miles of machines—great glass roofs of sunshine over them—and looked in the faces of thousands of men. As I went through the machines I kept looking to and fro between the machines and the men who stood beside them, and sometimes I came back and looked again at the machines and the men beside them; and every machine, or nearly every machine, I saw (any one could see it in that factory) was making a

something fresh and human and unwonted about it. It seemed to be a factory that had a look, a look of its own. It was like a vast countenance. It had features, an expression. It had an air—well, one must say it, of course, if one is driven to it: the factory had a soul, and was humming it. Any one could have seen why by going into his office and talking a little while with the owner, or by even not talking to him—by seeing him look up from his desk. After walking



through several miles of his personality, and up and down and down and up the corridors of his mind, one did not really need to meet him except as a matter of form and as a finishing touch. One had been visiting with him all along: to look in his face was merely to sum it up, to see it all, the whole place, over again in one look. One did not need to be surprised; one might have known what such a man would be like—that such a factory could only be conceived and wrought by a man of genius, a kind of lighted-up man. A man who had put not only skylights in his buildings, but skylights in his men, would have to have a skylight in himself (a skylight with a motor attachment, of course). If one were to try to think in Nature or in art of something that would be like him—well, some kind of transcendental engine, I should say, running softly, smoothly, outdoors in a great sunshine, would have given one a good idea of him. But, however this may be, it certainly would have been quite impossible to go through his factory and ever say again that machines do not and could not have souls, or at least oversouls, and that men who worked with machines

did not and could not have souls as fast as they were allowed to.

A few days later I went through another factory, and I came out weary and spent at night, feeling as unreasonable and almost as hateful about machines, and as discouraged about the people who had to work with them, as John Ruskin did in those first early days when the Factory Chimney first lifted its long black flag upon the earth, and bullied great cities into cowards and slaves, and all

## Mighty Blows

That "do things" in every walk of life nowadays are directed by the keen brains of men and women who have built themselves into fit condition to win.

To-day's food must repair the used-up cells in muscle, brain and nerve, caused by yesterday's work.

If you care to be "quite fit" for tomorrow, see to it that the food contains the elements Nature requires to do her marvelous rebuilding.

## Grape-Nuts

FOOD

has proven itself a sturdy, well-balanced ration which meets every requirement.

It has all the concentrated food-strength of whole wheat and malted barley—including the "vital salts" (stored in the outer coat of the grains) which are so often lacking in the ordinary diet.

Grape-Nuts food is ready to eat direct from the package with cream; has a delicate, winning flavour; and is easily and quickly digested—generally in about one hour.

If the ability to earn money and position appeals to you, try **Grape-Nuts**.



(From bronze in the private collections of C. W. Post.)

**"There's a Reason"**





## Dinner-Ware for Wear and Beauty

September brides—and the brides of other years—will be keen to appreciate this famous dinner-ware as a serviceable, beautiful addition to their home-making. Next to its attractiveness comes the durable wearing quality of

### HOMER LAUGHLIN China

Although dainty it is not brittle—if chipped it does not soon blacken—in every sense a beautiful American China, not expensive to buy and very economical to use. The trade-mark name HOMER LAUGHLIN is your guarantee of quality from the largest pottery in the world—look for it on the underside of each dish.

Nearly all dealers carry HOMER LAUGHLIN China in open stock patterns.

Send for the CHINA BOOK printed in 11 colors, attractive, interesting, helpful. It's FREE.

THE HOMER  
LAUGHLIN  
CHINA CO.,  
Newell, W. Va.

more, if we are reduced to it, and if having a hard, literal hell—one of our own—is our only way of seeing things, of fighting our way through to the truth, and of getting once more decisive, manful, commanding ideas of good and evil, I for one can only be glad we have Pittsburghs and Sheffields to hurry us along and soon have it over with.

But while, like Ruskin, any one can look about the machines and see hell, he can see hell to-day, unlike Ruskin, with heaven lined up close beside it. The machines have come to have souls. The machines we can see all about us have taken sides. We can all of us see the machines about us today

the great, quiet-hearted nations, and began making for us—all around us, before our eyes, as though in a kind of jeer at us, and at our queer, pretty, helpless little religions—the hell we had ceased to believe in.

The hell is here, and is going to be here apparently as long as may be necessary for us to see it and believe in it once more. If a hell on our own premises, shut down hard over our lives here and now, is what is necessary to make us religious and human once

like vast looms, weaving in and weaving out the fate of the world, the fate of the churches, the fate of the women and the little children, and the very fate of God; and everything about us we can see turning at last on what we are doing with the machines that are about us, and what we are letting our machines do with us.—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

It's a great man who can start on the high.  
—*Joe J. Cole.*



**D**EVICES for increasing efficiency have been multiplied, but all authorities agree upon substantially the same fundamental factors: men, money, materials, equipment and operations. Men must guide, direct, supervise and train large numbers of other men. Men must earn, combine and administer funds. **¶** Men must gather, store, carry, choose and shape materials. Men must invent, perfect, choose, arrange, install and operate equipment. **¶** Men must devise, plan, schedule, perform and control operations. **¶** The largest sums of money, the finest materials, the latest and best equipment, the most cleverly and intelligently devised methods, will not be efficient unless there are men fitted by nature and training for their tasks, in the right places, at the right time, and with the right training, guidance, direction and supervision. The logical beginning, therefore, for an efficient organization is in the scientific selection, assignment and handling of men.

—*Doctor Katherine M. H. Blackford.*

Strenuous souls hate cheap success.—*Emerson*

## If you believe in music you need a Victor-Victrola

If you believe in the power of music to elevate your thoughts and broaden your intellect, to stir your imagination and quicken your emotions, to soothe your mind and lighten your toil, you can appreciate what it would mean to have a Victrola in your home.

Music is no longer a luxury to be understood and enjoyed by a select few. Music has come to be an actual necessity in every home, and its foremost exponent today is the Victrola.

With this wonderful instrument, you bring some music into your life each day to add to your happiness and make your home more complete.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.



Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Herlihy Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola  
XVI

Mahogany or  
quartered oak

**I**F a man could hear with cold and callous heart the cry of the poor dog which was suffering tortures caused and continued by the experimenter, that man must become more hard and brutal in character. He is gaining his knowledge by the degradation of his moral character.—*Doctor Moorhouse.*

Thought is a force a thousand times more powerful than bullets and bayonets.

—*E. J. Bartholomew.*



# International Contest Records



tell the typewriter tale. They prove that the  
**Underwood**

Holds every World's Record for Speed and Accuracy

**"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"**

**Underwood Typewriter Company, Incorporated**

Underwood Building

New York

Branches in All Principal Cities

Bryan has his limitations—only a few of us are perfect.

But giving occasional lectures reveals the power of the man, and not his weakness.

In the first place, people are willing to pay to hear Bryan preach.

This can not be said of several persons I might name.

In the second place, public speaking is a collaboration with the auditors. The man who gets most out of a speech is the one who gives it.

A speaker always gets a lot of things straight in his own mind, which before the speech he never knew he knew. It is the custom to smile at a Chautauqua audience, but the truth is, no audience you can gather in

# A GREAT BOOK

is one that compels to thought and action. ¶ Books written simply for amusement are evanescent; and books written solely for instruction are rarely interesting. ¶ Elbert Hubbard's

## FAMOUS WOMEN

is a truly great book. ¶ Herein we get delightful glimpses of the hearts and homes of the twelve great women who have colored the life and influenced the thought of men and nations. ¶ *Famous Women* interests and instructs and has a saving dash of humor. Its pages introduce us to women of passions, struggles and attainments. Their lives become ours, and

*Thinking of the famous dead  
We from our slothful couches start,  
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,  
Like them to act the noble part.*

There are two volumes of *Famous Women*, containing the following subjects:

Volume One { Elizabeth Barrett Browning  
Madame Guyon  
Harriet Martineau  
Charlotte Bronte  
Christina Rossetti  
Rosa Bonheur

Volume Two { Madame De Staël  
Elizabeth Fry  
Mary Lamb  
Jane Austen  
Empress Josephine  
Mary W. Shelley

Printed on Italian Handmade Paper, from classic type, special initials. With a photogravure of each subject, and a facsimile letter of Mary Lamb. Bound in the simple, durable "Miriam" binding. Price, Four Dollars the set.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

It is a somewhat curious fact in psychology that the newspapers which berate Bryan because he is giving Chautauqua lectures are the very ones that aver his services at Washington are mox, nix and nil.

If the crabbed critics with their inky seizures were consistent, they would be glad that the Secretary of State at times turns his work over to John Bennett Moore, admittedly a tried and able man, and gives himself and the country a vacation.

America possesses so much phosphorus as does a Chautauqua gathering.

The individuals who patronize a Chautauqua are neither patricians nor plebeians.

They represent the people of property. And people in America who work and who do not use strong drink, all have property.

They are home-owners, and often automobile-owners. For be it known, the auto has changed the Chautauqua complexion. People don't "camp" now—they live at home and ride



A Chautauqua now gathers its audience for a radius of forty miles, regardless of the price of gasoline. The frivolous seeker after frills is not there, unless by accident.

In a Chautauqua audience you see the mothers in Israel, and the men of purpose. These are the folks who have ever fought freedom's battles.

They are the spiritual and mental descendants of the people who gathered to hear Abraham Lincoln debate with Stephen A. Douglass.

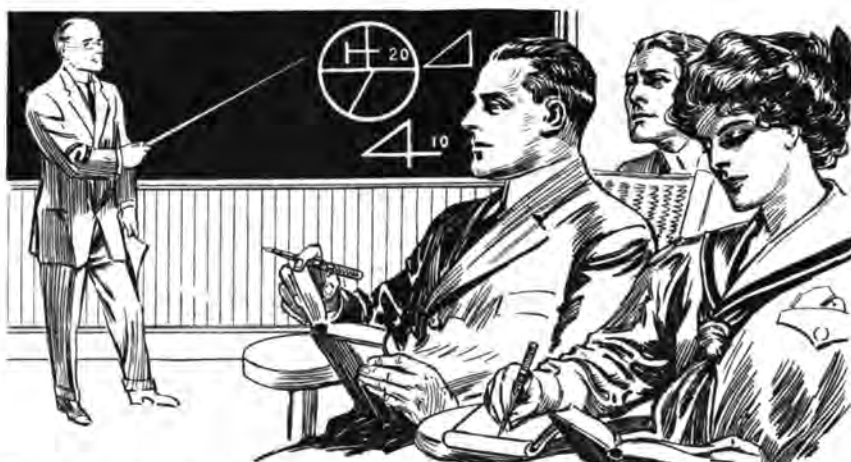
For our Secretary of State to meet such people and hold converse with them is a good thing for them—and a better thing for him.

And that the thing pays is something for which we should all rejoice. Anything that does n't pay needs disinfecting.

¶ The simple fact is, the impeccable editors who berate Bryan for mixing with the people would hiss ganderwise, more, if he stayed at home and grubbed at his desk.

Then they would say: "What t'ell does he know about music? He never gets out among the peepull."

In presenting the cause of a World's Peace to the people, William J. Bryan is doing a great



## "First Aid" for the Student

¶ Here, then, is a fountain pen that is designed and built especially for the needs of the student—in 'varsity, prep school or grammar school—and for alumni as well—

**Conklin's**  
Self-Filling  
Fountain Pen

For classroom notes or home study, the Self-Filling Conklin is "first aid" for the student because it is always **ready**—no dropper-filler and no joints to unscrew in filling it—just dip it in any inkwell that's handy, anywhere, press the little "Crescent-Filler" with thumb and the Conklin **fills itself** instantly! All done in four seconds! The same operation automatically cleans the pen so that it never clogs or "balks"—but always writes at first stroke.

Get one of your home or college town stationer, druggist or jeweler—  
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up. Write for free catalog.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., 274 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio  
NEW YORK, 33-35 West 42nd St. BOSTON, 59 Temple Place CHICAGO, 700 N. Amer. Bldg.

and unique service. That he has been big enough to select able men to look after his work when he is away, and thus give him needed leisure to extend his influence, is to his credit. ¶ That Bryan was an orator has always been admitted, but that he was an executive has only been proved within the last few months. And the man who proved it for us is Woodrow Wilson.

Time is the image of eternity.—Laertius.





The Byron Typewriter Cabinet, open. Closed, it measures but 20 x 42 inches

## "Le Byron de nos jours"

*Dictated and Read by Elbert Hubbard*

¶ LORD BYRON leaped into his brass Bernstein one evening, and leaped out again the next morning, a made man. ¶ It was just after he had published the first two cantos of the *Childe Harold*. ¶ Kenneth M. Byron has added luster to the family-name, by devising an office-desk so much better than anything else of the kind now available that busy businessmen everywhere are installing it in their offices. ¶ It is a marvel of compactness. Also, completeness—thank you, Terese, I was just coming to that. ¶ The desk is designed for stenographers, and never was so admirable a desk contrived before. There's a place for everything, and everything is right where it should be. ¶ The Byron Typewriter Cabinet will lend tone and dignity to your office, and show you to be an executive of method and precision. Thus it constitutes an important asset, quite apart from the fact of its being a most valuable and necessary article of office equipment. ¶ As you value your peace of mind, do not show this ad to your stenogs. But there can be no possible objection to your sending for a catalog. Write today, addressing the

BYRON TYPEWRITER CABINET COMPANY, 71 Griswold Street, Detroit, Michigan



Opens with the foot

## PROTECT YOUR HOME

*The Stephenson System of Under-ground Refuse Disposal*

Keeps the garbage out of sight in the ground, away from dogs, cats and the typhoid fly.



"THOUSANDS IN USE"

*Underground Garbage and Refuse Receivers*

A fireproof and sanitary disposal of ashes, refuse and oily waste. ¶ Our Underground Earth Closet means freedom from contaminated water supply. ¶ Ten years on the market. It pays to look us up. Sold direct. Send for catalog.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr.

A Camp Necessity 31 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.



Easy to Sweep Into

## MEETING THE ENEMY

ONE hundred years ago Commodore Perry conquered the British on Lake Erie. Today, Joseph J. Lamb is conquering the arch enemy of success—Stammering. Detailed information concerning his work will be sent gratis. : : : : :

1252 Franklin Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



**KNOW A MAN** who is big enough to be a faithful servant to any man who is big enough for him to serve. He has the courage, judgment and grasp of affairs to insure success to any enterprise he would

consent to stand sponsor for. He is good to look upon, and those who come to him with a grouch he sends away converted to hope and good-will. He is a lover of men, and worships at the feet of the blind Goddess; but while he is kindly, sympathetic and sensitive, he has a sense of true values when dealing in emotional coin, and slops no small change on the counter. Being singularly free from personal ambition, he has thus far passed his ideas along to others, who have worked them up into coin of the realm, amusing himself the meantime breeding trees and flowers. He's forty-five or thereabouts, and as the years are bringing him wisdom, instead of wrinkles, he has come to understand that to specialize in any one thing, however good, is to run with a flat wheel, and that to grow trees and flowers to excess is nearly as bad as spending half one's time in the bathtub just because it is good to keep clean. So

he is ready to pass on and let someone with just as much love but less gray matter, minister to the trees and flowers. To say what he could best do would be to unduly limit this person, who has been entrusted by an all-wise Creator with talents more varied than are generally allotted to a single individual. If the nature of the work interests him his genius of adaptability will do the rest. He has, however, an inbred love of planning, and was birthed with the natural touch in matters of publicity and the incubation of selling plans, which are transmutable assets available in almost any need. Being gifted with much resourcefulness, he chafes at following formulas, and might fail in a place calling for much detail work. He is a bearer of burdens, and whoever shall enlist his loyalty will have secured an aid capable of getting under sudden responsibilities and making whatever problems there be, his own until such time as they are successfully met. If you have a suspicion he may be of service to you, draw him out and let what follows decide for you. We will see that he receives any communication addressed to

WILLIAM A., Care Advertising Department  
The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York





## EAT FIGS!

THE Arabs set great store by the fig. Mahomet, the Prophet, is quoted as saying, "If I should wish a fruit brought to Paradise, it would certainly be the fig." And some there be that think Mahomet had in mind

### Carque's Unsulphured Sundried Black Mission Figs

❖ No fruit is more wholesome, none more nutritious, than the fig. Carque figs are superior to the imported variety, which means they are the best in the world.

❖ Doctor Wiley, having analyzed all the Carque dried fruits, figs among the number, pronounces them the best obtainable. These figs, grown and ripened in the sun-kissed orchards of California, beat the patent medicines all hollow. To keep healthy, happy and fit, just put figs on your bill of fare. You will need no other physician.

❖ \$1.50 brings you ten pounds of **CARQUE'S SUNDRIED BLACK MISSION FIGS**, sent, express charges prepaid, to all Wells Fargo or American Express Company stations. Twenty-five cents to other stations in the U. S. and Canada. Twenty-five pounds sent to any Express station in the United States, on receipt of \$3.50.

❖ The Express Companies quote special rates for dried fruits from California to Eastern points; and this enables us to deal direct with the consumer, to our mutual benefit and advantage. Get your order in today.

### CARQUE PURE FOOD COMPANY

Headquarters for Pure California Food Products  
Unsulphured Dried Fruits, Nuts, Honey, Olive Oil, Etc.

1603 Magnolia Avenue Los Angeles, California

Descriptive circulars and price lists on request

## Don't Exceed Your Speed-Limit

*A Preachment on How to Qualify, Mentally and Physically, To Hold Your Own in Life's Race. By C. Franklin Leavitt*

MEN and women everywhere are daily exceeding the business and social speed-limit—swaying and staggering under the tremendous overload of desire for rise and recognition—deliberately sacrificing their mental and physical well-being in Life's terrific race. ¶ If you are one of these—if you have permitted business or social duties to crowd you to the limit—if your brain is weary and your body out of tune—if your powers of endurance are weakened—if you feel the need for a complete readjustment of your whole being—let me tell you just how Leavitt-Science will do all this and put you in condition to resist the strain without affecting your speed. ¶ Leavitt-Science is the crystallized outgrowth of my years of experience in reclaiming and developing the power of the human faculties that have become impaired by over-exertion and neglect. It is the rational, common sense way of working. ¶ It is medicine, but not out of a spoon. My book, LEAVITT-SCIENCE, tells the fascinating story of my methods and how and what I accomplish with them. I will send you this book for twelve 2-cent stamps or, if you prefer, simply tell me what you think is wrong in your case and I will tell you frankly just what I can do for you. Leavitt-Science is highly endorsed by former patients and eminent authorities both here and abroad. Won't you let me help you?

### C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT

Suite 731 14 West Washington Street Chicago, Ill.

## A "MAKE-GOOD" MAN

IS looking for a job, if he can hook up with the right people. He is a Public Accountant and Auditor, and an Attorney-at-Law, with plenty of practical experience in business administration. An organizer, methodizer, man of initiative, decision and character. ¶ For fifteen years he has been associated with two men high up in the lumber business. Is now anxious to launch out into something with more of a future in it. He's long on ginger and genius. And as for work, he eats it alive. If you can use a hustler of this type, drop a line to **HARRY S. THAYER**, Second National Bank Building, Elmira, N. Y.

## PERSONAL

IF party who's mailing out those big batches of Advertising Literature without result, will write full particulars to Ad-Man Davison, Finance Building, Kansas City, he'll soon have the Long Green coming in every mail! ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## The Yankee Hindoo

*A Curious Device & Wonders Never Cease!*

*The deaf see, the blind hear, but the Wise do not comprehend!*

COMPREHEND what? The EGO—have you seen it? If not, get one and give your mind a treat. It is a U. S. patent—size of a big watch—producing instant changes which seem to upset Science and Reasoning. It shows the "power of mind over matter," or, rather, the lack of it. Its very simplicity perplexes. NO SKILL IS NEEDED to out-do the wisest mind. ¶ Scientist and "shoe-black" both say, "Ich kann nicht verstehen."

ENDLESS FUN GOES WITH IT. Men say "shell-game" and "magic"; ladies say "bewitched" and "black art." All say "mysterious." ANYONE OVER 16 obtains best results. It acts as if upon some "Hidden Principle." The "psychometric idea" prevails, while the "Mystifying Element" (see U. S. Patent) generates the mental perplexity and electrifies. Just follow directions—it never fails to confuse.

Talk about lucky boxes, amulets and mascots!! One Scientific man writes: "It has cured my 'blues' anyway. I have a special pocket made for it. My friends are in a panic—send me 20 more for them." Another says: "I was not, but now I am—married—thanks to your Ego. It 'broke the ice.' I carry it for luck yet—send me one for her."

We can't vouch for the luck it may bring, but it should aid health—for happy moments prevent many aches and ills. ¶ Being well made of wood and metal, it will last a lifetime, and then some. A fortune for Agents—just "show it"—it sells itself.

Retail \$1. One sample Ego—50c, or 3 for \$1, prepaid

### THE SCIENTIFIC ART COMPANY

1003-P Mallers Building CHICAGO, ILL.





**MELVILLE CLARK**

# APOLLO

## Player Piano

### What Is Your Opinion of This?

As these features are exclusive with the Apollo, if their fundamental principles are correct, no other player piano in the world is a *complete* instrument.

Now, what's your opinion? Aren't these features as necessary to a player piano which produces "human" music as to the pianist playing manually?

No other player piano in the world besides the Solo-Apollo will accent the melody of any composition you may name or omit it altogether at will. No other player piano produces music in the same way as a pianist plays the piano. The direct down touch on the key is exclusive with the Apollo. And four other necessary features, including the DYNASTYLE, make Apollo music indistinguishable from human music.

All of these features are embodied in the new Solo-Apollo self-operated Player Piano, which is *completely* controlled by electricity. This instrument is going to revolutionize the player piano business of today just as the original Apollo 88-note player did many years ago. Write for particulars.

**MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY**  
 EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 400 FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO  
 NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS: 33rd STREET & FIFTH AVENUE  
 SAN FRANCISCO SHOW ROOMS: 233 POST STREET

**These 2 Books Gratis**  
 Write for them.  
 They tell the whole story.

Men do Big Business.

When you recall a large industry or a successful corporation, there comes to mind a Big Individual with a wonderful Imagination. He is the Born Leader.

Therefore, we have the so-called "Trusts" and "Monopolies."

They are Inevitable, and one might say, the following out of Nature's Laws.

Stifle these Great Minds and their Plans (their Imagination) and the People Suffer.

Only a small per cent of the people are Leaders. Great minds plan. The millions do the work laid out by the Architects. The Mass of people want Co-operation. They do not want competition. See how they support the co-

**I**NDIVIDUALITY and Imagination rule the world.

Those who possess them do the Big Things.

Christopher Columbus was one of the original Individualists, with wonderful Imagination—Queen Isabella did the financing and Christopher won his goal!

The Great Mass of people have no Imagination. They possess no Initiative. They are, for the most part, Led.

Therefore, it is almost ordained that the Big

operative idea in the Large City Stores, the great "Trust" examples. They could not live one month did the great Public not believe in them.

Some New York and Chicago stores of today are, in volume of business, five hundred stores of the old days.

Many of us hate to see the small tradesmen go, but it seems to be Fate! And now the Government, in the parcel-post law, makes itself a partner in this co-operative idea!



And the Supreme Court says it is Good Law!

So there you are!

Co-operation and "Monopoly," if you please, and not Competition.

The latter is what Mr. Sherman said of War!

See how the people huddle in the cities—co-operation, they believe, whether foolishly or otherwise.

But it is all wrong, so many leaving the soil, and the one great reason To-day for the Cost of High Living.

Co-operations ("Trusts" and "Monopolies," as some will call them) do not Succeed Only in One Way—

And the Question Finally gets down to This—By Values given and Service Rendered.

That is the Only Real Excuse for the Great Business Success of Americans.

Therefore, do not "Kill the Goose that Lays the Golden Egg." Encourage the Co-operative Principle that gives People Work and Values and Service that come from Great Individualities and Productive Imaginations.

—Edwin W. Ingalls.

Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less.—Doctor Johnson.

## Order Your Business Stationery on **CONSTRUCTION**

White - eight colors  
Three finishes



Envelopes  
to Match

# BOND

Nationally known as the paper that makes  
*Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price*

Sold only in case lots direct to the most competent and responsible printers, lithographers and manufacturing stationers in the 180 principal cities of the United States and Canada. When you specify and secure Construction Bond you are not only assured the highest bond paper value obtainable at the price, but you are also sure of high grade work upon it.

Write us on your business stationery for the names of concerns in your locality who can furnish fine stationery on Construction Bond and we will also send you handsome specimen letterheads showing the various colors, finishes and thicknesses of Construction Bond.

W. E. Wroe & Company, Sales Offices 1006 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

**M**ANY there be who strive for the joys of getting—follow them not; some there be who sing of the joys of giving—heed them not; a few there be who are lost in loving and know neither getting nor giving—take these for inspiration and excel them in peace.—Purinton.

The lawyer who uses his knowledge to stir up strife among the industrious and impede the path of commerce, that he himself may thrive, is unworthy of our respect.—W. H. Seward.



## Reliable Automobile Service Depends on the Tires



ANY GOOD TIRES can be made absolutely reliable by equipping them with Woodworth Treads. ¶ Besides giving freedom from tire trouble, Woodworth Treads provide a non-skid that is always ready on the tire. No need to get out in mud or rain to put on chains: No danger of coming unprepared upon a slippery place when you use Woodworth Treads. ¶ It costs nothing to use Woodworth Treads. The tires protected by them from all outside injury and wear, and from the action of the air, light, oil, etc., last about three or four times as long as when run bare, provided, of course, that they are kept properly inflated and are not overloaded. This results in a saving of from 25% to 50% of the average tire expense. ¶ Woodworth Treads are steel-studded leather tire protectors held on the tire by a patented coil spring fastening which keeps them always perfectly adjusted. ¶ The patented coil spring method of fastening used on Woodworth Treads is guaranteed to hold the treads in such a way that they will not injure the tires. We agree to repair or replace at our expense any tire injured by Woodworth Treads. ¶ Do not confuse Woodworth Treads with protectors fastened to the rim which become loose as soon as the leather stretches and soon destroy the tires. ¶ Under average conditions, Woodworth Treads will last 8000 to 5000 miles and they often wear as far as 10,000 to 12,000 miles. The tires used with Woodworth Treads if of a good make and kept properly inflated will average from 12,000 to 15,000 miles and cases have been reported where the tires have lasted as high as 35,000 miles. ¶ Woodworth Treads are sold by all first-class supply houses, the kind that guarantee the goods they sell. ¶ Write for full particulars.

## Leather Tire Goods Company

North Whirlpool Street

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

AT last the law has been laid down, and this by a court of last resort, as to the right to "tips" and as to whose property they are. The plaintiff was a humble polisher of shoes and brusher of the patrons' clothes in the defendant's shop, which he called a shoe-shining parlor. For over five years he had been doing this kind of work for the defendant, and a good many times a day he received a nickel or a dime from a customer when he had finished the job. This he always deposited

as to his rights, turned the money over to appellee. If this be true, he is entitled to recover; for it is well settled in this State that, where money has been paid through a clear and palpable mistake of law or fact, essentially affecting the rights of the parties, which in law, honor, or good conscience was not due or payable, and which ought not to be retained by the party to whom it was paid, it may be recovered" (*Polites versus Bardin*, S. W. 828).

—"American Law Review."

in the cash-register, for he had the idea that the money belonged to his employer. But one day somebody told him the contrary, and he went to a lawyer, who brought an action against the employer, alleging that he had received and mistakenly paid over more than one hundred dollars a year of "tips." The defendant demurred, but the Court of Appeals of Kentucky holds that the petition sets out a good cause of action. It says: "It clearly appears that money which appellant received as tips was a personal gift to him, and he, and not appellee, was entitled to receive it; that appellant, by mistake and through a misapprehension



**A** TAX on bananas is proposed. On what theory? There is no cheaper tropical fruit. It is cheaper than any indigenous fruit at the stalls. It has been made cheap by the good system of merchandising developed by the United Fruit Company. The only thing a tax on bananas can do is to increase the cost of the fruit to the consumer—a fruit that is a delicacy and has a high nutritive value as well. I see, too, that the United Fruit Company is to be prosecuted as a trust. Why? The company operates its plantations outside this country. It has not gobbled the banana industry. It created the business. It has not increased, but diminished, the cost of the fruit to the public. It has developed great plantations in Jamaica, Honduras, Cuba, Costa Rica, San Domingo, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Panama, Colombia. The company is, of course, a United States concern, but suppose it did operate in restraint of trade in those countries—which is not admitted—the Sherman law has no more bearing on that operation than it had on Brazil's valorization scheme as to coffee. All we could have done as to Brazil's coffee corner



### Big Ben—the biggest thing in the clock business

**B**IG BEN is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

He is not yet four years old, but he's already getting more trade from the States than any clock alive.

In three years time, 18,000 jewelers—70 per cent. of the total number of United States watchmakers—have already adopted him.

Two million and a half families leave it to him to call them up in the morning; two million and a half families use

him all day long to tell the right time by.—He is really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a timekeeper and a crackerjack of an alarm.

Big Ben has everything in his favor—quality, looks and price.—He runs on time, he rings on time, he stays on time. He stands 7 inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large comfortable winding keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you shut him off. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

His price is \$2.50 anywhere in the States. \$1.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order mailed to *Wendler, La Salle, Illinois*, will send him anywhere you say, express charges paid.

was to put a tax upon it, but who would have paid the tax? The people. So the people would pay the tax on bananas. We seem to be going somewhat crazy in our pursuit of trusts, when we seek them out in foreign lands and when we purpose putting burdens upon them that will fall upon our own people.—*W. M. Reedy.*

Meat once a day is quite enough for most of us, and meat once a week might be better.

—*Doctor F. M. Planck.*



# GASOLENE AND THE GARAGE

## AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



HAVE just made a discovery. It seems we have been wasting gasolee without knowing it, here at Roycroft.

We run a garage in connection with The Roycroft Inn, this for the accommodation of those who put up at The Inn, and want to tether their fiery steeds in a good safe place.

We have five or six of the big benzine-buggies ourselves. One of these cars makes Little Journeys to the railroad-station

half a dozen times a day, to meet folks and escort 'em to the capitol in triumph. The others are also in requisition a good part of the time. So it follows that we eat up a lot of gasolene in the course of a season.

Also, those of our guests who come to visit us in their own conveyances use more or less of the good stuff during their stay.

When the gasolene in the auto reservoir ran

low, we used to chuck a tin pail under the nose of the container in the garage, and turn on the faucet.



What was n't spilled on the floor found its way into the pail almost always.

And right under the faucet was a space that was usually soaking wet with gasolee. I have n't the time nor the heart to dope it out now, but it would be interesting to know how many gallons went to waste in this manner every month—to say nothing of the fact that in this process of transferring the gasolene from the container to the reservoir, the liquid came in direct contact with the air, and lost most of those power-producing qualities that make it valuable.

The fact is, a container that is built above-ground can not possibly furnish adequate and proper storage for gasolene and oil.

Gasolene thus stored is subject to fluctuations of from fifteen to twenty degrees Fahrenheit every twenty-four hours. The result is that the fluid loses the vitality that constitutes its value. Fully one-fifth of the power-producing



part of the gasoline never gets through the cosmic carburetor, when the gasoline is stored above-ground. And then we grind our molars, and say things when the machine goes back on us, forty miles from nowhere, and balks, and is sulky, and cuts up, and acts like a spoiled child. And all the time the car has been trying to produce results with gasoline from which the vital essence has been extracted, and which is filled with dirt and grime and grit—"extraneous matter," as they say in Boston  .

Also, there is the ever-present danger of fire, for gasoline is a most inflammable substance, as every one well knows.

So to repeat, the above-ground container is an unsatisfactory solution of an important problem—no less a problem than that of getting the full worth of your money.

You may boast that *your* container is "air-tight," and evaporation does not take place. But just note the odor of sanctity that is nauseatingly perceptible anywhere within a radius of many feet. That Paul Rieger whiffen-poop is proof positive that your gasoline and your money are taking unto themselves wings and doing the grand disappearing act while you wait.

Now, for the future, The Roycrofters propose to save time, money, trouble and gasoline, by installing *Bowser* Storage Apparatus in the Roycroft Garage.

We recognize the fact that the Bowser way is quite a little bit better than our way. And there is nothing so good that we will not throw it out for junk, when we find something better. Only the best will serve, and the best is what we want.

So we are adding to our efficiency, and incidentally saving money for ourselves and our friends and patrons, by putting in this Bowser self-measuring underground gasoline-storage system.



For nearly a generation the Bowser people have been studying this subject of oil storage and distributing methods, and they have arrived at the point where they are content with nothing short of one hundred per cent efficiency plus.

So whether you are the proud owner of a

one-seated runabout, or indulge in the annual luxury of a new-model seven-passenger limousine, it will pay you, in good Woodrow Wilson coin, to tie up to some form or other of Bowser Oil-Storage Equipment.

You will never be sorry you put in a Bowser System—or if you are, it will be because you did not make it a size or two larger.



*Bowser* eliminates danger, "agitation," evaporation, loss.

The storage-tank is buried at least two feet underground, where the temperature averages fifty-seven degrees Fahrenheit the year around, away from dust, dirt and impurities of every sort  .

Bowser Storage Equipment fulfil all the requirements prescribed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Fire hazard is reduced to a vanishing-point.

We have installed two of the Bowser self-measuring oil-cabinets, of the style designated as No. 52-B, shown in the illustration, and their "Red Sentry" Self-Measuring Gasoline-Pump with underground storage.

This cabinet is designed for use in public and private garages, machine-shops, power-houses, engine-rooms, etc. It is burglar, fire and fool proof. Its all-steel construction tokens durability and solid service. The roll-top keeps out dust and dirt, rendering all neat, clean and pure.

The pump measures out a quart, pint or half-pint at one stroke of the lever. The cabinet is finished in an attractive bronze-green enamel and will add to the appearance of any garage, besides taking up very little floor-room  .

More than a million delighted users of Bowser Storage System, in one form or another, will testify cheerfully to the all-around efficiency of any apparatus bearing the name "Bowser."

In this matter of oil storage and distributing systems, the Bowser people are experts of luminous luster. This one thing they do—and they do it as no other concern in the world is doing, or can do it, I honestly believe. For your own good, and the good of your car, you had better fill out the blank, and send it along today, directing it to

**S. F. BOWSER & CO., INC., Box 2136, FORT WAYNE, IND.**

C O U P O N

S. F. BOWSER & CO., Inc., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gentlemen:—

Please mail, free of charge and without any obligation on (<sup>my</sup><sub>our</sub>) part, a copy of your booklet, *At the Sign of the Red Sentry*.

Name .....

Address .....





ELBERT HUBBARD  
"The Royal Good Farmer"



ELBERT HUBBARD  
"The Royal Tailored Man"

## "It's funny what a difference a few Clothes Make!"

"It is easier to earn \$1,000 a week when you wear a \$1,000 a week make-up!" says Elbert Hubbard, banker, business man, editor, publisher and ROYAL TAILORED MAN. And Hubbard ought to know

— in his spare moments he's earning \$1,000 a week in

vaudeville—wearing a Royal Tailored Suit.

THE Royal Tailors have brought the Broadway Tailor Shop within walking distance of every man in the land. For please note that this is a service in *Made-To-Order* clothes.

No matter in what town you live—you can step into a Royal dealer's storethere—and have your measures taken for the latest model English Sack suit—to be made especially for you in The Royal Tailors' Sunshine Shops at Chicago or New York. And

shipped to you on Schedule Time to any place you say.

THERE are ten thousand Royal dealers. Wherever there's a good sized Post Office—there's a Royal store just around the corner, with tape line ready—and half a thousand of the latest New York woolen weaves awaiting your selection. Prices, \$16, \$17, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35—All pure wool; all pure fit and satisfaction or money back.

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OF ROYAL TAILORED CLOTHES

- Made-to-Order Measure
- All Pure Wool
- A Liquid Guarantee With Each Garment
- 100% Pure Shrink
- Cost No More Than Ready-Made
- Six Day Schedule Delivery

We pay \$1 A Day For every Day of Delay When A Royal Garment isn't finished on time.

This Guarantee comes built into the Garment.

### "Get that Royal Tailored Look"

The Royal Tailors  
Chicago *Joseph Weber* New York

The Clothes That Real Men Wear

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes



# THE FRA

EXPONENT OF  
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Know Where You Want to Go

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## THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

### Modern Banking



I CAN remember a time when all bank officers wore whiskers. The President of a bank was clothed in solemn black and cultivated a sad, lugubrious manner.

Usually his son was cashier, and a near relative, vice-president.

The whole atmosphere of a bank was hushed, depressing, saturated with gloom.

In those days I was a farmer; and there was a suspicion among farmers, founded more or less on experience, that the intent of the banker was to take advantage of the necessities of his clients.

Farmers did not trust the bankers as a rule, and certainly, as a rule, bankers did not trust the farmers. I can swear to that!

My earliest childhood recollections go back to the time when a bank president drove out to our farm and took back to town with him our best milch-cow, because we could not pay interest on the mortgage.

The mortgage was a thing that gnawed night and day. If one stopped and listened closely he could hear it.

I recently made a visit to that particular old farm, and I heard a different kind of music. It was the merry music of a Chalmers 36, and the farmer had started up the machine preparatory to going to town to collect some rents due him in a flat that he owned.

Incidentally, this farmer happened to be Vice-President of one of the banks in that town.

Most of the farms in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, thirty years ago, were decorated with mortgages, and these mortgages were held by parties in New England. The great Chicago fire occurred in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-one. There were prophecies made then that Chicago would never be rebuilt, and that the mass of brick and mortar would never be cleared up and the lots resurveyed. However, the prophets were wrong. Chicago was rebuilt, all right, and practically with Boston money.

Now, there are a good many sky-scrapers in Boston and New York, owned by Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin men.



### The New Way

**T**HERE is a New Way, and this new way has crept silently, surely, into the business of banking.

Banking has always stood as a symbol of conservatism. It is wisely conservative yet, but gradually there have been instances of its being sensibly radical, for every sane man is both conservative and radical. "There is a time for everything," said Ecclesiastes.

No country is more prosperous than are its farmers. When the farmers prosper we all prosper.

Food is the primal need, and we get our food out of the soil.

The greatest agricultural district in the world is represented by taking the city of Chicago as a center, and throwing a line out in a radius of five hundred miles in every direction.

¶ The principal products are corn, cattle, hogs, sheep, wheat, oats, potatoes, and the industrious hen.

Corn was produced in this radius in Nineteen Hundred Eleven to the value of nine hundred thirty-two million dollars; wheat, two hundred fifty-five million; oats, two hundred sixty-five million; hogs, one hundred seventy-five million; cattle, one hundred sixty-five million; and poultry, eighty-five million.

When a farming community is prosperous, there spring up manufactories and mercantile establishments in a thousand forms. Prosperity is contagious.

### Railroad Prosperity

**T**HE second and most important thing in the world, next to food-supply, is transportation.

Unless an article is at a certain place at a certain time it possesses no value. Food separated from human bodies is of no avail.

¶ Quick, consecutive, reliable, safe, economical transportation, coupled with Yankee ingenuity, the thrift, industry and unfailing strength of the Teutonic tribe, with the bounties of Nature, have made the Middle West surpassing rich.

Chicago has thirty-four railroads. Most of these have every possible equipment which money and inventive genius can supply. These railroads have prospered as the farmers have prospered, and all Middle West railroads carry passengers and freight in both directions.

The motto of a good railroadman is this:

"Trust in the Lord, but haul no empties."

¶ These railroads have been double-tracked, safeguarded by block systems, grades reduced, curves practically eliminated, heavier steel rails laid down, and everything brought to a high degree of efficiency.

Happily, however, railroadmen are never satisfied. They are filled with a noble discontent; nothing is ever good enough—everything must be made better.

A great railroadman in Chicago said to me the other day, "Every morning before breakfast I go out and throw an engine on the scrap-heap."

This merely meant that he was always willing to throw away a good thing for a better one.

¶ On all of these railroads centering at Chicago, scarcely one is running an engine on a freight or a passenger train that was in use eight or ten years ago. And yet the life of a railroad-engine is about the same as that of a horse—twenty-eight years—if used with reasonable care.

The spirit of Chicago demands the best. And now behold a curious fact, that the men at the top, the men who have the final word in making decisions among the railroadmen of the Middle West, almost without exception, came up from the ranks.

They were born on the farms, brought up to do things, to make things, to go without things, to wait on themselves. There was always hardship enough to put them on their mettle, and yet, if they worked, there was encouragement enough through the natural reward that followed, so that they were not repressed, depressed and cast down.

The Middle West has produced a peculiar type of strong man. You will find these earnest, irrepressible, kindly, generous, intelligent, effective men, Middle West products, in all the big cities of America.

They gravitate to where they belong—where they are needed.

In many instances they have snatched success from the teeth of failure. They know no such word as fail.

If they are whipped, they never are aware of it.

Just think over in your mind the great financiers and big businessmen of New York City, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and note the number who have come out of the Middle West in that radius of five hundred



miles surrounding Cook County, Illinois! W. C. Brown, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Charles Melville Hays, Theodore P. Shonts, George W. Perkins, Frank A. Vanderlip, George H. Daniels, Paul Morton—these are specimen bricks.

### Adequate Banking Facilities

**I**F it is true that farming and railroading move together hand in hand as a business, it is also true that there is no great and permanent prosperity for either farmers or railroads unless there are good banking facilities.

¶ A bank deals in just one thing, and that is credit. Ninety-five per cent of all banking in America is carried on with the aid of checks.

¶ Ninety-five per cent of all businessmen in a prosperous and growing country are borrowers at some time during the year. And in any event, every businessman must know that if he wants money he can get it. The knowledge that he can get it often gives him the courage that pulls him through without it.

¶ Banking is simply a method whereby the businessmen, the workers, the toilers, the producers, in any given community or district, stand together in what Jean Jacques Rousseau called the "Contrat Social."

Good banking cements the entire business fabric into a solidarity of mutual faith and friendship.

The men who produce wealth must have faith in the banks. When they have this faith they deposit their money, thus signifying their willingness to trust the bankers. Then the bankers must reciprocate by showing their willingness to trust legitimate business.

The old-time banker, with his shaven upper lip, who sneezed twice and coughed once when you hinted at your need for credit, is now practically out of the game. The new way has eliminated him. Cold storage is one thing, banking another.

A good banker does not regard his customer with suspicion. The modern banker is human. He is a man who can laugh. He has a good digestion, a good circulation—he is on good terms with himself and with his customers. He has sympathy and imagination. He is a businessman first, and after that a banker. The man who knows banking, and nothing else, does not know banking. Theoretically, every man is entitled to everything he needs. He is also entitled to all the assistance from other men that his wants require.

Incidentally, he is also under bonds to render all the assistance to others that he can.

We help ourselves by helping other people. Society is a vast system of transfers.

The business of a banker is to couple up the individual business concern with the financial world, in order that when a businessman needs credit he can get it.

Also, when he has money that is not active, he deposits it with the banker, who sees to it that this money gets busy.

Nothing should be idle, much less men and money.

Health is only possible where the winds blow. Only water that runs is pure.

Only active men are safe, sane, happy, healthy, useful men.

Money in the ginger-jar, in the stocking, under the bed, or buried in the garden in an iron pot, is all worse than useless. It is an invitation to bugs, microbes, yeggmen, hoboes and fear.

### Man Made for Mutual Service

**B**ANKING, in a community that is producing wealth, when managed by a sane, sensible, level-headed man, is a very safe business.

Banking that is not backed up by the forest, the farm, the factory, the mine, or the sea, is a very dangerous and uncertain business. New York City banks turn over much more money than do the banks in Chicago, but this is simply because a vast number of banks, merchants, manufacturers, keep accounts in New York City.

New York bank loans are largely call-loans. Money is loaned out to the hydra-headed, mythical monster known as Wall Street. The money is used for speculative purposes.

For the most part, Chicago loans are time-loans. The money is loaned to actual producers—the men who are engaged in producing and marketing the necessities of life.

Actual business in America, as differentiated from blue-sky gyrations, is about the most staple and stable thing in the world.

When you hear a man say that ninety-five per cent of all businessmen fail, put this down as hookworm talk.

The fact is, in America, in Nineteen Hundred Eleven, there were only twelve thousand failures in business; and while twelve thousand firms failed, there were more than two million firms that did not fail; and out of the



twelve thousand failures, only two hundred twenty-one had a capital above one hundred thousand dollars.

The business that begins small and grows is a safe business. The business that begins big is the one that goes by the board.

And always before a failure in business occurs, there is moral degeneration of the men who manage it.

A man fails mentally, morally and physically, and then his business sympathizes with him, and together they go into the melting-pot. Business nowadays is a constant readjustment, just as is the sailing of a ship, the running of an automobile, the driving of a team of horses.

The vast majority of businessmen are good business pilots. They know where they are going, and they know how to manage the machine so as not to land it in the ditch or make it climb a telegraph-pole.

Banking in the Middle West is essentially human service. It takes the idle money and sets it to work.

It gives credit to those who need it, and thus does the entire business fabric progress and thrive, obeying Herbert Spencer's dictum, "Man was made for mutual service."

#### Continental and Commercial Bank

THE best example of the distinctly modern bank, where speculation is eliminated, where character counts, and where the whole banking fabric is based on scientific, economic laws, is the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

Emerson says, "Every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man."

The Continental and Commercial National Bank is the lengthened shadow of George M. Reynolds.

Reynolds is the best type of our modern American banker. In several respects, he stands alone, and is unique.

Reynolds has built up a banking business on safer lines and done the thing bigger and better than it has ever been done before in human history.

Needless to say it could not have been done before.

Reynolds is a product of his time. Reynolds has gathered up in himself the spirit of the time and has spun it forth in the form of a bank.

The Continental and Commercial National

Bank of Chicago is the largest bank in America in several respects.

First, it employs more men; and it has a longer list of depositors. It is the depository of more than five thousand country banks; that is to say, one bank out of five in America deposits with the Continental and Commercial National Bank.

There are banks in New York that turn over more money; but there is no bank in New York that deals directly with producers and creators, and touches industrial life to the extent that this bank does.

In this respect, it exceeds and excels the Bank of England, or any other bank in Europe.

The basis of the business of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago is the productive wealth of the farmers and factories that lie within the radius of five hundred miles from Chicago.

This bank prospers as the farmers prosper. And as the farmers prosper, so prosper the elevators, the factories, the mills, the merchants, and all that multitude of workers who go forth to their labors until the evening.

¶ The Continental and Commercial National Bank ministers to a population of twenty million people, and these people aggregate the most prosperous, intelligent and well-to-do people in America.

And when we say that, it implies the most prosperous, well-to-do and intelligent people in the world.

The strict and unerring policy of this bank is never to loan money where money will be made for the bank through any man's misfortune.

This bank deals only with prosperous, healthy, happy people. It grows as they grow; it thrives as they thrive; it makes money as they make money.

To that end, no one can open an account at this bank unless he comes with references that show that he is financially and morally sound.

Giving out check-books to rogues and bank-books to rascals is a thing that this bank does not do.

If a man's hopes run away with his brain he can not open an account here. The wear and tear and friction of taking care of money for fools and rogues is out of the line of the Continental and Commercial.



But having accepted the account of a businessman and worker, this bank stands by him.

¶ Anything in the line of credit to which he is morally entitled he gets; also he gets it without humiliation and embarrassment. This bank is the friend and counselor of its customers.

### In the Spotlight

SO far as I know, George M. Reynolds was the first man to introduce the method in banking of having the cashier, vice-president, and working manager sit right out in the lobby, in plain sight of everybody, where they are get-at-able.

There was no such thing as a colored person carrying in a card and bringing out word that the great man was "not at home."

George M. Reynolds adopted the plan twenty years ago of being at home all the time.

And every business day between certain hours you saw him before you saw the receiving or paying teller. He was the first man you bumped into.

Business was done right out in the sunlight. There was nothing to conceal, nothing to hide. Consequently, business was done with a minimum amount of friction and the maximum amount of speed compatible with safety and mutual understanding.

The Continental and Commercial National Bank has eighteen thousand accounts.

It has deposits, counting the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, and The Hibernian Banking Association, of over two hundred forty million dollars.

Its combined capital, surplus and undivided profits are thirty-eight million dollars. And it is growing rapidly and surely as the territory grows to which it ministers.

### The Hawkeye State

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS was born in the little town of Panora, Iowa, in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five. He comes from straight New England stock—the kind of folks brought up among snow, ice, granite, obstacle and difficulty. He was dowered with good health and a habit of work.

The recipe for having educated children is this: Educate yourself.

Reynolds was born of educated parents; that is, they were competent, honest, simple, direct, efficient people.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, Guthrie County, Iowa, was "Way Out West." There

was no railroad in the county. The marketplace was the city of Des Moines, which then had five thousand people, and Panora was just fifty-two miles from Des Moines.

It took pretty nearly two days to make the trip, and two days to get home, except in the muddy season, which was about half the year, and then the journey might take a week—or a month—both ways.

Guthrie, the county seat, was ten miles from Panora. At Guthrie there was an "academy"—otherwise, a High School. Young Reynolds spent two Winters, grubbing hard, and thankful for the opportunity.

When Reynolds was sixteen years old, his schooldays were over, but, paradoxically, he has been going to school ever since.

And he is still going to school. Any man goes to school who has the healthy, happy, active, curious, receptive mind, and gets his fun out of his work.

It was all right and natural that the smartest boy in Panora should become a clerk in the general store, and assistant to the postmaster.

¶ When a bank was started in Panora this boy became a clerk in the bank, and then cashier.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, Mr. Reynolds, having accumulated a little property, and being happily married, moved to Hastings, Nebraska, which was on the firing-line of civilization.

His business was to loan money on mortgages to the farmers.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight he returned to Panora to become the cashier and manager of the Guthrie County Bank. The business grew as the country round about it grew. Land had leaped from ten dollars an acre to twenty-five, then forty. Now land in that vicinity is anywhere from one hundred dollars to two hundred dollars an acre, and the farmers have mostly paid off their mortgages.

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three Reynolds went to Des Moines to accept the position of cashier of the Des Moines National Bank.

Under his active leadership this bank evolved and grew.

Reynolds, by nature, is a farmer and a businessman. He sympathizes with the producer. He knows his difficulties, his anxieties, his risks. He has the prophetic imagination that can put himself in place of the other fellow.



He knows by instinct whether a business is sound or not. He is a judge of humanity. He knows men and he knows values.

The Des Moines National Bank grew, and on January, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five, George M. Reynolds was elected President. Reynolds became known throughout the Middle West as a progressive banker, who saw things in a big, generous way.

It takes courage to loan out other people's money, to stand between the lender and the borrower. Reynolds literally banked on his ability to judge men. He loaned on character. He believed in strong men, healthy men, happy men, and wherever a man was making money and his business was growing from a little business into a big one, Reynolds was a friend and brother to that man.

And as Reynolds believed in other men, so did other men believe in Reynolds.

Strong men are in demand. You can always hire men, plenty of them, for two dollars a day. When you want a man, however, to fill a ten-thousand-dollar position, you have to hunt for him; and when you want a fifty-thousand-dollar man, you find that he already has a good job and is not anxious to give it up.

#### The Banker Par Excellence

**I**N Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven, the Continental National Bank needed a strong man. The business had grown faster than the management.

The directors cast around anxiously in every direction, and they picked on George M. Reynolds, the vice-president and general manager of the Des Moines National Bank, and Reynolds was induced to become cashier of the Continental National Bank.

The deposits in the Continental National Bank were then twelve million dollars.

In a few years Reynolds gravitated by divine right to the position of vice-president and general manager. In August, Nineteen Hundred Ten, the deposits of this bank were ninety million dollars, an increase of seventy-eight million dollars since Mr. Reynolds took up his relationship with the bank.

On August First, Nineteen Hundred Ten, the Continental and Commercial National Banks were consolidated. Mr. Reynolds was chosen President of the new bank. The Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank and The Hibernian Banking Association are owned by the stockholders of the Continental and

Commercial National Bank, and Mr. Reynolds is President of all these institutions. He is also President of the Continental Safe and Trust Company, of Chicago, and chairman of the Board of Directors of the Northwestern Trust and Savings Bank.

Outside of these financial institutions, however, Mr. Reynolds has no business save that of the farm where he was born, in Panora, Guthrie County, Iowa.

He has had many invitations to invest in various business enterprises; but his business is banking, and he will not allow himself to be subjected to the temptation of using funds entrusted to his care in his own business.

Reynolds regards himself as the trustee of his customers, the friend of his depositors, and the counselor of every man who does business with the institution.

The success of Mr. Reynolds has turned on organization. He is big enough to get other people to do his work, and he is able to enthuse them with his own spirit of industry, economy, good-cheer and mutual helpfulness.

The idea of enthusiasm in a bank is a brand-new idea, and has come about within our own time.

Shylock and Scrooge had no romance in their business, no tenderness, no pity, no love of beauty.

Reynolds, this modern businessman and banker, has sympathy, poise and power plus.

He is a lover of children, a lover of the great out-of-doors, the friend of the farmer, and he always thinks of himself, yet, as a sort of hired man.

He is big in body, big in brain, big in heart. With it all he has decision, and he has the courage to calmly, frankly, tell a man when this man is on the wrong track. In that he is as brave as my old friend, Doctor Roswell Park, one of the world's great surgeons.

If necessary to vivisection a man, Reynolds can do the job without administering anesthetics. At the same time he does not kill the individual. He saves him alive.

Reynolds never cuts off the dog's tail a little piece at a time in order to keep the canine from suffering.

#### Mutual Helpfulness

**R**ECENTLY, I spent a half-day behind the scenes in the Continental and Commercial National Bank. There I saw five hundred typewriters, as many typewriters,



two hundred adding-machines, a ton of gold and silver, and paper money enough to fill a small-sized haymow.

Yet ninety-five per cent of the business of this bank is done with checks, and is simply a transfer of figures.

With eighteen thousand accounts, all of the customers do not want money all at once. When you get enough figures, the question of chance is eliminated. The whole thing is averaged until a good cashier can prophesy, months in advance, exactly how much of a demand there will be for loans on any one particular day.

Men are strong only as they believe in one another.

"Financial panic," says Reynolds, "will be eliminated and made impossible when bankers reach a point where they are not afraid of one another."

As a general proposition, the community believes in the banker who believes in the community.

The success of George M. Reynolds is based on the fact that he believes in the great Middle West and the people who are minting money out of the black loam.

#### A Business Founded on Friendship

GET your principles right, and the rest is a mere matter of detail," said Napoleon. Every bookkeeper in this great bank has charge of just one single page of names that is handed to him every morning from a loose-leaf ledger.

There are a dozen vice-presidents, and a dozen assistant cashiers, each one of whom has certain duties delegated to him. And these men are to be found right out in the lobby where you can see them. The gumshoe and the mysterious have no place here. You can't horse-shed the cashier nor work the frame-up.

The cashiers meet once a day for conference, and each one is informed of all new accounts. Also, all requests for credit are passed upon by a committee of the whole. So no one man's judgment is supreme.

The generous spirit, however, of George M. Reynolds runs through all of his helpers. The same courtesy, kindness, the genial hand-grasp—these are the prominent things in the new Continental and Commercial National Bank.

It is a business founded on friendship. We used to think that friendship had no place in

business. We now are taking a different view. When friendship dies from off the face of the earth, business, too, will go by the board. Panics come through lack of loyalty. Faith falters, fear gets in the saddle, and the herd begins to stampede and then to mill, and anything that gets in the way is ground into oxaline.

Friendship means an even pulse, a clear vision, a good breath. It means frankness, generosity, truth; for a man can always afford to be truthful with friends. We only lie to tyrants and to slaves.

Modern banking eliminates the liar. Nothing but truth goes.

Reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation—these are the three big words.

#### Expansion

SO rapidly is the business of the Continental and Commercial National Bank growing that new quarters are demanded.

And so behold! the block bounded by LaSalle, Adams, Fifth Avenue and Quincy Street is being cleared, the property having been purchased by the Continental and Commercial National Bank. There will be erected on this site the largest office-building in the city of Chicago, and one of the largest in the world.

The building was designed by the late D. H. Burnham, and was the last big piece of work to which this very gifted man lent his knowledge and his experience.

Burnham was America's great architect. He was a fit running mate for George M. Reynolds. He was one of the first men to develop steel-frame constructions. One of the buildings on this lot was a sky-scraper erected by Burnham twelve years ago. And now, this is being torn down to make way for the new and absolutely the latest up-to-date bank-building in the world.

This building will occupy the entire block, having entrance to the building from every side.

The first four stories will be utilized by the bank, and the eighteen stories above will be rented for office purposes. And curiously enough, most of these offices have already been rented, although the building will not be completed for two years.

The main banking-building will be sixty-eight feet high in the center. It will be the most spacious, the latest, the lightest, the airiest,



the most complete and the most beautiful banking-room in Christendom.

"There is just one thing about this whole building business," said Mr. Reynolds to me, "that is the fly in my ointment of happiness, and that is the thought that when this building is completed, it will be too small for our wants!"

It is only a question of a little time before there will be a deep waterway from Chicago to the Gulf.

Chicago will then take on a new commodity, that of cotton, the fifth most important article produced in America. Also, rice will go into competition with corn.

The opening of the Panama Canal, and the Deep-Water Route to the sea, will mean an amplification of business in the Middle West heretofore unguessed.

In point of actual commodities handled, and legitimate business done, eliminating speculation, Chicago stands first of all cities in the world.

George M. Reynolds is in the heyday of his manhood. His hair is slightly silvered by the frost of years; but his face is the happy, exuberant face of youth.

The corners of his mouth turn up, he has good teeth, good eyes, great breathing capacity. He finds his fun in his business. His life is in his work, and his work is the evolution, the growth, and the smiling prosperity of the great Middle West—incidentally, of the world.

"Scientific farming is going to double the acreage yield of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, and the Northwest," said George M. Reynolds to me.

"You have to raise forty bushels of corn to the acre in order to pay expenses. Above that all is profit. Here in the Middle West we are going to make one hundred bushels to the acre the average yield. Then figure out, if you please, how this land will multiply wealth through laughing a harvest."

Can any one guess the extent of wealth that will be produced in the Middle West through the aid of scientific agriculture?

Reynolds attends Bankers' Conventions all over the United States. He visits with the Granges, talks to farmers, and goes to the State Fairs. And he takes part in the proceedings, just as he used to take part in the Farmers' Clubs in Guthrie County thirty years ago.

When he was a farmer's lad of fifteen he subscribed for newspapers published in New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cincinnati, San Francisco, New Orleans. Early in life he got in touch with the world. Long before he traveled bodily he knew the great cities and capitals, because he was reading the newspapers that they published.

Before he had ever set foot out of Iowa he had attained, in degree, the universal mind.

Reynolds is no villager. He is the antithesis of a provincial. And while the Middle West is his home, and the great Mississippi Valley is ever first in his mind, yet his thought girdles the world.

Here is the new type of American, the educated man, the efficient man—the man who is both workingman and capitalist, who is a laborer, a farmer, and who is yet a financier and a philosopher.

George M. Reynolds is not only a banker: he is a teacher of bankers and a tutor of businessmen. His methods and ideas permeate, tint and flavor the financial methods of the world.

Those who are easily satisfied are either very stupid or great seers. But the difference between them is the difference between those who have not lived and those who have.

## Farmers to the Fore



EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany has recently made a very interesting speech on the subject of farming, speaking from his own experiences.

His speech was informal, and, like many another good address, largely accidental.

The Emperor got a-going, and under the inspiration and the applause of five hundred farmers, he said a few things that were really worth saying,

and he said them remarkably well.

His speech was taken down by a stenographer, and so well pleased was the Emperor afterward with the report that the address has been printed in pamphlet form and distributed to the extent of a million or so.

In any event, men who talk right out of their hearts and tell about what they have done are always interesting.



### The Emperor's Farm

THE Emperor says that he has a farm of six hundred thirty-two acres of tillable land. In addition, he has reclaimed three hundred six acres, adjoining, of swamp and meadow. He has pastured seventy to eighty head of cattle, and raised four hundred fifty tons of hay, five thousand bushels of potatoes, ten tons of carrots, and a thousand bushels of rye, and this feed took care of one hundred twenty cattle and ninety-two horses. He also fed all of the people who took care of the farm, ¶ He has increased the yield by fifty per cent ♣ ♣

The Emperor gave some very interesting facts about picking out the heads of rye that were big and strong and stood up above the rest, "like the lances of the Uhlans."

He took all of these heads that stood up above the rest, clipped them and preserved the seed, and this was planted the next year. By so doing he has produced a quality of rye that doubles the acreage yield.

The Emperor is much in favor of using oxen in farming instead of horses. He has crossed the zebu with the German cattle, giving a remarkably strong ox that is immune from most of the diseases that occasionally attack the domestic cow, and which can travel five miles an hour on the road. Raising oxen for speed makes us smile, and probably meant that the big drum should be hit when he made the mention. ¶ He has crossed the native sheep with the Persian, thanks to the assistance of Buffalo Jones.

### Back to the Soil

THE Emperor is well aware of the fact that Germany is the greatest potato-producing country in the world. He says he has raised five, six, seven, eight hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, and he thinks that this, in the future, will be the rule. He believes that Germany can produce foodstuffs for herself, and for all Europe, as far as that is concerned ♣ ♣

It is good to see that the German Emperor quotes, perhaps unconsciously, Horace Greeley and advises the German farmers to mix brains with their fertilizer.

The hearty interest of the German Emperor in every detail in farming comes as a kind of glad surprise to the world. It is all in the direction of peace.

And when he suggested that the German

Army be utilized a part of the time in agricultural pursuits, and that every German soldier be instructed in the arts of peace as well as in the arts of war, he brought forth a round of applause which was, perhaps, a surprise to himself.

Then comes, on the heel of this good news that the German Army is not to be disbanded, but is to be transformed into a wealth-producing organization, the brief Associated Press dispatch that Vincent Astor, the richest man of his years in America, has consulted Governor Sulzer as to how he should best utilize his bank-account. And Governor Sulzer—good, hard-headed man of commonsense that he is—advises Vincent Astor to take up scientific farming and show the world what an acre of land can produce when labor and science co-operate under the kindly tutorage of wealth.

Then further, to interest the youth, Governor Sulzer appoints him as the New York delegate to the World's Agricultural Congress, which is soon to meet in Rome.

So not only did Governor Sulzer wisely advise the young man as to what he should do in order to attain immortal life, but he introduced him into a company of farmers where he can not only learn much, but where he will also be a teacher.

And so the young man has bought a farm of six thousand acres and set about to use it as a school, a university, and an object-lesson for the farmers of the world.

Experiments are to be carried on, accurate records kept, and the knowledge gained is to be at the disposal of any one who wishes it ♣

### In Partnership With Nature

IT is good to see that the cry of "Back to the Farm" is being taken up by every class and kind of folk, not only in America, but in the round world over.

Doubling our acreage yield is bound to decrease the high cost of living. No one now alive need fear lacking for food if he works.

¶ The rewards of life are automatic. He who renders a service to society will receive a service in return; every good thing will be brought to his door, and there are enough good things to go around.

The farmer is in partnership with Nature. Man is a manifestation of Nature. The more he understands Nature and moves with Nature and loves Nature, the happier is he.



All honor to William Hohenzollern, to Vincent Astor, to William Sulzer, and to the millions of other plain, honest citizens who think as they do.

"Back to the Land!" is a swelling chorus. And let us not forget that in the return to the land, good roads play a most important part. And in the matter of good roads, the automobile industries stand first.

Honk! Honk! We are off!

Abstinence is not enough: you must make life positive—do something.

## Railroads and Big Business



HERE seems to be a gradual but sure return of common-sense concerning big business.

¶ Big business reinvests its profits

Big business prospers only as the people prosper. And the men who are at the head of big business are certainly too sensible to destroy their market

Mutuality, co-operation, reciprocity, are occupying positions of respect in America such as they never occupied before.

As a matter of fact, we are all being put on our good behavior. Everybody is trying to be decent, because we are recognizing the truth that it is the only thing that pays.

Potentially, Texas is the richest State in the Union. Texas produces one-third of the cotton-crop of America, and will soon be producing one-half and more.

Texas produces more cattle, horses, mules, poultry and fruit, respectively, than any other State in the Union.

This, you say, is because it is so much bigger than any other State. Well, let it go at that. But there is one thing that Texas is short of, and that is transportation—this on account of her very size.

Railroads have one thing to sell, and that is transportation. It is transportation that gives value to farm-products. Things have to be at a certain place at a certain time in order to possess value.

And yet, strangely enough, no State in the Union has treated railroads so harshly, so

inconsiderately, so unjustly, and so unfairly as has Texas.

This is not because the people of Texas are as a rule ignorant or inconsiderate. Quite otherwise. It is simply because they have been so busy that they have allowed their lawmaking to be done by the genus demagogue—the professional politician, who represented himself and misrepresented the people.

### The Trail of the Muckraker

MOST of the men sent by Texas to the State and National Legislatures have been country lawyers, home-bred and corn-fed—able men, no doubt, but lawyers nevertheless. These lawyers have ambitions, and this is all right, too. Young lawyers have a desire to become prosecuting attorneys. They are able to talk on their feet, to make a speech, to influence the voter and present what they are pleased to call "the issues"—and then they are elected to the legislature.

Then they begin passing laws, because that is the business of a legislator.

The young man is anxious to make a record, and naturally the bills he introduces are in the interest of lawyers. He knows practically nothing about creation, production, manufacture, distribution. All of his knowledge in these lines is academic. He sees businessmen getting rich, making far more money than lawyers. ¶ He knows only one way to make money, and that is to get yours.

Verdicts for damages, fees, fines, receiverships—these are the things that interest him.

¶ He starts in to regulate business, and in degree his intent is to entrap business. He provides schemes of taxation and fixes rules that are onerous, difficult, unreasonable, perplexing. To the natural difficulties of trade are added artificial ones.

A certain per cent of lawyers in a legislative body is proper and right, but a legislative body made up of lawyers is sure to enact laws that are silly, unreasonable, and not in the interests of either capital or labor.

Texas has persistently driven capital from her State, and the result is that this State, which above all things needs transportation, has made her railroad investments very undesirable

Very little new mileage is being built in Texas, practically none. And yet China, asking for fifty million dollars to build railroads, finds it easy to get the money in America.



The Pennsylvania Railroad, wishing to borrow fifty million dollars to take care of upkeep and make improvements, had to go to France to secure the money. The muckraker and the demagogue have crippled credit in America.

### Texas Needs Men

**B**UT now behold the turn of the tide. Texas needs great men, but Texas does not stand alone in this particular want. The remark applies to all of our States.

There is one way that Texas can secure unlimited capital for railroads. This recipe for securing unlimited capital is so simple that no one has ever thought of it until very recently. And now the question is being put up to the Texas Legislature. It has come as a great shock and surprise. But the Texans are going to get used to the idea, and when they do they will find it feasible, safe, sure, effective. That is, let the State of Texas guarantee railroad-bonds. Thus the State will have the first lien on the railroads. If the railroad does not meet its obligations the property will revert to the State.

The State, however, is not anxious to go into the business of running railroads—hence the policy of treating the railroads fairly, so that their prosperity will be insured and will follow as a necessary result.

Canadian railroad-builders find no difficulty in getting money to finance railroads, because Canada guarantees the bonds. The plan of guaranteeing railroad-bonds in Texas is one that the State can safely undertake.

The State Legislatures should stand behind big business. And eventually they will, and when this comes to pass, the United States will receive such an impetus in the line of prosperity that all of our former efforts will fade into insignificance.

If Texas succeeds in carrying through this proposition to guarantee railroad-bonds, she will wipe out all of the mischievous legislation that has been enacted by her provincial Messiahs, these little legal lights who have the fond desire to play the part of Moses and lead the people out of financial captivity. It will be an absolute reversal of all her policies, but profit will flow when the rock of her resources is struck, and Texas will be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Texas will then be the Empire State in very fact, as she is now the Empire State in the matter of acreage and magnificent distances.

## Courtesies of the Road



**I**N a recent trip of about three hundred miles through the Middle States by automobile, I noted the uniform good nature, patience and courtesy of the automobile-drivers. Before the days of the Hepburn Bill we had a fine phrase; to wit: "The Courtesies of the Road." This meant a railroad-pass. The tendencies of the times wiped out that particular kind of "courtesy,"

and now the term means simply the good-will which gentlemen always manifest toward one another when they meet.

Six years ago the automobile was a plaything. Men who drove a machine were more or less heroes, also more or less brigands. The spirit of the larrikin and the hoodlum sat at the wheel. If a farmer did not get out of the way quick enough, there were shouts of: "Clear the track!" "Don't you know anything?" "What's the matter with you?" "I will take a wheel off you next!"

It is the rule now of the good autoist never to use such language, nor even resent coarse language and epithet when applied by others.

**I**f you sit at a wheel, you can not afford to lose your temper. All of the nerves you possess should be used in carrying your machine through to safety.

As for stinging somebody up with a few hot words—that is a thing of the past. The traveler now no longer considers himself a section of the Day of Judgment.

### The Devil of Fear

**W**E used to talk about the dangers of travel; now we are beginning to understand Aristotle's dictum to Alexander the Great, "The enemies of an army are in its own camp."

A man's enemies are in his own heart; his enemies are his limitations, his impatience, his hot haste, his desire to get even, his fear of being injured or defrauded.

Well has it been said, "There is no devil but fear."

There is something heroic about having sixty horsepower at your finger-tips, or reached by the pressure of the foot, and yet never using this power to the limit. About it there is a



quality that makes you proud, and gives a dignity that men without power never possess. It so happens that the running of an automobile with this tremendous power within your reach tends to give a sort of freedom from all little perplexing cares.

If a teamster blocks the way unnecessarily, you do not roar at him, but if possible you catch his eye, smile, wave your hand, and he gets the idea and partakes of this spirit and responds. ¶ The automobile-clubs all over the country have undoubtedly done much to make peace between the man who has n't an automobile and the one who has.

For a while we had a beautiful contempt for the man with a machine, and we spoke of the Red Devil, having the chauffeur quite as much in mind as the machine.

No chauffeur now will run over chickens, dogs, ducks or geese, if he can help it. He keeps his machine well in hand when passing by houses where animals or persons may run out or appear suddenly. He is considerate for the feelings of others.

#### The Rule of Kindness

**T**HERE used to be an old Quaker maxim running thus: "If I can do a kind act or say a kind word, let me say it now, for I may not pass this way again."

The autoist, however, realizes that he will pass this way again, also hundreds and thousands of other autoists will pass this way again; and his endeavor is to leave a kindly remembrance behind rather than one of wrath or indifference. Because, it is a somewhat curious fact that anybody who has been insulted by a reckless automobilist scorching the pavement in his immediate vicinity will feel a spirit of resentment and ill-will, even for a little time, toward the whole tribe of men who own buzz-wagons. ¶ Thus do we get in degree a consummation of the brotherhood of man, or the solidarity of the race. The sentiment is not analyzed, but the idea that humanity is one, and that we can not injure another without injuring ourselves, is finding lodgment in the heart of the race. ¶

In Ohio, in one district, I noticed at every sharp turn in the road, or on a high hill, there were signs up: "Thank you," or "Be considerate, you are approaching a village." One that always made us smile was, "Good Boy—Shake!"

The man who devised those short, sharp, epigrammatic slogans, and then printed them on boards and nailed these up on trees, telegraph-poles and fences, was certainly a benefactor of his kind.

All through that particular district, we sort of felt kindly towards everybody, and waved our hands in greeting at the passing machines and people in their houses.

The good-will that somebody had given out was caught on our wireless and passed along.

Great love-letters are written only to great women.

### Minimum Wage for Women



**T** first thought we say, Yes, by all means, nine dollars a week for a woman to live on is plenty low enough. It is brutal and a bid for immorality to ask a woman to live on less. ¶ Food, clothing, shelter, a book or two now and then, three or four monthly magazines, the moving pictures once a week, all for nine dollars a week. ¶ Many women workers have others dependent on them more or less—parents, invalid brothers or sisters—and then when we are young and strong and hearty and well, should not we do a little something for those who are less fortunate?

Nine dollars a week! It is a shame, really, to ask any one to live on even that; but to expect her to live on less is tyranny compounded. ¶

Surely, by all means, a minimum wage for women—something they can live on without absolutely suppressing their divine individuality and forcing them to secure food, raiment and shelter by treading the borderland of the ways, dark and devious, that lead to death, hell and the grave.

Yes, we say, and so say all of us, a minimum wage for women.

#### The Labor Situation

**B**UT when we speak thus we are talking from the heart and not from the head. So let us analyze the situation.

The men who hire women for three, four, five or six dollars a week do not think the matter



out; they do not analyze it; they do the only thing they can do; they are fighting, many of them, for breath, swimming against the tide.

¶ Labor is a commodity, and they buy it in the lowest market.

Most social reformers indict the times in which we live. This is their substitute for argument. They picture for us the ideal, and paint the present black.

These things are right and well, but they are not final. We live in a world of cause and effect, sequence and consequence, and only a calm, commonsense view of this great question, all seasoned with sympathy and love, will bring about a solution.

Pascal says, "In viewing the march of the race, we should not view humanity in the mass; we should regard humanity as one man who has come marching down the centuries."

¶ Look back two, three, four thousand years! Aye, look back two hundred years; look back a hundred years; look back thirty years, and see the distance we have traveled!

Woman, as a factor in business life, arrived in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, discovered, if you please, at the Centennial Exposition by a man by the name of Remington.

Before the Civil War, women were not employed even as schoolteachers. The scarcity of men in the years Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six, Sixty-seven and Sixty-eight brought the woman schoolteacher into view, and Normal Schools sprang up all over the United States to fit country girls for the office of teaching.

¶ With the typewriter, woman's advent into the business world was assured.

A. T. Stewart did not have a girl in his employ, although there was an old apple-woman who sat on the curb, and every morning he expended five cents with her in order that good luck might follow. When he moved from his downtown store to his Palace of Business at Broadway and Ninth Street, he sent his own private carriage for the old apple-woman, and brought her along, "lest offense be given."

### The Department-Store

ALL the great department-stores now employ more women than men. And a good deal of the fusillade against employers who do not pay a living wage is directed toward these. These department-stores hire bundle-girls and cash-girls fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years of age. These girls evolve, some

of them at least, into saleswomen, and once in a while one of them becomes a department-head.

There are at least nine great department-stores in New York City that have schools attached, where both during the day and during the evening the younger members of the force are taught lessons in arithmetic, typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping—all this with the intent to educate the youngsters into a degree of efficiency where they can earn a living wage and more.

I know of a few women who are department-heads and buyers in New York who receive from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, and these are all girls that came up out of the ranks. In fact, the big folks, either men or women, in business today once worked for three dollars a week, almost without exception.

Now, if we legislate that no employer shall hire a girl at less than nine dollars a week, the result will be that these girls that now go into the store at three, four or five dollars will be out of work entirely. The question then arises, Will these girls with nothing to do be any better prepared to fight the battle of life than if they were employed even at a very low wage?

The tragedy enters where a girl from the country, without friends, goes to the city and gets a job in competition with girls who live with their parents.

These department-store girls go to work at eight in the morning and work until six at night. This is the rule all over the United States, in cities, say, of the first class, like Chicago, Saint Louis, Cincinnati, New York, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, San Francisco, Cleveland, etc.

Nineteen out of twenty of these girls live at home and help their parents morning and evening. Many of them were born across the sea and came here children in arms. Their parents do not employ servants. The washing, cooking, housekeeping, are all done by members of the family. The opportunity for such a girl to make four dollars a week, and at the same time be getting an education, comes as a godsend, a blessing and a benediction.

### Justice for the Worker

COMPARE this with what existed prior to Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, when girls were not employed in stores, shops and factories at all!



Granting, of course, that things are not ideal yet, certainly they are constantly getting better —

The school in the department-store and factory is a new feature.

The United States Steel Corporation, the General Electric Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York Central Railroad and a great many other big employers of labor have schools where they are constantly fitting men and women for higher and better positions —

Our feelings say, "Yes, by all means, pay the girls at least nine dollars a week." But suppose you have in your employ a girl of twenty that you are paying twelve dollars a week. This girl came to you four years ago, knowing absolutely nothing of business, business methods or efficiency, and practically undisciplined. She started in at three dollars a week, improved her opportunities, and has evolved until, as before stated, you pay her twelve dollars a week —

This girl is worth five times as much as a "greenhorn," and yet according to the minimum-wage plan the greenhorn would get very nearly as much as the girl who has spent four years learning the business.

Let it not be forgotten that all wages are based primarily on productive power. Anything else would be charity. We want what we earn and we do not want more than we earn, otherwise we are victims of paternalism. And paternalism breeds the beggar.

And so if we pay the clerk twelve dollars a week, and by law are suddenly compelled to not hire any one for less than nine dollars a week, we certainly could not hire an inefficient girl whose productive power was not worth more than four dollars a week and pay such a one the minimum wage, without creating great dissatisfaction in the minds of other workers —

Justice is what the worker asks for. And justice is not only love with seeing eyes, but it is a matter of mathematics.

#### Doctor Bowsheer's Dictum

**D**OCTOR BOWSHEER, the eminent economist and philosopher, says that wages are primarily based on the value of a bushel of wheat. The person who can raise wheat or produce something valuable out of the ground—and all wealth comes out of the ground, according to Adam Smith, it being a matter of

labor applied to land—should get a due return. But to legislate that the unskilled and untrained worker must get a certain sum is not scientific, since it takes out of the hands of the worker her right to contract her labor at her own price, and condemns her to perpetual ignorance and inefficiency.

There is an economic theory that we are all down on the time-book for five dollars a day. Why do we not receive five dollars a day? And the answer is that the person who receives only three dollars a day has to pay two dollars a day for supervision. The person who requires less supervision may get four dollars a day, and if he requires very little looking after, he gets four dollars and a half. If he is absolutely fitted to take care of himself he gets five dollars. If he can not only take care of himself, but aid in holding others to their tasks, he gets six dollars a day, seven dollars or ten dollars.

There are men who are costly at a dollar a day, because they require the valuable time of intelligent and efficient people to hold them to their tasks.

The other day a man offered to work for me for his board, and I said: "No, I can not afford to have you around, because I have work to do, and if I looked after you and kept you straight it would take all of my time. I will buy you a ticket to Denver, one way, as an economic investment."

Young, inexperienced, ignorant people require supervision, training, education. The merchant who takes such and pays them four dollars a week may help them to evolve to where they can command twenty-five.

When you send your girl to the High School or to College you do not expect her to draw wages from the State, for the simple reason that she is not producing wealth. The question then gets back, Can we afford to demand of a man who runs a manufactory or a store that he shall pay his employees more than they are capable of producing? If so, then, as a matter of justice to efficient workers, wages would have to be very much increased all along the line. We are all bound up together. No one employer can increase wages very much without inviting bankruptcy.

Any man today who has a job has a chance — Girls without homes and without opportunity to do honest work mornings and evenings, say at housework with respectable



families, should not gravitate to the cities. There is work now for any honest girl as a servant-girl, where she can get a home at from five to twelve dollars a week and board. Skilful housekeepers command much more.

Moreover, the fact is that the girl who receives nine dollars a week is not immune from a life of immorality. There is nothing about nine dollars a week—aye, or fifty dollars a week—that will prevent a girl from going to the bow-wows if she is so inclined.

Immorality is not wholly a matter of economics. A girl with an immoral slant in her nature, inherited from parents who have trod the devious ways that lead to death, is not to be saved by a fat pay-envelope. She has to save herself.

Work in stores and factories is exacting. You have to be there on the minute. You have to mind your own business. You have to keep your temper and preserve a civil tongue in your head. You have to be alert for the interests of the institution and forget self in service.

This is life, and life is life wherever you go.

Industry, economy, good health, good cheer, regular sleep—these things all spell efficiency, and the lack of them spells inefficiency and, eventually, degradation.

### The Great White Way

THE price that the employee pays for a living wage is efficient service.

The girls who go to the dogs in the big cities are almost without exception those who, in their own little native village, kept bad hours and were at war with the guardianship of their mothers.

When a girl of this kind goes to the city, the lure of the Great White Way invites, and inasmuch as she is probably not mentally and manually efficient, if she hires out in a store or factory her wages are very small and it is easy for such a one to go wrong. Then when she does, she will certainly blame her employer for her delinquencies.

Let us face this problem without blinking. There is no use of shedding maudlin tears and drowning ourselves in the slop.

The tendency of wages is upward. The competition among healthy, efficient, capable men and women is not so terrific as it was a short time ago. The higher up you go, the less competition there is. There is a demand today for capable people, people who are

trustworthy, who do not play and frolic when the boss's back is turned, but who work loyally and well for the institution that supplies them their meal-ticket.

We have had dozens of people in The Roycroft Shop during the last twenty years who came to us and worked for a dollar a day, and some of these evolved into positions of power and trust. There are at least three men and as many women that I can recall that are making five to ten thousand dollars a year, who started in at four or five dollars a week. These are the people who improved their opportunities and regarded a business opportunity as a chance to get an education.

Every factory, store, shop, bank, office, is now, in degree, a university. The chances for education are on every side. And happily, a vast number of young people are improving them.

### A Case in Point

A SHORT time ago I was in a thriving city of ten thousand inhabitants in the Middle West. The Woman's Club in the town had been discussing the question of a minimum wage for women. The whole town had sort of taken it up, as in fact the whole country has.

The leading merchant in the town decided that he would put in the minimum wage, and this he did on January First, last. On interviewing this worthy man, however, and investigating conditions in his store—all with his consent—I discovered that in October last he had in his employ fifty girls to whom he was paying from three to seven dollars a week. A good many of these were of foreign parentage, and some of them could scarcely speak the English language.

And so behold, on November First this man began to drop out the girls who were receiving under nine dollars a week. By January First they were all disposed of, and in their place the merchant had put boys. Instead of cash-girls and bundle-girls he had boys; and wherever possible, he had put his women helpers on piecework.

By increasing wages he had increased the efficiency of those he kept in his employ and had generally stimulated them all along the line to increased activity.

But how about the fifty girls that were out of a job? As for these, the employer had no thought. He was too busy to think of anything but his own affairs.



At first the Women's Club proclaimed the merchant's action as beautiful, right, just and proper.

Now, however, they face the fact that in that town there are a lot of idle girls who are very much in need of work, and also in need of education.

If we fix in statute law the minimum wage, then, of necessity, we must inaugurate a scheme whereby the State shall educate girls and boys to a degree of efficiency where they are able to produce value to the extent, say, of nine dollars a week.

### Justice, Not Patronage

It would be manifestly unjust to fix a minimum wage for girls, and not for boys. Boys go wrong the same as girls, although perhaps not in the same way. But the boy who gets three dollars a week will, if he monkeys with the cash-register and carries away things in his dinner-pail, or secreted under his jacket, in all probability give as an excuse the fact that he is not receiving a living wage.

Immorality may take a great many different forms. If there is a minimum wage for females, there must be one for males. Woman wants justice, not patronage. The age of chivalry is happily past.

Give woman an opportunity, and woman's work is anything she can do; and certainly she is proving in these latter days that she can do a great many things that used to be thought the exclusive province of the male. She is doing them as well as the male, and even better. Men and women must be placed on an economic parity.

And while a minimum wage for women is eminently right, when answered from the standpoint of the heart, yet, when viewed as a cold question of mathematics and justice, the question is impracticable, and the tendencies to immorality thereby will be increased rather than lessened, since many young women will be thrown out of employment altogether.

If any one wants to put this thing to a practical test, and quickly too, let the police round up every idle woman in the town—any town—and then let Andrew Carnegie bestow a pension on every one of these women of nine dollars a week. Would they be any more moral than they were before? Would sin and shame go to hide their heads and virtue smile trium-

phant? Not exactly. The sin is fixed in the nature of the individual, and the nine dollars a week would go for finery, fuss and feathers.

### Economic Freedom of Women

We will have to view humanity as it is, and not as it should be. We will have to do what we can, and not what we would like to do. Humanity is not to be saved by get-virtuous-quick Wallingford methods.

Emerson said that the recipe for educating your child is to educate yourself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "The education of the child should begin a hundred years before he is born."

The reformation of the world is not a matter of parochial politics. Nevertheless, this agitation is a good thing, as the discussion of every great public measure is. The economic freedom of woman is a great desideratum. We are moving in that direction, and moving very rapidly.

Women are adding greatly to the welfare of society. Woman is a natural economist and a conservator. She does not need patronage, and paternalism is a thing from which she has suffered much.

Chivalry is paternalism gone to seed.

Let women fit themselves for the production of wealth, and wealth will be theirs. Every school now is putting in business courses. There are business colleges everywhere that are doing splendid and helpful work, fitting women for paying positions.

Factories, department-stores, are all, in degree, pedagogic institutions.

The world is not moving as fast as we would like, but it is certainly moving, and it is moving in the right direction.

THE Babies' Welfare Association reports a lower infant death-rate than has ever before occurred in New York City.

The reduction results from fewer deaths from intestinal diseases.

The Association reports the distribution of a million pounds of free ice among poor families where there were babies, and a house-to-house canvass with recommendations as to proper feeding and general care of children.

The use of sterilized milk, supplied from the Nathan Straus Milk-Stations, has been much increased. And the philosophy of the thing is plain, that scientific feeding tends to a decrease in the death-rate.



## The Savings-Banks



HE prosperity of the people of the United States is shown in the recent report of savings-banks ~ ~

There are nearly eleven million depositors in such banks in America.

The total aggregate of deposits is a little under five billion dollars, or call it four thousand eight hundred million dollars. There is no use of

talking of billions, because no one has imagination enough to know how much a billion is.

The average of the deposits is four hundred forty dollars. One person out of every nine has a savings-bank account. The total savings-bank deposits represent forty-six dollars for every man, woman and child in the country. This is ten dollars more for each person than the per capita of money in circulation.

When you hear it said that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, set it down as hookworm talk. The rich are certainly getting richer, and the very few people who have n't anything are not getting any poorer.

¶ But the people in moderate circumstances are increasing in wealth. There are, indeed, few millionaires who have savings-bank accounts. The savings-bank depositors are people of the so-called "middle class," neither rich nor poor, people usually who own a tidy little home and are saving up something against a rainy day, which, for them, will surely never come.

The man or woman in America who confers a benefit on society through industry and doing things that the world wants done can not help but prosper. Dollars gravitate to the individual who makes himself useful.

### The Postal Savings-Banks

THE increase in savings-bank deposits from July, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, to July, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, was two hundred forty million dollars. This certainly spells prosperity, and spells it with a capital.

Savings-bank deposits have doubled since the year Nineteen Hundred. There is only one country in the world that compares with the United States in the matter of savings, and that is France. In times of stress, when

France needs funds, bonds are offered to the peasantry first, and they come forward with money that runs into the thousands of millions.

¶ The Postal Savings-Banks are doing a great work in educating people into the savings habit. Most of the depositors in the postal banks have no accounts elsewhere. They are a very cautious class who seem to have no faith in banks as a general thing, but who are willing to loan money to the Government ~ ~ Another great help that the postal banks will be is in preventing financial panics. The postal banks deposit their money with designated United States depositories. These are usually local banks. And thus is the entire banking fabric cemented and held together. Panic is only possible when people lose faith in one another.

Practically, postal savings-banks amount to a guarantee of deposits by the Government, and this guarantee strengthens the national credit and tends to make panics impossible ~ ~

Men are valuable just in proportion as they are able and willing to work in harmony with other men ~ ~ When a person loses his ability to co-operate with others, he has joined the Down-and-Out Club.

## Our Secretary of State



ON several occasions I have made criticisms, slightly flavored with aqua fortis, concerning the Honorable William Jennings Bryan.

I would like, just here, to say a few words on the other side to help balance the ledger.

¶ Mr. Bryan now has his first job ~ ~

And let it be stated that the office of Secretary of State is n't so much a position as it is a job. It involves a great deal of very hard work. The responsibilities are great; and there is a better opportunity for making a fool of oneself as Secretary of State than in any other position in the Cabinet.

Questions of diplomacy, tact, good taste, are constantly in evidence. Haste, ill-temper, lack of right intent—if these things exist—are all quickly apparent.

Mr. Bryan has now had five months



a public servant—not as a propagandist or as a politician—just good, plain, hard work. To the surprise of a vast number of people, to the delight of his friends and the discomfort of his enemies, Mr. Bryan has filled the office admirably well, and revealed himself the possessor of a deal of unsuspected executive skill.

### The Ideal Executive

**A**N executive has been described as a man who decides quickly, and is sometimes right. Mr. Bryan decides with deliberation; and so far he has shown himself about ninety-five per cent right.

The cartoonists have shown Mr. Bryan as possessed of a very ready and handy mallet; and the prophecy was made that he would use this on the bean of the President at an inconvenient time.

That is to say, they told us that Mr. Bryan was an opportunist, that he was simply biding his time, that he butted into the Baltimore Convention and presented us Mr. Wilson as President of the United States, with the kindly co-operation of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson, owing his position to Mr. Bryan, was obliged to recognize his benefactor and creator with the highest office within his gift. "It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves."

Mr. Bryan has proved himself a man able to take orders. He has played second fiddle, which is the first requirement needed to qualify a man as leader of the orchestra. Mr. Bryan has upheld President Wilson's course and policies, and has done it graciously, courageously and well. He has not worked for himself, but has stood for the Administration. He has made himself look like a piece of the landscape. In handling that California-Japanese matter, he set before the world the Federal attitude, which was one of peace, good-will and amity.

### A Superior Man

**T**HERE be those, of course, who say that Mr. Bryan has thus modestly effaced himself in order that he might pounce on the higher office in Nineteen Hundred Sixteen. Laying aside all trace of anything that tokens persiflage, let us say that Mr. Bryan could not possibly have done better; and if he keeps on as he has begun, in three years from now he will be the People's Choice—

A wonderful schooling Mr. Bryan has had. He has shown himself to be a cheerful loser. He has made enemies, and yet resentment and revenge are not parts of his equipment. He is always ready to forget the difficulty and shake hands with the recalcitrant ones. On occasion, he can even acknowledge that he was wrong.

These things mark the superior man. Altogether, the Honorable William Jennings Bryan is showing himself a better man and a stronger man than many of us thought he was.

Would n't it be well if we would go a little slow on our snap judgments?  
All that glitters is not brass.

**T**HIS is an era of young men. John North Willys, maker of Overland buzz-wagons, has proven it beyond cavil.

Willys is a firm believer in young men and young blood. He is young himself so far as years are concerned. As to experience and success, he is as old as Methuselah. When he assumed charge of the Overland Company he was only thirty-four.

Mr. Willys has surrounded himself with young men—men who are looking forward, not backward; men who have pinned their star of hope in the firmament and who have not hid their lights under a bushel.

Young blood begets enthusiasm and enthusiasm begets success. Success peeps out from every brick and crevice in the Overland plant at Toledo. Success and Willys are pals—synonymous.

Being a believer in young blood, it is natural Willys should be a maker of young men. He has a lot of fun in watching his little acorns grow into stalwart oaks.

From the administrative department down through the sales department, purchasing, advertising, manufacturing, accounting, young blood predominates. It runs through the executive offices and overflows into the factory. You see it everywhere.

There's no blue blood in the Willys organization—nothing but healthy red corpuscles. Bluebloods don't go with Willys—they belong to the horse-shows and Fifth Avenue.

So with Willys at the helm and young blood and enthusiasm surrounding him, it's no wonder the success germs have multiplied and prospered in the Overland organization.



## A New Patriotism

By Alice Hubbard



ON July Fourth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, there gathered together fifty thousand people in a field at Gettysburg.

For weeks before this time, preparations were being made for this great gathering. The field was dotted with thousands of little white tents. Wagons loaded with camping utensils came and went.

From July First, train after train had stopped at the station, and men dressed in blue, and men dressed in gray, had limped heavily to the platform, and with knapsacks slung on their backs, and bayonets shining in the sun, had plodded on their way to the little white city.

These men were sixty-five years old, or older. They had come to Gettysburg to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a terrible tragedy, where the Blues were fighting on one side and the Grays on the other.

Fifty years ago they had met in mortal combat, and he was the victor who succeeded in killing the most men and causing the "other side" to throw up its hands and beg for mercy.

W. J. Ward speaks of a great fighter as a "super-beast."

We have called fighters heroes and given to them the laurel.

Fifty years ago on July Fourth on the field of Gettysburg there was a test, a combat, as to which of the hydra-headed monster was the super-beast.

And one part of this country shouted itself hoarse at the news of the Victory. And another part of this country went into deepest mourning.

So important had this anniversary seemed to Congress that it was deemed wise to set aside a large sum of money, that the survivors of this tragedy, and of the fifty years which have followed the tragedy, might meet and commemorate the battle.

Fifty years had come and gone since that dreadful day.

Fifty times there had come the season of sunshine, sowing of seed, of waving grain, of gathering of harvests. Fifty times had

come the glory of blossoms and perfume, the song of birds, the blue sky and floating clouds.

¶ Fifty years of sunshine and rain, of storms and snow, of rest and sleep. Fifty years of living! Fifty years of change, and the development of the nation through the development of the people.

Fifty years of invention has made a new world.

¶ And the soldiers in blue and the soldiers in gray, on the night of July Fourth Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, lay down and slept side by side on this new earth as sweetly and peacefully as slept the Blues and the Grays in their graves on the night of July Fourth, fifty years before.

There was no hatred in anybody's heart on this anniversary.

Around the campfires the soldiers told stories and recounted incidents.

But there was nothing of hate, nor of malice, nor of ill-will. All they could remember was of kindnesses received, of gentleness, the joy of action, of accomplishment; the thrill of excitement, of stir, of activity, and working under command with the hazard of life.

The issue, even, was forgotten. Who was right, who was wrong, they did not know on July Fourth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen.

Fifty years! What can it do?

In fifty years the cause of the fiercest quarrel is forgotten. It can not be remembered. Hate burns up.

You can not keep hate alive for fifty years. Time consumes hate.

But time has no power over love and joy. When old people unlock the treasure-chest, the bureau-drawer, and caress letters, pressed flowers tied with ribbon, little curls, and the faded locks of hair that have been so precious, they do this because of memories of love. They are memories which cause the heart to beat faster, the pulse to quicken, and life to come flooding back.

That is the only reason that anniversaries are kept. That was the true reason of this anniversary at Gettysburg. It was not to celebrate an ancient grudge.

These old men wanted to meet together, to go somewhere, to have an excuse for mingling and renewing friendships.

And so they said, Gettysburg.

They were friends, the Blues and the Grays. the North and the South. They met for fellowship.



### Voicing a Great Need

**I**n every city, in almost every town, there is a monument, the expense of which has been met by the men and women in that town. And this monument in almost every case bears this inscription, "To the men who died to save their country."

Men who die do not save their country. If it is saved, those who live save it.

The most that men have done or could do who died while attempting to kill other men, is to prove which combatant had the greater brute power.

Until now, it has been this brute power that we have celebrated throughout the world. This, we have said, had most value. But we are constantly demonstrating that man force is the least of any force value.

Man's brain—the super-man part of him—has invented that which makes man's muscle and man's skill as a super-beast insignificant.

¶ But so long does it take us to recognize a new thought; rather, so long does it take us to let go of the old, that we still say we celebrate the super-beast when in reality we most admire the super-man and his work. A few years ago there was given a play called, "*The Super-Man*." The thought was "bodied forth" that our greatest need is such a spirit in the world.

In this play was shown that man alone could not give to the world the super-man. In order that there might be a super-man, there must be a super-woman. On the stage the woman selected to be the mother of the super-man cried out, "Where shall I find a man who is suitable to be the father of the super-man?"

¶ At the Gettysburg celebration there was not reported any recognition of women who helped to "save their country." Nothing was said, so far as reports came to the public, about the homes in the North and the homes in the South to which those broken soldiers went back after fighting was done. Nothing was said of the homes left without father or husband when the Battle of Gettysburg was done.

These soldiers, as they marched away fifty years ago in the excitement made by pageantry, huzzahs, fife and drum, said they were going out to save their homes.

Cincinnatus left his plow in the field when he went out to fight. The plow can not stay in the field where Cincinnatus left it if there is a harvest. ♣ ♣

Absentee-landlordism has never been a success. The home could not possibly have been saved by some one ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, or one thousand miles away. Leave a home empty for six months and see what you find when you come back to it. There was a woman in each of these homes who kept it.

¶ Had the women's part been the trappings and pageantry of war, had they been banded together in a dramatic and picturesque way, they, too, would have had monuments, official recognition, and national celebrations.

As we are growing in intelligence we are using our brains more, and we see and hear more of that which is not forced upon our attention by noise and color.

We are getting ready to think.

We are realizing the need of the super-man. This has caused us to recognize that there is no such thing as a super-man without a super-woman. Our attention is turning to her and we are saying—"Where is she?"

¶ In ten of the United States and in a few countries we have realized that women must be individuals, must have the opportunity to live individual lives, must be free, enfranchised citizens.

This enfranchisement has been accomplished in America without a Battle of Gettysburg, with very little of the fife and drum and pageantry, and it has been done in America without a single bivouac.

These facts cause us to recognize another fact: that American men are recognizing an ideal which is not super-brute. American men are ceasing to want women to be dwarfed children, to be playthings, or serfs. And they say, "Where is the super-woman?"

A few men are recognizing now, just as a few women have known for a long time, that in order that there may be a super-woman, women must recognize their right of individuality. ♣ ♣

In order that a woman may be an individual, she must be free, economically, politically. She must not be owned in any way.

### The Eternal Question

**W**HEN I was eight years old, I had the advantages accruing from going to the little red schoolhouse for twelve weeks in the Summer and for twelve weeks in the Winter.

¶ School closed for the Winter Term the last of February. The Summer Term opened when the bobolinks began to sing in May, and the



air was fragrant with the perfume of early blossoms, and the thrill of oncoming life was everywhere.

When the teacher said good-by in February, he added as a beautiful postscript, "Next Summer you should study Brown's grammar." So on a bright May day, which was the opening of the Summer School, with a Brown's grammar under my arm and unlimited joy singing in my heart, two little brown feet, as well winged as were Mercury's, flew over the road to the schoolhouse. All the way my heart was thrilling with a triumphant song: "I am going to study Brown's grammar! I am going to study Brown's grammar!"

"What have you under your arm?" joyously called my Aunt Alice as I flew past her house.

"Brown's grammar," I shouted as I sped on my way.

"I shall know as much as those big girls and boys," I said to myself. "Maybe I will know all they know in Europe, in Asia, and what some of them know in Palestine."

Oh, it was all to be unfolded there to me from Brown's grammar.

Through the dreary days of March and the tantalizingly long rains of April I had dreamed of this day.

After the teacher had said to me: "What is your name? How old are you? Who is your father? When were you born, and where?"—all of which she knew as well as I—she gave out the first lesson in Brown's grammar.

I held my breath for joy.

And what do you think that lesson was?

"Learn the definitions of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody."

Was ever crime committed so hideous as that?

From the glory of that May morning it seemed as though I were thrust into a breathless dungeon.

But hope was not dead. I thought this was just the initiation exercise, as it were.

It was many days before those terrible definitions could be conquered. But out of the agony and struggle I learned two things: One was, to surmount the insurmountable; the other, try to understand the thing not understandable.

It was not possible for the lessons in Brown's grammar to grow harder. But the maze of the Minotaur was no more difficult than the intricacies of this grammar.

The experiences of hope and disappointment,

of renewed hope and renewed disappointment, were all that a child of eight should endure. We came at last to the conjugation of the verb TO BE. The linguistic difficulties of TO BE could not compare with those of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody. And progress now seemed easy.

I had learned with my first lesson in Brown's grammar how difficult it is to find the meaning of words. But Pandora's jar was mine. I had no sooner learned to say glibly, "I am, thou art, he is; plural: we are, you are, they are," than I began to ponder on the meaning. I said to the austere and more or less ignorant teacher, "What does 'to be' mean?"

And she answered, "Why, just to be. To be, that is all. To be, you know, TO BE."

I pinched myself. I tried in every way to comprehend To Be.

The teacher and I did not know that almost twenty-five hundred years before, Socrates, with his unparalleled mental equipment, had tried to sense To Be. Every thinking woman and man since has tried to fathom the meaning of what it is To Be.

And after many years of contemplation and careful thought on this subject of To Be, I think that my childish hopes on that wonderful May day of what worlds of wisdom Brown's grammar might unlock for me may not have been wholly unfounded.

I still hope and am still trying to find out, and to get other people to try to find out, what, To Be, may mean.

If I could teach the women and girls of the world one lesson, I would teach them to begin to try to understand I AM. In every experience of life, in every attitude of life and in every attitude toward life, that they should never forget I AM. That they should hold in their hearts the dignity, the power, the possibilities and the obligation of Being, the necessity To Be, and the necessity to feel the obligation To Be.

I would teach all men and all boys to begin to be conscious of the fact of, Thou Art, in every relation and attitude toward women and girls, in business, home, and social relations—Thou Art.

And then I would teach women and girls to realize this in their relation to man, He is.

And when this lesson has been learned, comprehended and worked out in the lives of women and men, men and women can say



together, and not until then can they say this together: "We are, you are, they are."

¶ Then and only then will it be possible for the super-woman To Be, and the super-beast to have evolved into the Super-man.

And there will meet, not on a battlefield of Gettysburg, but on a field glorious with plants and flowers, waving grain and rich harvests, a celebration of those who have conquered ignorance and fear, who have transmuted darkness into light.

And this fellowship meeting will be of men and women together—men and women who are working for one cause, who are working to develop the highest and best that there is in human possibilities.

All suffering is caused by an obstacle in the path of a force. See that you are not your own obstacle.

## The Marital Status in South Carolina

### A Plea for a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law

By Hon. Samuel Wolf, of the South Carolina Bar



OF the forty-eight States in the Union, South Carolina suffers the distinction of being the only one which forbids a dissolution of the marriage-tie.

In the State's judicial and legislative polity, "no divorce" is an institution of ancient origin and recognition. It finds its source in the old ecclesiastical conception of marriage as a covenant, and to this

fact the more charitable mind may attribute its sacred, though much abused, traditions.

¶ In a footnote to the case of *Vaigneur versus Kirk* (2 Des., 644), the eminent chancellor Desaussure said: "No divorce has ever taken place within the State. The Legislature has steadily refused to grant divorce, on the ground that it was improper for the legislative body to exercise judicial powers; and it has as steadily refused to enact any law authorizing the courts to grant divorces *a vincula matrimonii*." Under the constitution of 1868, however, the General Assembly passed an act (15 Stats., p. 30) allowing

divorce upon the ground of adultery. This act was repealed in 1878 (16 Stats., p. 719), thereby restoring the former uncompromising status, till 1882, when by act the Legislature conferred upon the Court of Common Pleas authority to annul the marriage where there is shown to have been a want of contractual capacity, or want of consent.

But as contrasted with this position of rendering the dissolution of the marriage-contract a matter difficult if not impracticable, the courts, proceeding upon the maxim that *consensus non concubitus facit matrimonium*, have declared the whole law of the subject to be that to constitute man and woman, husband and wife, requires simply that "they agree in the *present tense* to be such."

The General Assembly in 1911 (Sec. 3749, Vol. I, Code of 1912), attempting to impose the prerequisite of a marriage-license, placed itself in the anomalous position of enacting, notwithstanding, that a disregarding of this prerequisite and the other preliminaries which it entailed would not render the marriage illegal. Hence, the almost unaltered laxity remains.

Thus we see an effort to embrace the irreconcilable theories of the canonical and the civil law. And this incongruous policy has occasioned such confusion that in South Carolina, when a man is married and when he is not, is a question of serious perplexity. And to what extent his property-rights may become involved as a result of marriage, no one can tell.

#### Some Strange Rulings

AT a recent conference of his fellow-officials, the Governor of South Carolina said: "If a man leaves the State of South Carolina and goes into another State and obtains a divorce, he may come back to South Carolina and live; but if he again marries and moves back into the State with his second wife, we would hold him and his wife guilty of adultery and punish them accordingly." The incident is related simply by way of example of the erroneous ideas that prevail upon the much-mooted question, even among the legal profession, of which the Governor is a member.

In attacking a divorce, the courts of South Carolina can go no further than to inquire into the jurisdiction of the court granting it (*State versus Westmoreland*, 56 S. E., 673;



8 L. R. A., N-S., 892; 76 S. C., 145). If the proceedings of the trial court are regular, and if the defendant is served and he appears and pleads to the merits of the case, the court acquires jurisdiction not only of the subject-matter of the suit, but of the persons as well, and its decree will be respected of necessity under the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the State of South Carolina, and under the statutes of the State, in any court in the State. The divorcees in such an event will be at liberty to marry a second time in South Carolina or elsewhere; to live with impunity in South Carolina if they or either of them may so desire; and the offspring if any of such second marriage will be recognized as legitimate (Sec. 3754, Vol. I, Code 1912; *McCreery versus Davis*, 44 S. C., 195; 22 S. E., 178). But as to the respective property-rights of the divorced parties thereafter, the courts have as yet dared not to say.

#### The Matter of Dower-Rights

**I**N the case of *McCreery versus Davis*, above cited, we have related these facts: In 1885, one *McCreery*, a citizen of South Carolina, was married to a lady citizen of Brooklyn, New York. After their marriage, the couple lived in the husband's State, South Carolina, till 1887, when the wife left, went to Illinois, and there instituted proceedings for divorce. *McCreery*, the defendant, was not served personally nor did he appear when the case was called for hearing. The petition of his wife was granted, and the marriage declared at an end by the Illinois court.

In 1893, *McCreery* and one *Davis* entered into a contract; *Davis* to purchase and *McCreery* to convey a certain tract of land. The contract stipulated that the title should be free of encumbrance. *Davis* declined to accept title when it was tendered him, claiming that *McCreery's* wife's inchoate dower in the property still existed and constituted such a substantial right as to amount to an encumbrance. *McCreery* thereupon sued for specific performance and the appellate sustained *Davis's* contention, holding inferentially, however, that had *McCreery* appeared at the divorce trial, pleaded to the merits of the case, and the court in Illinois had thereby acquired jurisdiction of him, his former wife would be barred any right of dower in any of his after-acquired property. "But," said the court, "we know of no means under our laws

of defeating a woman's right of dower that has once attached, unless it be under that section of our revised statutes (Sec. 1903) which provides, "If a wife elopes with another than her husband, and continues with her advouterer and is not reconciled thereafter with her husband, she shall forfeit her dower in his lands."

#### The Tragedy of It All

**H**ENCE it is seen that the conscientious lawyer is warranted in his wariness in approaching the intricacies of this phase of the subject: and candor often compels him to admit that "he simply does n't know."

¶ But there is still another and more serious side of the no-divorce law in South Carolina.

¶ The theory that the marriage is a sacrament from its inception, *per verba de praesenti*, till death does it terminate, carries with it not only the prospect of a life of connubial felicity, but the possibility of an unmerciful tragedy from which there can be no escape save the grave. ¶ Society is not as tolerant of the conduct of its women as of its men—and may it never be—but until there is a parity of standards, the law should not deprive her of her one and only resort from the brutal consequences of a depraved husband.

Nor will the marriage ceremony harmonize two utterly incompatible natures, destined to continuous dissension and domestic strife. And when, through the imperfection of our intuitive senses, such misfortune befalls two human beings, the law should not with an iron hand impose upon them the necessity of making their life one of misery and failure. But it does in South Carolina, and the reader would not look far in the reports of her courts to find the result. The weird and gruesome tales of fiction are forgotten in the horrible facts which the terse and colorless language of law reveal. When the alternative of a life with a cruel, hazardous and unsympathetic nature, or death, presents itself to a woman, not infrequently does she choose the latter. And when not wrought by her own hand, it may be accomplished by inciting the wrath of the demon with whom society has consigned her, under the pretense of a covenant, to live.

#### Marriage a Covenant or a Contract?

**I**F marriage is a civil contract, it is not a covenant; and if it is a covenant, it is not a civil contract. And it is impossible to consistently clothe it with the attributes of both.



For if it is a contract it can be governed as is every other contract and made amenable to the law of the land; but if it is a covenant, then its inception, its termination and all that the relationship involves are beyond the jurisdiction of any temporal court.

But marriage embodies every element of the civil contract, and as such it is recognized inevitably. The ceremony is but the formal entering into the obligation which is reciprocal and which, in South Carolina at least, maintains till death. But suppose the obligation should be disregarded by one or the other of the parties to the contract, is the law justified in interposing here the plea that the contract ceases to be a creature of its making and that therefore it is without the power to give relief? The man has promised the woman that he would cherish, protect and support her: instead, he curses her, subjects her to fear, and forces her to earn her livelihood—he has defaulted abominably. In the case of any other contract, she would have a cause for damages, and equity would annul the contract upon the ground of its having been induced through fraud, but she has no redress here

A disciple is a man who does not understand. He thinks that he is on, but he is n't. The true token of the disciple is that he is quite willing to let the other man do all the thinking.

## The First Curse and the Blessing It Brought

By Wilbur D. Nesbit



"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Immediately after that sentence was pronounced, Adam got him a job and the world began advancing. It has never stopped advancing.

So long as men work, the world will roll further and further ahead. When men quit work, the world will cease being worth the living in

In the sweat of our faces must we eat our bread to find it sweet.

There may be a few people in the world—in fact, there are a good many—who eat their bread in the sweat of other faces.

But they only die some day. They are born,

and die. Dust they are, and dust they become, having had no quickening spirit to help them leave the prints of their hands upon the world they have not helped.

Great tombs may hold their dust, magniloquent eulogies may be pronounced over them, hired musicians may send the wail of their dirges trembling through the air, epitaphs may be carefully composed and graven in stone or written in bronze; but dust they were, and dust they are, and dust they shall be.

¶ And for them time shall have mercy, for mankind shall forget them.

Only men who put their names on time's payroll are counted in the statistics of eternity. The expression of the universal inspiration is work—just plain, common, dirt-digging, nail-pounding, floor-scrubbing, ink-slinging, house-building, city-making, country-helping, world-bettering work.

We like to fancy that civilization came as the result of the divine spark which fired the souls of men and drove them on and on, out of the mental darkness of savagery and into the light of order and law.

We are fond of being poetical about it, and telling how mankind groped and struggled on and on, and up and up—until people got to be as smart and well-bred and good as we are

We delight in imagining that the farseeing men of old could discern away down the path of the ages the grand and noble height upon which we stand today, and that they wrote prophecies and sang songs and urged their brethren to climb and climb toward this goal.

¶ But it was n't that at all. It was work—common, unfashionable work.

Civilization, in some of its fundamentals, is the ability to do the hard work in an easier way. Sometimes it is the lazy man who makes the short cut; sometimes it is the man in a hurry who goes across lots to catch his train; but most of the bias paths across the field of time have been worn by the trudging feet of the workers, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—whether it be in the ranks of industry, art, science, or any other kind of labor. For anything that pays—whether the payment be to men or to mankind, whether the reward come to the door or to posterity—is work

It is not fair to hold, as some hold, that the man who fails is a weakling.



Failure and success are comparative terms. They are the two ends of the balance.

No man fails who works honestly and well, who goes at his task with heart and soul. There may be defeat for him, there may be loss for him at the time, but nine times out of ten if you watch that man you will find that later on his seeming failure has earned more for him than a definite success would have meant at that time.

We may grant that the quitter is a failure—but there are mighty few quitters in this world who had n't made up their minds to quit before they found the job.

### The Failures in Business

ONE time, at a dinner in Chicago, I heard a great merchant say that ninety-five per cent of men were failures—in business.

What if they are?

But they are not.

And if they were, it would mean nothing. It does not do to sum up a man's worth to the world in the dollars and cents that he can grab. Many a man who is accounted a business failure really has enough surplus credit on the ledgers of the hereafter to keep him comfortably through eternity.

And by that I don't mean necessarily that these men have earned this surplus by kind words and warm smiles and hearty hand-claps, and by being brotherly in the sense of social brotherhood.

Take the average man who has failed, as some folks say, in a commercial way, and you will find that he has put his shoulder to a friend's wheel many times a day.

Kind words are more than coronets, no doubt, but "I'll boost you" sounds a great deal kinder than "I'm sorry for you."

Ten minutes' help often will relieve us of the necessity of giving a year of sympathy.

It does n't seem to me that the average man who fails in his work because he does n't make money at it is a real failure. It may seem so to the class of men who want to play *My Country 'Tis of Thee* on the keys of the cash-register; but you doubtless have noticed that where ten men are hurt by one man's failure, a thousand men are hurt by one man's success—if failure or success is to be measured in dollars instead of deeds.

It has always seemed to me that the biggest job in the world, and about the hardest, was the one Moses had. He did n't have spare

breath enough to ask for an eight-hour day.

¶ If I recall it correctly, Moses put in forty years or thereabouts working harder than any other man among the Hebrews, and in connection with his work supplied them and the rest of us with a code of religious law and a code of civil law that will stand any court. Noah was a workingman, too—one of the few workingmen who saw his critics get their ardor dampened.

And David worked, and Solomon worked, and Abraham and Isaac worked, and so did Jacob.

As soon as a man's work began to count for something, he was material for history to take notice of.

All through the Bible we find story after story of men who worked—men who started in poor and did n't care whether they piled up much of a bank-account so long as they delivered the goods in a workmanlike manner. I don't recall a man who shifted the boundary-lines of nations, who kept his fellows from violating the anti-speeding laws in back-sliding, who built cities in the waste places, who led men to victories in battle and in labor, who was n't a common, ordinary, unassuming member of society at the start. I don't recall any who did n't have to work for his living.

The rich young man who went away sorrowful is mentioned, but not by name. And once in a while we find a rich young man who goes away sorrowful today.

### A Wonderful Book

THE Bible is a wonderful book. I know people have been saying this for so long that most of us can patter it out with the aptness of a parrot, and with about as much thought of what we are saying.

We get in the habit of conceding that the Bible is a wonderful book, and stopping with that, as though we have done our part in expressing our cordial commendation of the book.

To me it has always been wonderful because of the wonderful things in it. The stories of peace and war, of love and hate—it is such a human book. It does n't give us any impossible heroes; it tells us of common, every-day men, who went at their work in a common, every-day way and got results.

And to me a large part of the spirituality of the Bible lies in the fact that it is so filled



with humanity. It blends the two; it makes them one.

Other books were written; other stories of the early days of the world were told; other songs were sung—but these books, these stories and these songs have human heartbeats in them; they have the news element, and to a whole lot of people today they are so unfamiliar that they have a news value.

I have always been glad that they tolerated poets in the days when the Scriptures were being written. Suppose some kind friend of Isaiah's folks had told them that they ought to put a stop to that boy's jingling of rhymes and words, and set him at some useful occupation! ☛ ☛

Suppose the man who wrote the book of Job had been advised that the visible supply of poetry was enough to run the world for several thousand years and that he had better learn bookkeeping.

Suppose Ezekiel and Jeremiah and Solomon had been convinced that they would starve to death if they tried to make a living out of poetry ☛ ☛

But come to think of it, these men did work at other things—they had a visible means of support, and were not as some of the rimesters of today.

And there was David. David was a busy man—he had a "Do It Now" card over his desk all the time—but he was, to my notion, the newspaper poet of Israel. When anything of moment happened, David took his pen in hand and wrote something about it. Sometimes he was glad of it, and said so; again he was mad about it, and said so.

And sometimes there was need of a thrilling, uplifting song to stir the men of Israel into action—and David wrote it.

And there were other times when David wrote of the fields and the trees and the stars; when he sensed the songs that murmur in the breeze; when he read the rhymes in the ripples of the river; when he heard the song that comes forever from the heart of things. And then he wrote his poems that are heart-high for all of us. The one hundred twenty-first Psalm is one of them, and the twenty-third another. But the one hundred twenty-first, where David says that he will lift his eyes to the hills whence comes his help, is one that whispers its inspiration to the man who has lived where there are hills.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"—I've heard 'em sing the psalm,  
An' thought of how, close to the skies, the hills rose grand an' calm;  
How peacefully they raised their heads an' stood serene an' still,  
A-blazin' with their greens an' reds—each hope-inspirin' hill.  
I like the sober hush they've got—it's just as if they meant  
To send to me this gentle thought: "Oh, poor man, be content!"

The hills! God made 'em every one, an' freshens 'em with dew,  
An' makes 'em golden with the sun to gladden me an' you.  
Down here there's bitterness an' strife; an' lots o' things seem vain;  
An' we make our complaints at life here on the noisy plain.  
But there, the hills lift up their heads, an' we can look an' see  
Where brooks play in their gleamin' beds an' sparkle in their glee.

I've watched the hills when just at dawn the sun swept up the slope,  
An' knew my night of doubt had gone an' left a day of hope.  
I've watched the hills at evenin' time, all silvered by the moon,  
When from their sides in tones sublime the breezes brought a croon,  
An' all the world grew good to me—an' all the world was still,  
Oh, them's the times a man can see the glory of a hill!

I reckon David must 'a' been a man like me or you,  
That had his own sore fights to win, just as all humans do;  
An' he looked to them hills of his that breathed of quiet peace—  
Just like our hills, where comfort is, an' all our troubles cease.  
"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"—I've heard 'em sing the psalm;  
An' in each mellow note there lies a blessin' pure an' calm.

### Advertising Essentials

**T**HERE are only two places in the Bible where advertising is mentioned—one of them uses the word "advertise" in a sense which does not seem to apply to advertising as we know it. The other is where Boaz appealed to the kinsman of Naomi, saying: "And I thought to advertise thee, saying: 'Buy it before the inhabitants and before the elders of my people.'" About the only theory I have concerning



advertising is that to write convincing advertisements you must believe in the article advertised, and in the concern advertising it. ¶ And that is n't theory—it really is a principle.

It is my belief that a man can not afford to connect his writing, even unsigned, to a proposition concerning which he can not be sincere with himself. He should be able to stand four-square with his own conscience. He must be a little better convinced of the merits of the product than the customer who merely buys it and uses it. If he looks at his work in the right way, he will see that he is staking his good faith along with the good faith of the advertiser he serves.

There is an intensely human side to advertising. It is far more human than the writing of stories or general articles. It brings the writer of advertisements into touch with the lives of people. If he regards his work as he should, he will realize that he comes pretty near being a household counselor, that thousands of men and women, most of whom he will never see, are accepting his expression of the word of the advertiser in a way that will affect their expenditures and to some extent their home lives. He is, in a measure, responsible for the good faith with which the dealer offers the advertised wares to his customers; his work means profit or loss to the dealer; satisfaction or dissatisfaction to the consumer; success or failure to the advertiser. He must have the advertiser's confidence, and he must be fully confident in the advertiser and his product in order to do honest work.

#### The Most Successful Advertisement

THE Bible is the oldest, the greatest and the most successful advertisement. It appeals, it interests, it convinces, and it serves—and there you have all that should be or can be in any advertisement which attains its full purpose. It is a model to any advertiser. For literary style and for convincing statement and for human appeal it has never been equaled.

The Twenty-seventh Chapter of the Book of Ezekiel is the most wonderful piece of municipal advertising ever written, although it is a prophecy of the destruction of Tyre, of which city the Lord, in the preceding chapter, said that He would make it as the top of a rock and that it should be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea

But the Twenty-seventh Chapter tells what is the glory of Tyre. It tells of the great city that is situate at the entry of the sea and is a merchant of the people for many isles. And Tyre is said to have said of herself, "I am of perfect beauty."

The chapter goes on, paragraph by paragraph, in logical sequence, showing how Tyre is the great market-place of the world in that day. It is wonderful to read; it is a song of merchandising, an epic of the commercialism of the city of Tyre.

It tells how all the lands send their fine gold, their fabrics, their ivory, ebony, slaves, grain, oil, drugs, cattle, and all manner of merchandise to Tyre. It tells how Tyre is the center of the transportation systems, and implies that she is the center of social life of every sort. Then the prophet says to Tyre, "Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, until iniquity was found in thee."

¶ And for that reason Tyre was to become a waste place and a desolation. And the prophecy was fulfilled; and it is fulfilled this day.

A man must be honest in his work; an organization must be honest in its work; and a city must be honest in its work.

If Tyre had, as a city, lived up to its requirements, then the wonderful advertisement of it in the Book of Ezekiel would today have been something to draw the world to Tyre instead of to sound a warning to the world. Read that chapter, and with it the twenty-sixth and the twenty-eighth, and you will agree with me that no man today could paint a word-picture of a great city and its possibilities and opportunities in so few words as did the prophet Ezekiel when he told the story of Tyre of old.

It is a good thing to think of work as the inspiration of man, as well as the result of the inspiration. We speak of a painter as inspired, of an orator as inspired, of a musician, or a poet, or a scientist as inspired. But it has always seemed to me that there can be even inspired and uninspired ditch-diggers.

It does not matter what work a man does, how humble his vocation—if he does it well, if he has the true craftsman's love for excellent handiwork, and his delight in driving his nails truly or digging his ditch straight and square, or tying a package neatly, may we not think that inspiration is having its influence upon him?



### Inspiration

**I** HAVE never agreed with the folks who insist that inspiration ceased when Saint John wrote the last word of Revelations. It is not an impossible idea that inspiration is today a moving force in the affairs of mankind, as it was upon the plains of Palestine, the sands of Egypt and in the land of Canaan. It is not too great a strain on the understanding to conceive that inspiration exists today and is as potent a factor in the shaping of humanity and in the destiny of nations as it was nineteen centuries ago in Jerusalem, upon the Sea of Galilee, along the Jericho road or in the prison that held Paul and Silas. The difference is in the perspective.

Possibly it is not the same kind of inspiration, because possibly we are not the same kind of people.

But it would seem that the man who throws a belt of rails across a continent has inspiration. It would seem that a man like Cecil Rhodes, who could leave behind his trail of commercial endeavor the paths and broad highways of a civilization upon the face of a country that had for ages been peopled by them that sit in darkness—it would seem that there was in his soul an inspiration greater than he or we can fathom.

It would seem that the man who harnessed steam was inspired; that he who changed electricity from a mysterious force of terror to a still more mysterious force of usefulness was inspired. When we get the right perspective we may learn that men who have plunged countries into war have been working under inspiration. In time we may learn this, after we have learned how to get along and get ahead without war.

The inspired men of today are brisk, snappy men with stubby mustaches, and stout, methodical men with eyeglasses and neglected cigars, and long, slim men who sparkle with reserve energy.

The man who thought of the first carpet-sweeper had an inspiration, and the man who made the first aeroplane was putting fancy into action just as much as Longfellow was when he wrote *The Psalm of Life*.

Imagination—fancy—the gift of visioning potentialities is what one means.

When little Jimmy Watt sat and looked at the lid of the teakettle being rattled by the pressure of the steam, and upon the impres-

sions stored up built into reality his dream of using that power, he was giving the mechanical world of the future the benefit of his faculty of being inspired.

When Marconi perfected wireless telegraphy, he was amplifying the inspiration of Morse and Edison and Bell and all other men who have made electricity a messenger.

### The Light of Inspiration

**M**OST people like inspiration in one form or another. They may not care for it in stanzas, but they certainly want it on the table or in their clothing or in the system of their offices and factories. The good woman who made the first apple-pie was a poet and a worker—she made a common thing brighter and better and pleasanter for the world.

A cog in a wheel is a cog, until the power behind the machine is exerted; then the cog becomes a force. Without it the wheel would be crippled.

A man with tools in his hands is a man, but when something leads him to the work that awaits his hand the desert blossoms as the rose, the prairies are peopled, there are songs in the silent places and lights where once was darkness.

And it is all work.

In the sweat of his face the ditch-digger eats his bread; in the sweat of his face and the labor of his soul the artist spreads the lifeless paint upon the lifeless canvas, and there are flowers blossoming and stars gleaming and great thoughts given being, for us to see and understand; the musician eats his bread in the sweat of his face and the soreness of his spirit when he seizes upon the sounds that he alone can hear and blends them into colorful messages that speak in every language; the sculptor eats his bread in the sweat of his face and the weariness of his heart, when he calls from the dumb stone the figure that was hidden therein for no eyes but his to find; the writer gains his bread in the sweat of his face and the fret of his flesh when he weaves the awkward letters of the alphabet into words that leap with life and love and laughter, that convey to us in some unknowable way a part and parcel of the inspiration that was his.

### Universal Inspiration

**M**AY we not declare that Kipling was inspired when he wrote *The Recessional*; that Browning caught from somewhere in the infinite the theme of *Paracelsus* and *Pippa*



*Passes*; that an immortal hand guided the fingers of Julia Ward Howe when she wrote *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, that simple, stately, surging song of freedom; that Lincoln's Gettysburg address was the echo of words whispered to him out of the shadows of the days that tried men's souls?

Yes, the man who makes it possible for us to cross a river, who gives us another road, who gives us cleaner food, who gives us better and brighter surroundings, who plants the tree that shades us as we rest in the heat of Summer, who does anything that makes life saner and sweeter—he is an exemplar of the universal inspiration.

Then there is another part of my text. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread—until thou return unto the ground; for out of it thou wast taken; for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

Our philosophers go far and wide for their philosophy. They ask life's mystery of the voiceless stars, they dream their days upon the mountain-peaks of thought. They delve into the musty books of musty ages; they try to twist the thread of theory into the fabric of fact. Some of them—not all. There are philosophers who get down to earth once in a while, who would not have us starve our minds on the thin air of speculation, but give us the philosophy of content and of work.

### The Universe of Work

IN the sands of Egypt men today are uncovering the works of men who lived and died and have been forgotten these many centuries. Babylon the ancient is being brought to the light of the sun, and the story of her mighty days is finding life anew. Down in South and Central America men are discovering great temples and palaces builded by a people that can not be identified.

But of the work of these men will come something that will better this and future generations.

"A handful of dust" may tell the story of failure or hold the marvelous promise of the future.

The whole universe is work. It may please my curiosity to know that the finest silk thread, if it could be dropped from the nearest fixed star to the earth, would weigh hundreds of tons—but it is more inspiring to me to realize that there is a source of that light and that that source was placed where it is for a

purpose, and that the light itself is flung across the field of space for a purpose. It is doing something, not merely traveling.

You can look at Jupiter through the telescope almost any night, and see a little black dot go across the disk, to emerge against the blackness of the night a glittering jewel of light—one of Jupiter's moons. That may while away an evening for you, but it is a great deal bigger thought for you to have and hold if you meditate upon the eternal fact that Jupiter and the moons which whirl about it are part of a universe which is so huge no one may comprehend it, and all of which—suns, planets, comets and nebulae—is working and interworking in some mighty task whose beginning and end knows neither time nor eternity.

And the growing of a blade of grass, the filling of a husk of wheat, the reddening of an apple, the digging of a canal, the charting of a sea—all these are as important in the scheme of things as will be the arrival of Halley's Comet, a mere blur of haze, uncounted millions of miles away, at its appointed spot, on time to the second and the minute and the hour and the day, eighty years from now.

Things that don't work, die.  
Men that won't work, vanish.  
Faith without works is dead,  
And work without faith is hopeless.  
For by our works we are known.

THE Western Reserve University has recently voted that no division of classes for recitation purposes shall exceed twenty-five persons.

It has been found that in the smaller colleges, where the best results are attained, the classes are around fifteen or twenty. When you get beyond twenty-five, personal touch is lost and the class becomes an audience. Individuals reciting become self-conscious, and make a harangue instead of a single talk.

The desire is to preserve individuality and prevent institutionalism, and not iron out individuality to a mere chemical trace.

The college that teaches best is the one where individuality is conserved. The scholar must retain his courage, his independence, his personal bias, and these must be given full and free sway and exercise, even to allowing him to be wrong in his conclusions. Thus will college tend to bring out qualities, rather than memorize alleged facts.



## Slaughter of the Innocents

By Sarah K. Bolton



OUR apathy with regard to the animal world has been appalling. We see horses, old and half-starved, overloaded, with bleeding shoulders, poorly fed and sleeping in cold, filthy barns after the hardest labor of hauling stone or tied to wheel-scrapers, and we pass them by unnoticed.

We see a homeless dog, shrinking, looking up appealingly, hungry and half-crazed for

his home, and we pass on.

We see a thin, desolate-looking cat that has been somebody's pet, with perhaps some little half-starved kittens, and the pitiful motherhood does not appeal to us.

We are giving money by the hundreds of thousands for education and libraries and art-museums. What are we doing for these, God's creatures, just as much as we are?

True, the world is better than it was. It is not a century since Lord Erskine in the House of Lords asked for justice to animals and was greeted with jeers and ridicule.

### The Awakening Public Conscience


**N**OW, England is doing earnest work for the dumb. The Canine Defense League, with several thousand members, has defeated in Parliament obnoxious bills against dogs, and is providing homes for strays. A home costing thirty thousand dollars at Hackbridge, Surrey, is an outgrowth of the Battersea Home, two ladies starting the fund with five thousand dollars each.

Paris, at Gennevilliers, has a large home for strays, about five thousand dogs being received in Nineteen Hundred Six. Of these, about three thousand were placed in good homes, and nearly fifteen hundred died at the Refuge. The dogs are not killed because they are homeless, or because it is cheaper to kill a devoted creature than to save it alive.

Boston has its Gifford Home, provided for by the late Ellen M. Gifford by gift of one hundred thousand dollars, where two or three hundred cats and half as many dogs live and enjoy the runs in the green grass, and clean kennels.

Bide-A-Wee Home for animals in New York

City is doing a noble work, giving a temporary home to thousands of animals, and placing them in good permanent homes.

"We have never had a dog," says Mrs. Harry Ulysses Kibbe, the president, "so unattractive but that we could find some kind home for it. Nearly one-half of these dogs have been the proverbial yellow dog, the homely dog of mixed breed, or the poor little dog with a haunted expression, cowering at even a kind word. But each and every one of these dogs has appealed to some one because of some interesting trait, and has shown to its rescuer a devotion and gratitude not found in the pampered thoroughbred." 

The Animal Refuge Association, Baltimore, Maryland, received over five hundred animals in its Home for Strays during the year ending May, Nineteen Hundred Nine, and found good homes for nearly all of them. "We are taking practically all the dogs from the pound now, except the valuable ones they sell; they give us the best except the very old and undesirable ones," writes the president, Mrs. Edwin J. Farber.

### The Dog-Pound

**T**HERE are hospitals for animals in all our large cities, and cemeteries in most, where those who have loved and served us can be decently buried, and not thrown into the filth of garbage-wagons, a poor return for their immeasurable devotion.

But what of thousands of animals in almost all our cities? A law is passed by City Council or State Legislature, too often with little thought or heart, that those who own dogs must pay a license, sometimes the larger the better, as money can always be used for city expenses. When more money is needed, the officials often bethink them of the dog-tax. The dogs have no votes.

Dog-catchers are appointed—not many reputable men are willing to undertake the hateful work—wagons are provided, a so-called Shelter built, and then the "slaughter of the innocents" begins.

The owner has forgotten or neglected to buy a dog-collar—perhaps he is poor or a foreigner and scarcely knows the law, but his little children love their pet and break their hearts when a noose is cast around its neck and it is thrown, crying and struggling, into a wagon with others, and taken to a pound.



Frightened and trembling, it is thrown into a pen, perhaps to be fought and trampled upon, where it waits for two days or three, too terrorized to eat, and hoping against hope that its owner, or somebody, will come for it.

¶ And then in this Christian land, helpless and speechless it is seized by strong men, thrown with forty or more into a big tank, and gas or charcoal fumes turned in upon them. We all know the awful odor, the labored breathing, the horror of forced dying! And we euphoniously call it painless.

### The Wholesale Murder of Animals

**A**ND why is all this? Because a license fee or tax has not been paid. We do not choke a man's horse to death, or knock his cow on the head because the tax is not paid, but we murder his dog because that is the custom! Other cities have done it and we follow their example.

We do it to force owners to pay the tax, and the innocent dog dies. We do not need this drastic method. In Cleveland with over six hundred thousand people, where there are no dog-catchers or pounds, and no death penalty, the tax is paid as well as in any other city. We kill animals because we wish to "clear the streets," and be rid of them. The time was when the Chinese wished to be rid of their daughters, and killed them, and the people of India wished to be rid of their aged and left them to die on the banks of the Ganges. I believe we shall sometime look back upon the destroying of unlicensed or unmuzzled dogs as brutal and barbarous, as unchristian and uncivilized.

There is no necessity for this killing. If Cleveland streets are not overrun with dogs, neither are other cities. Where there are many or few there will be some "mad-dog scares," but increasing intelligence about hydrophobia, its rarity and its remedy, is reducing fear even among the most ignorant.

¶ It is a grave mistake to take animals away from the poor and from children, and Ohio knows this so well that she allows the boys in her reformatory institutions to have dogs as safe and helpful companions. There should be many a cat and dog in our infirmaries to comfort and brighten the lives of our aged poor.

The records of our cities in dog-killing are a shame to us, New York City, through its

S. P. C. A., kills each year at its Shelters over one hundred thousand small animals—about three hundred dogs and cats daily. Chicago kills at its dog-pound about thirty thousand; Philadelphia, six thousand; Boston, four thousand. New York collects over sixty thousand dollars from dog licenses yearly, and spends nearly a like amount in hiring five wagons, each having two official dog-catchers, and in killing these one hundred thousand animals. Of course many of these were diseased, some incurably: some were injured; some were really lost or homeless. Alas! to be killed simply because one has no home! The others were killed because their license was not paid.

¶ Of what use to spend all this money with all this heartbreak of the poor? Of what use all this fright and terror to speechless dogs, who see from day to day this killing before their eyes and know that their turn will come soon?

No use whatever, except a bad law requires it, and nobody has repealed that law. Our ancestors killed and so must we!

### The Example of Cleveland

**W**E used to hang men for debt. We have found out a better way. Some cities have horrible punishments for criminals, but reformation is the glad cry of the present day. Yet, in great America, we kill the dumb, not because they are vicious, but when innocent and faithful, willing to defend us with their lives. And who gave us the right to take all this life, that we can never restore?

¶ But what shall we do with them after they are gathered up?

Do not gather them up. Leave them alone. For the most part they are doing no harm, and in nobody's way. They are playing in the back streets, with the children of the poor.

¶ If a vicious dog must be killed there are men to do it. If a wounded dog must be mercifully destroyed, humane societies or the police can do it.

There are some homeless dogs in every city, and if the law does not kill them and save us from all responsibility, they are usually taken in, for the world is not wholly bad. Thousands have warm hearts, and have made, and do make, the homeless welcome.

"I do not find any homeless dog to take in," said a lady to me in a distant city.

¶ "No," I said, "they are all killed before they reach your house."



Have you ever been to a Pound or Shelter?  
 ¶ Probably not, for you could not bear the pleading eyes, the cringing, hopeless look, and despairing cry as they are thrown into the gas-tanks, and the heap of dead after the cruel killing, for they crowd on top of one another in that final agony!

And we could repeal such brutal laws if we would. All Councils can not be different from those of Cleveland, nor all Legislatures from those of Ohio. There are dog-haters, but there are more who appreciate, as Maurice Maeterlinck says, "the affectionate worship" of a dog.

When our churches preach kindness to animals and the duty of real Christians to provide for the homeless, when our schools teach it, when our Women's Clubs consider it, when our mothers, forgetting the care, think what a blessing pets are to their children, our law-makers will think about it also. We shall stop this wholesale destruction of man's most devoted friend, the dog.

Pain is the rent the Soul pays for living in the House of Flesh.

## The Old National Road

By F. M. Zehlman

**T**HE old National Road! What a play of romance  
 Is called up by the name! and the shadows advance  
 From their corners obscure at the back of the stage,  
 And evolve into shapes—into scenes of an age  
 Whose sweet graces were too quaint and homely to last,  
 And are gone with the roses and rue of the past!  
 Let the bard, to the strains of his lyre, frame an ode  
 To that Highway of Hope—the old National Road!

From the sweet-smelling Maryland meadows it crawled,  
 Through the forest primeval, o'er hills granite-walled;  
 On and up, up and on, till it conquered the crest  
 Of the mountains—and wound away into the West.

'T was the Highway of Hope! And the pilgrims who trod  
 It were Lords of the Woodland and Sons of the Sod;  
 And the hope of their hearts was to win an abode  
 At the end—the far end of the National Road.

The old National Road! It stretches on—  
 ever on;  
 Towards that land where humanity's vanguard had gone;  
 Past the spring on the mountain, the rill in the dale—  
 By the hut on the hillside, the inn in the vale.  
 And the beings it loved and the people it knew  
 Were untutored and primitive, kindly and true;  
 And the face of the midsummer sun ever glowed  
 With a smile for the faithful old National Road.

From the foot of the mountain still Westward it trailed,  
 Till the footprints of settlement faltered—and failed;  
 Under skies that were blustering, skies that were bland,  
 Over turbulent streams that no bridge had e'er spanned,  
 But the rainbow of Promise; and ended its quest  
 Where the birds and the brooks of Ohio sang—"Rest."  
 "Equal chances and favors for all!" was the code  
 Of the open and honest old National Road.

The old National Road! In the heat and the cold  
 There the emigrant's canvas-topped vehicles rolled;  
 'T was a great Conestoga—its wheels groaning sore  
 Of the journey they made and the burden they bore.  
 Uncomplaining the lank oxen swaggered and swung,  
 Under yoke, at the sides of the teetering tongue;  
 And the family cow, poor and patient, was towed  
 At the end of a rope—down the National Road.





## The Emerson

### PLAYER-PIANO

*"The Sweet Toned Piano"*

You would be drawn to it in the midst of a hundred pianos.

It translates into sound that subtle sense of music which the mind from birth has expressed to the heart, and for which the heart—your heart—listens and waits.

One hundred and three thousand American homes have listened to the sweet voiced Emerson.

*Your home should have one.*

Write for catalog.

Dealers in principal cities and towns.

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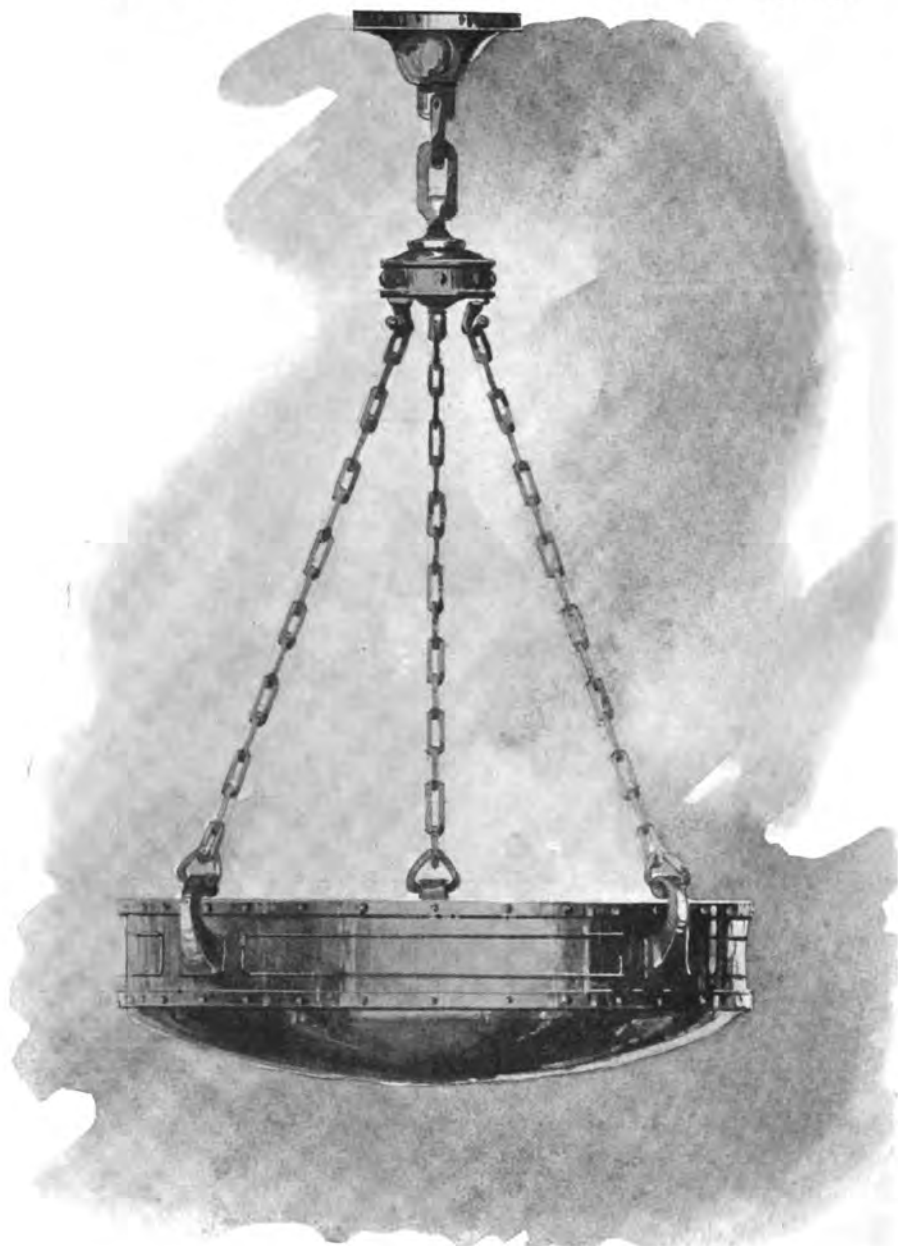
**BOSTON, MASS.**



## SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINATION FOR YOUR HOUSE

The demand for economical and scientific illumination is growing in this country.

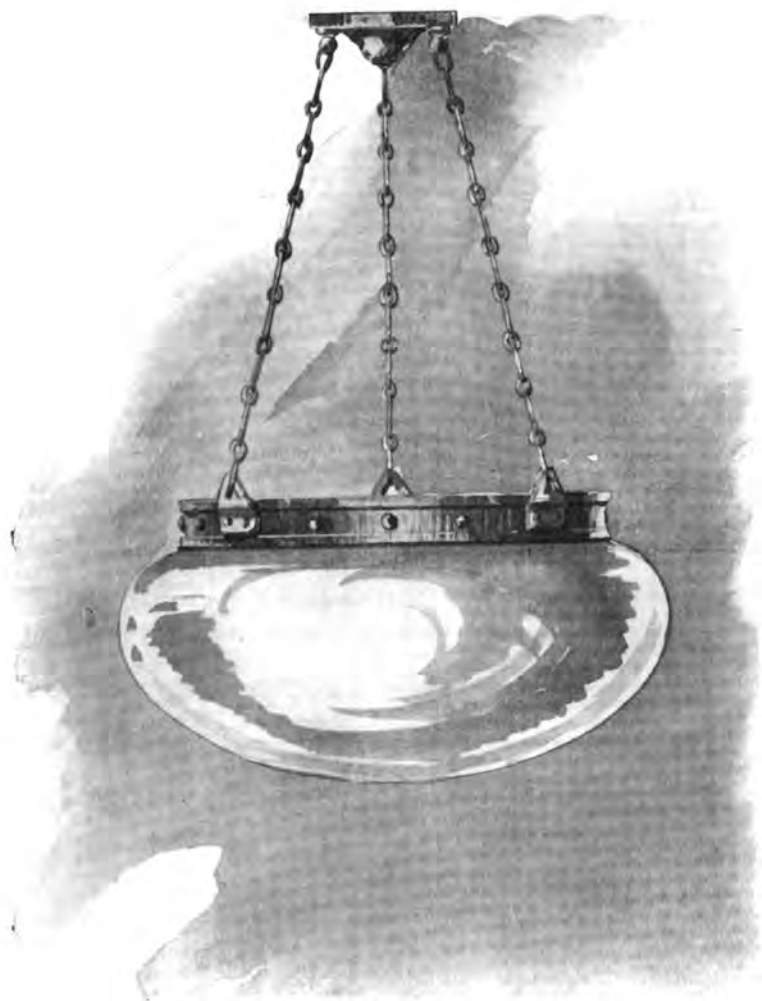
Science should be applied to decorative effects in house illumination, as well as to economical principles in commercial lighting.



Indirect Fixture No. x 54

The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.





Semi-Indirect Fixture No. S 76

Let us know about your lighting difficulties and allow us to make an engineer's report. We will submit artistic sketches and make suggestions of the most efficient and economical lighting methods on the illumination required for your house.

We will be glad to do this without obligation to you. Just let us know that you are interested.

The Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.



# ? WHAT PUTS THE COLOR IN KINEMACOLOR ?

*Do YOU know the secret of these motion pictures—that reproduce nature's most gorgeous colors so accurately? You will find it disclosed in the September issue of POPULAR ELECTRICITY and the WORLD'S ADVANCE. Wonderfully simple, yet mighty interesting, are the facts. The "movies" will have a new interest for you.*

## The Man With a Silver Dollar Skull



¶ An unique and uncanny person is he, whose acquaintance you will make in this same issue. Less uncanny, but quite as unique, is the old explorer's project to connect direct with the fundamental source of electrical energy. There's food for thought in:

### A Scheme to Tap the Magnetic Pole

¶ Ever been to Egypt? Whether you have or not you will enjoy this intensely interesting feature entitled:

### The Source of the Nile

¶ It is a long jump from that ancient, slow-moving world to the recital of modern, 20th Century wonders, such as:

### Latest Marvels of the X-Ray

¶ These five random selections from the September issue are only typical of the

### 200 Other Fascinating Subjects

fairly alive with devouring interest and accompanied by a choice selection of

### Over 150 Absorbing Illustrations

that combine to make up one of the most interesting and instructive popular magazines ever published—

## Popular Electricity and the World's Advance for September Now On Sale At Your Newsdealer's

To give you some idea of the immense scope and wonderful range of interest of this unique publication, glance at this brief summary of contents:

### MOTION PICTURE DEPARTMENT

¶ A resume of latest photo plays and sketches of the actors. But, more than that, these 16 pages take you out with the camera men—back into the studios, laboratories and manufacturing places. It gives you a comprehensive grasp of this tremendously great development of modern times that reaches twenty millions of people daily.

### WORLD'S PICTURE GALLERY

¶ Sixteen solid pages of striking photographs with pithy head lines graphically portraying World Events of the Day—current history in the making, presented in the most entertaining manner.

### THE GREAT ELECTRICAL SECTION

¶ It tells you in simple language the fascinating Story of Electricity. The various Departments and numerous special articles—all profusely illustrated—keep you in touch with electrical

progress the world over, and vividly show the astonishing applications of this subtle force—facts of vital interest to everyone. The subject is covered from every conceivable viewpoint, appealing alike to the general reader, the student, amateur, or practical man. This 64 page section, alone, constitutes a magazine replete with entertainment and instruction for every member of your family.

### MANY OTHER LIVE ARTICLES

devoted to modern progress along other than electrical lines. Thirty-two pages present the latest advances in science, industry, agriculture, city building, railroading, automobiling, travel, art, amusements, and on innumerable other subjects touching the varied activities of our complex civilization. From all parts of the globe there is brought before you vivid, living pictures and views of the world in action today, interesting—educational—uplifting. This immense 128 page entertainment awaits you in

## Popular Electricity and the World's Advance

for September  
15c a copy

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If your dealer can not supply you send us his name and your own name and address with 15c in coin or stamps and we will mail you a copy, postpaid.

POPULAR ELECTRICITY PUBLISHING CO., 350 No. Clark St., Chicago



### A High-Voltage Live Wire For Your Business

**H**ERE 'S a hustler, with a degree from the Regents at Albany, wants to connect with some manufacturer as an accountant and financial assistant. Ten years' experience in railroad transportation and accounting service. Ten more in Building & Loan, Investments and Real Estate as Auditor. For the past seven years a Supervising Senior on the Staff of one of the largest New York Public Accounting firms, in almost every line of business known. Has installed many improved financial and cost systems. Is qualified in every particular from an accounting point of view. A good mixer and has made many friends in every line of endeavor. Is a real live wire, with snap, ginger, touch and go—and a great aptitude for facts and figures. Active, energetic, never asleep at the switch. Some factory is clamoring for just such an energizer to come and take charge. Salary of less than \$3,600 no object. Direct your reply to *Certified, Care Advertising Department, The Fra, East Aurora, N. Y.*

### Brand New Typewriter

Bennett's \$18 Portable Typewriter, marvel of simplicity, speed, efficiency, since work of \$100 machines. All important improvements, visible writing, standard 84 character keyboard, etc. Slips in grip or pocket. Durable low-priced because only 250 parts. Others \$700 to \$750. Write at home, office, on train, everywhere. No special desk needed. Made by experts in same factory where \$175 to \$190 Krieger-Fisher Milling Machines are made. Can send paper post. Sold on money-back-unless-satisfied guarantee. Send for catalog. Special offer to live agents.

J. C. C. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
366 Broadway, New York

### THE LAY OF THE LAND

¶ I have been authorized to sell land in the neighborhood of Bradford Hills, Pennsylvania. Bradford Hills is thirty miles West of Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. ¶ The tract in question comprises upwards of one thousand acres, and is mostly cleared for building. Hundreds of excellent bungalow sites available—and the terms are very attractive. ¶ Impressive scenery. Fine water. Good society. Excellent roads. Suburban train service unexcelled. The P. R. R. will eventually electrify its line this way. If you are interested, just drop me a line.

GEORGE O. MERCER - DOWNINGTOWN, PA.

July 28, 1913

We might say that our results from the single page we took in *The Fra* last year were better than from the majority of other publications we used.

M. E. FABER, Advertising Manager  
C. A. SHALER CO., WAUPUN, WIS.

## A Nut-Set of Hand-Wrought Copper



The price for the set, comprising Bowl, Spoon, Six Plates and Six Picks, is TEN DOLLARS.

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.**



# A MISSIONARY MOVE

*The October Number of THE FRA Magazine will be the initial issue of Volume Twelve*

¶ It is next to impossible to get your clutches on back numbers of THE FRA. The avidity with which they are gobbled up by the Faithful is convincing proof of the popularity the Journal of Affirmation enjoys with folks who prefer to think for themselves. And THE FRA is no *back number*, anyway! But even if the earlier issues have disappeared from mortal view—even if they are not to be had for love or lucre—you can start in right now acquiring wit and wisdom, and adding to your mental growth, by subscribing for THE FRA, beginning with the October Number. ¶ THE FRA discusses live topics, and presents new points of view without forcing them on the reader. It stands for sanity, sanitation and serenity. ¶ You can worry along without this safe stimulant, if you like, but what's the use, when Two Dollars will bring THE FRA for a whole year—and with it, as a gratis premium, a fragrant bouquet of nineteen essays compiled, written and edited by Fra Elbertus, on the joys of living—entitled

## HOLLYHOCKS AND GOLDENGLOW

Here is the coupon, and here your trusty self-filler. Just fill in the one with the other, now, while the impulse is astir. You will not regret it.

ELBERT HUBBARD, East Aurora, N. Y.

*I enclose Two Dollars as subscription to THE FRA Magazine for one year and the gratis premium, "Hollyhocks and Golden-Glow," as offered.*

Name .....

Address .....

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

JACK BARRY, National league ball-tosser, has become Jack Barry, the anti-cigarette crusader.

Using the clubrooms of the Elks as his field of operation, he is hammering smoking and smokers with the same heavy-hitting slug that he formerly employed in hoisting the baseball over the diamond. This is n't saying that Jack himself has quit smoking, for he has n't—not entirely—but he is at least trying to and he is persistently urging all his friends

to do the same.

¶ All this is due to the fact that Barry a few days ago read an article by Elbert Hubbard in one of the magazines in which the sage of East Aurora scorched cigarettes and cigarette-smokers with customary fervor. ¶ Hubbard asserted that the cigarette-smoker is a man who substitutes bluff and bluster for his declining will-power; that he is a weakling physically, mentally and morally; that he will never be as good a man as he was before; that he becomes a liar and a thief; that his trembling fingers are the ones that sign the forged name to the check.

Barry is an admirer of Hubbard. What he writes, as far as Barry is concerned, is gospel.

If Hubbard told Barry he would become a better ball-player by taking a cold bath every morning by jumping off the Brooklyn bridge, Barry would do it. ¶ His room at the Casa Loma hotel is stacked with copies of *The Philistine*, *The Fra* and *Little Journeys to the Homes of So-and-So*.

Consequently, when Barry read these things from the pen of Fra Elbertus, it hit home hard. It was worse than if he had fanned out with two men already out and three men on



bases. He resolved then and there to quit smoking in all its forms. Then he began working on the other Elks. He showed every one of them the article that slammed him so hard but had reformed him. He told the other Elks that the article was dead right, that Hubbard was wiser than Solomon, and that they had better take heed.

As a result many of the Elks quit smoking—for a day. They are still frightened, though, and whenever Barry enters the card-room now, there is a hasty bringing of cigarettes to cover, or, if there is a spittoon handy, in goes the cigarette or cigar stub.

In justice to the Elks, however, it should be mentioned that

at least one of their number has not smoked now for three weeks. Said Elk is Frank Stutt, of the Casa Loma garage. Charles Ingraham, also of the Casa Loma garage, has quit smoking, too. There may be more converts any day.—*"Redlands (California) Facts."*

THE laborers of Japan eat little meat. One quart of rice a day suffices them. But the Chinese eat meat. They are fond of feasting on pork. Swine are not friendly with us. As

## We're Looking for a Good Man Who Has a Job and Wants a Better One

EVERY year Hans Wagner, the "big smoke" of Pittsburg, is tendered a contract and requested to fill it in with what he considers an fair salary. The Flying Dutchman modestly inserts ten thousand dollars. He could make it fifteen with impunity.

¶ He is worth the money, because he "delivers the goods."

¶ This is to say that an established Advertising House of unquestioned integrity and stability is on the lookout for a Class A Territorial Representative.

¶ The concern in question manufactures an advertising commodity "Internationally Known," and does its business principally with the larger Advertisers throughout the country.

¶ Two good territories now open—Unusual Co-Operation.

¶ If your name is Colonel "Sellers," and you have made good at Selling, you are eligible to write for specific information. A knowledge of Advertising, in addition to Selling, would prove a decided benefit.

¶ A successful salesman can make his own terms in the matter of salary.

¶ Be sure to state details, age, business experience, and present earning capacity. Application strictly confidential.

E. J. FERGUSON

1120 Prospect Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio



FULL-SKIN PILLOW  
Made in brown, gray, red and green. Price, Five Dollars  
Laced-edge, same colors, Six Dollars

## Pillows and Skins

MADE by The Roycrofters from specially selected, chrome-tanned pelts. Their velvety finish and exquisite coloring are most pleasing. The pillows are soft and comfortable and will last a lifetime. The table-covers are charming contributions to the distinction of den, hall or library furnishings.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

to dogs we have no edible kinds. Horses are too valuable, and beef is overexpensive. For sixteen dollars a month, the Japanese laborer could have a house of his own, send two children to school, enjoy a daily newspaper, save a dollar a month, and indulge in a daily hot bath.—*Doctor Inaze Nitobe, President Imperial College of Japan.*

The love of the nobler sort is the desire to give all it can.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*



# A LIFESAVER

**N**IGH on to a score of years ago the world was wending its weary, wobbly way to the Demnition Bowwows—at least the experts said it was. ¶ That peer of prophets, Panhandle Pete, proclaimed that the end of the universe it had come. He cited the day and hour for the sad event. ¶ People were frightened. The world had been on the Roller-Coaster for a couple of hundred years previous, anyway; but now the punk planet was on the last Declivity. ¶ A few sly souls slunk over into Canada the night before. Others put on the kneepads, dodged their creditors, and waited. ¶ But the Act failed to come off on schedule. Gabriel had stayed up the night before reading the first *PHILISTINE*. And a bug had gotten into his Big Ben. ¶ For the past two decades, very nearly, *THE PHILISTINE* has been a beacon in the sea of darkness; manna in the desert of hungry minds; grape-juice in the alkali of ingrown dispositions. ¶ *THE PHILISTINE* is the medicine-ball that will achieve for you mental agility. In time you will learn to use the Roycroft five-pounder—and that will mean body agility! *THE PHILISTINE* is the exponent of love, laughter and right living. Its principles are broad and its motives right. It strips Uncle Sham naked to the public gaze. It is the messenger of Light and Truth! ¶ Now then, shell out one Iron Washer for a year's subscription right away! It is worth all the coin you've got, but we are satisfied to get rich by degrees. ¶ Along with your subscription you will receive as a gratis premium, *The Myth in Marriage*, a book by Alice Hubbard, treating of a great Social Problem. The book is beautifully bound in limp leather.

## THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora

Erie County

New York

FILL IN THE BLANK BELOW

*THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.*

Enclosed please find One Dollar to pay for a year's subscription to *THE PHILISTINE* Magazine and "*The Myth in Marriage*," by Alice Hubbard.

Name .....

Address .....

Foreign Postage, 24 cents; Canadian Postage, 12 cents.





## We Will Make Your Garden Bloom From Springtime Until Frost

FALL is the time to plant. Spring is the time to enjoy your garden. Wagner Plants put into your ground now, according to Wagner Plans, will begin to blossom before the robins build their nests in your shade trees next spring. They will continue to delight you with their fragrance and beauty until the frosts of November put them to sleep for the winter. If you wait until spring before planting you will lose an entire season's growth. So write today for Wagner's lists of bulbs, shrubs, evergreens, vines and hardy perennials for fall planting. Ask for Wagner Catalog No. 13.

### THE WAGNER PARK NURSERY CO. SIDNEY, OHIO

Nurserymen, Landscape Gardeners, Florists

Wagner Landscape Plans will give to your grounds the same unity and harmony that your architect has embodied in your house. Ask for particulars.

## Big Savings on Albrecht Furs

To induce early orders and relieve the rush later on we offer

### 15% Discount until Sept. 30, 1913



from our regular prices on all Furs listed in Albrecht's "Fur Facts and Fashions" 1913-14. Albrecht Furs, even at regular prices, are always unusual values. Why don't you secure this additional saving? The illustration shows: Albrecht Model 222 and Geneva Muff Scottish Mole—Regular Price, \$91.00. Discount Price, \$77.35. Furs shipped prepaid on cash orders. If not satisfactory, your money, less transportation charges, will be refunded. You take no risk.

### Albrecht's "Fur Facts & Fashions" 1913-14

America's fashion authority and fur-buyer guide. Used as a reference book in Smithsonian Institute and many schools. It is indeed to your financial gain that you send for this book—also that you may learn—THE TRUTH ABOUT FURS—How Furs are Made and Graded—How to Distinguish Fur Quality and Avoid Disappointment—What Furs Wear Best—Fur Trade Names and Common English Names—Color Effects and Texture of Furs—Costly Furs and Their Substitutes—Latest Current Fur Styles and a thousand and one other suggestive, authoritative trade facts helpful to fur buyers. Just ask for Albrecht's "Fur Facts and Fashions No. 22." Send three cents in stamps for postage. You'll be proud of your furs if they bear the ALBRECHT label. For 16 years it has guaranteed the buyer quality and satisfaction. Ask your banker or any mercantile agency about our responsibility.

**E. ALBRECHT & SON, Founded 1855**  
Sixth and Minnesota Streets, St. P. Saint Paul, Minn.  
We want a representative merchant in every town to help us supply the demand for Albrecht Furs. Write today.

## The Glory of the Garden

WHEN Julius Caesar made his will, he left the Roman People his public gardens, "this side Tiber," in which to "walk abroad and recreate themselves." ¶ The Garden Idea is a legacy bequeathed us by the Old World. The first parents lived in a garden, and were ejected when they failed to come across with the rent. Some say it was because they raised Cain. ¶ We are a busy nation, and we pretend to flout at gardens and such-like idle places. But where is the man or woman of this workaday world, able to resist the subtle and seductive influence of an old garden? ¶ Every old garden is haunted with memories. The perfume of the past can be detected like a reminiscent fragrance, in all old gardens where men and women and children have lived, loved, played and wrought, in the yesterdays that have been. ¶ We all love gardens. Some love them more than others, of course. Francis Howard does. Howard has made a life-study of gardens, with the quite natural result that he is competent to give authoritative advice on decorating and ornamenting gardens, both appropriately and at slight expense. ¶ You will get some good ideas and useful from Francis Howard's latest booklet, entitled, *Garden Furniture and Ornaments*, a copy of which will be forwarded to your address on receipt of twenty-five cents, stamps or coin.

**Francis Howard, Garden Expert**  
5 West 28th Street New York City

## An Ideal Veil for Motoring

YOU should have one of our all pure silk auto veils. There is nothing on the market half as good as the

### YOSEMITE SCARF

for motoring where you need a soft, pliable, strong and firm veil for comfort and good looks. These exquisite articles are admirable for evening wear. They are 27 inches wide and two yards long and come in black, brown, navy blue, light blue, gray, lavender, pink, moss green and natural pongee. They are woven by a special new process of absolutely all pure Japan Silk and will outwear and outlast any chiffon or veiling scarf you can buy. They do not crock or crinkle, are dust-proof and water-proof and will wash like a handkerchief without fading or shrinking. Are fine for trimming Panama hats or summer hats of all kinds. Any color sent on receipt of your order accompanied by Three Dollars. If unsatisfactory you can have your money back. Wonderful value for the money.

## Allsilk Sales Co.

Dept. CF, Watertown, N. Y.





JENTER HIMSELF

## JENTER'S JOB

¶ To sell goods, you must first get them. Then, when you have got them put them in a good conspicuous place, and make the exhibition as attractive as possible. ¶ To do this, requires the services of an experienced man—one who knows his business, and yours. ¶ Such a man is Martin Jenter, Grand Exalted Pastmaster in the gentle and seductive art of Window Display. ¶ Jenter is an artist with a business bias—a rare combination. He knows human nature, and knowing that, he knows everything that will work. Jenter has tackled the problem of window display both in this country and abroad—England, France, Germany and Denmark. ¶ Only the other day he turned down a five-thousand-dollar job; and if you knew Jenter, and could see some of his work, you would not wonder at this. ¶ One national advertiser's business has, through Jenter's efforts, been so greatly increased that he has been obliged to double his window-display appropriation thrice in less than six months in order to meet the public demand. ¶ Jenter has entered dozens of window-display contests, and has always captured the coveted Blue Ribbon. ¶ He is handling some mighty fine accounts right now, but finds he can take on a few more—excluding manufacturers or jobbers of ladies' wearing-apparel—without seriously disturbing his peace of mind. ¶ Ten years' experience in large and small retail shops in this country and Europe has made Jenter a man to be depended on. The quality of his work is not strained. He does good work, and he gets paid for it. ¶ Jenter can bring home the bacon.

*You had better write and state your case—and let him state his. Address*  
**MARTIN JENTER, 35 West 32d Street, New York City**

## About Navajo Rugs

THE Navajo Indians make the famous Navajo Rugs. Also, they make blankets, fine robes to be used for lounge-spreads, or for carriages and automobiles; ceremonial baskets, jewelry and curious trinkets, for which there exists a special and distinct demand. ¶ The rugs, in particular, have brought the Indians name and fame. These rugs are wrought by hand. The colors are deep, rich, striking—brilliant blacks, reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and whites. Sometimes I think that Joseph's "coat of many colors" must have been just a Navajo Rug or Blanket. The designs are of a geometrical turn, original in the extreme, and beautifully bizarre. And the best of it is, the same pattern is seldom repeated—and *never exactly* duplicated. Things worked out thus by hand possess a certain quality of individuality, a certain personality that is not always readily definable, but certainly is readily recognizable. This personality gives the article in question a distinct intrinsic value. Things have character in just the same ratio that the creator or craftsman has it. ¶ Your choice of size, color and weave. Quality and weight to suit your purse. Navajo Rugs and Blankets are sold and shipped from the Navajo Nation direct to you, on approval. Send for color-cuts of original Navajo patterns.

**J. A. MOLOHON AND COMPANY**

Successors to J. B. Moore, Indian Trader and Collector, **CRYSTAL, NEW MEXICO**





## "The Most Unkindest Cut Of All"

**I**S quickly and easily repaired with Shaler Electric Vulcanizer. Never compromise with a tire cut. Dirt and water will get into it as sure as fate. The fabric will rot. Before you realize it there'll be a blowout and you'll buy a new tire. ¶ At the first indication of trouble, the thing to do is to clean the cut and smear in some cement. Then fill it with Para rubber and apply the vulcanizer, hitching onto the "juice," to finish the job. The automatic regulator keeps the temperature exactly right. There is no danger of burning the tire. ¶ Also, you can vulcanize tubes, using a plate made especially for the purpose. ¶ The beauty of this vulcanizer is that it makes the tire as good as new.

SEND FOR A COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF THE SHALER BOOKLET—CARE AND REPAIR OF TIRES—  
IT TELLS HOW TO MAKE ONE TIRE OUTWEAR THREE—HOW TO BE INDEPENDENT OF THE REPAIR SHOP

**SHALER** 1900 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

### BARGAINS IN BOOKS

¶ The Open Court Publishing Company is twenty years young this Summer, being an outcome of the Religious Parliament idea started at the World's Fair in Chicago. ¶ Doctor Carus, one of the founders of the movement, is today prominent in all doings of the Society. ¶ Just now the Company is offering its entire Remainder Stock of books at reductions that are a sure temptation to the bankrupt. ¶ Students, scholars, libraries and societies rarely have so good an opportunity to acquire valuable books on Religious, Philosophical and Scientific subjects, at a rate so low. ¶ The following titles will suggest the range of thought covered:

**A HISTORY OF EGYPT**  
By E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, Keeper of Antiquities, Regular British Museum. From the end of the Neolithic Period to the death of Cleopatra VII. B. C. 30. Richly illustrated, 8 vols. Cloth . . . . . \$12.00 \$10.00

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By PAUL CARUS. Profusely illustrated. Intensely interesting, very instructive. How the Devil and idea of Evil have been expressed by various races from the earliest times. . . . . 6.00 3.50

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With an Introductory Essay by GRANT SHOWERMAN. Cloth . . . . . 2.00 1.25

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By GUSTAF BJÖRKLUND . . . . . 1.00 .50

**BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE MEDIUM**  
By DAVID P. ABBOTT. The confessions of a faker. How the tricks are done. Cloth . . . . . 1.50 .60

**RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN**  
By HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER. As shown in the development of his religious rites and customs. Pamphlet . . . . . .30 .10

Send for complete list of titles and prices. Of some titles there are only a few, and these will not last long.

The Open Court Publishing Company  
South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## A Message to Portia



**ELBERT HUBBARD** has written a booklet calling the attention of the public in general, and housewives in particular, to the grave danger of dust in the Home. ¶ Dust is recognized by Science as a most fruitful source of disease, being known to carry the germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, anthrax, tetanus, typhoid, sciatica and other blighting maladies. Health, happiness and length of days follow close upon the elimination of germ-laden dust-particles. ¶ Send for *A Message to Housekeepers*, directing your request to

**The United Electric Co.**  
Canton, Ohio

COUPON

Send me, gratis, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's booklet, *A Message to Housekeepers*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





## Hand-Wrought Copper Vase for American Beauties and Chrysanthemums ~ ~

Diameter of bowl

8 inches

Diameter of base

7½ inches

Height, 22 inches

*Price, \$10.00*



**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
East Aurora  
New York



# Bill-Folds and Card-Cases of Modeled Leather



GENTLEMAN'S BILL-BOOK  
Two gusset pockets, two flat pockets.  
4  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 8  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Price, Ten Dollars



CARD-CASE  
The Card-Case here shown measures 2  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 4  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches,  
closed. Two gusset pockets. Price, Two Dollars



A CONVENIENT BILL-FOLD  
Size, closed, 2  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 3  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Price, Two-Fifty

¶ "Put money in thy purse!"  
quoth Iago. ❧ ❧ ❧

¶ We would add, "Put it in a  
Roycroft purse"; that is, invest  
it in a Roycroft Bill-Fold. ❧

¶ Roycroft Bill-Folds are  
beautiful and durable. Nobody  
has ever seen a shabby Roy-  
croft product anyway, and  
these Bill-Folds will last even  
longer than your money! ❧

¶ They are objects of beauty  
and character. Do you possess  
one? ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

¶ The Card-Cases are match-  
less bits of modeled leather,  
that are charming and modish.

¶ Made in various exclusive  
designs. ❧ ❧ ❧

The Roycrofters  
East Aurora  
New York





OMEbody has observed that to the man who can not write one, there is nothing in the world so wonderful as a well-written letter.

This applies to business letters as well as to epistles of a purely personal nature. There have been good letter-writers in all ages of the world.

The Roman Plinies excelled in letter-writing. ¶ So did Cicero, whose letters to Atticus and various others of his friends are today precious historical documents. Cicero employed a professional stenographer or scribe, a freed-man named Tiro, to whom he dictated daily. The letters of Madame Sevigne and Madame Maintenon are read today with an interest that has never abated.

Charles Lamb wrote letters to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt and others, that are as good as anything he ever penned for publication.

We have the letters Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son and godson—models of the didactic style.

Also, we have the letter that Ursa Major wrote to Chesterfield, "repelling the tardy advances of his patron," as Macaulay says. It is a masterpiece of energy and dignity of thought.

'Gene Field was the great modern American letter-writer. He wrote a hand like copper-plate. It was the Thackeray hand.

'Gene Field wrote very briefly, but he always said something. And in everything he wrote there was a dash of wit, a dash of wisdom and a dash of love.

I have a letter from him that reveals his quality. He said: "Dear Elbertus: I hate you! You said so many things last night I would have said if I had had the mind. Nevertheless, dine with me tomorrow. Yours, 'Gene Field."

And how about the letters of those famous lovers, the two Brownings?

But to come back to the business letter, of the which there are fifty-seven varieties.

## "Letters That By Men Who

AN ADVERTISER

Thousands of these are sent out every day. Letters of the "form" type predominate. Some few get read, but the vast majority filed away in the capacious maw of the Waste-Paper Basket.

We have all received form letters. They are of many kinds.

There is the letter that starts off with a facetious willopus-wallopus, right off the bat. Franklin Baker, something like this:

"You need a grater for your cosmic meg."

Or this: "Your cobwebby hayloft needs a little vacuum cleaning!"

Or this: "Your bump of procrastination needs another wallop to flatten it!"

Or, "A psychic vibe for your Sarah Bellum."

¶ Then the letter proceeds to tell you of the things you do not know about your own business.

There is the letter that concludes with a flourish, "Thanking you in advance," and is signed with a rubber stamp wielded by an office-boy.

There is the letter that is "dictated but not read." The official is so overwhelmed by the vast volumes of correspondence that he cannot possibly take the time to look through the letters for possible corrections and amendments. Of this type was the man who dictated to a trusty stenog the words, "Replying respectfully to your kind favor of recent date and after many moons discovered that the letters that had been going out over

*American Business*

251—A CAUSEWAY STREET



# "Make Good"

## Have Made Good

ALBERT HUBBARD

ber stamp looked like this: "Replying  
er tartly to yours, etc."

n, we get the letter filled with "curious  
licities of diction." One of these came to  
the other day, and here is just one para-  
ph from it. I quote verbatim, setting down  
ght in malice: "Allow me to thank you  
your kind letter of the Twenty-third, in  
ch you request me to advise you whether  
wish me to have you insert a little  
vertisement in *THE FRA*."

must have been some such letter as this  
t impelled Robert Browning to write his  
ous poem, *The Grammarian's Funeral*.  
Lastly, there is the letter which is merely a  
ber stamp from beginning to end, utterly  
king in individuality and personality. *Some*  
ne day we will have machines that can  
n these letters out by the thousand—the  
ubber-stamp" letter.

e Earl of Chesterfield hit the nail on the  
ad when he said: "The first thing neces-  
y in writing letters of business is extreme  
arness and perspicuity; every paragraph  
ould be so clear and unambiguous that the  
llest fellow in the world may not be able to  
stake it, nor be obliged to read it twice in  
ler to understand it. Do not content your-  
f with being barely understood. Let your  
st attention be to clearness. Read every  
raph after you have written it, in the  
tical view of discovering whether it is  
ssible that any one man can mistake the  
e sense of it. Then correct it accordingly."  
e may assume, I think, that Milud would

not have put his O. K. on the "dictated but  
not read" heresy.

All of which leads up to the admission that  
the foregoing is in the nature of an introduc-  
tion. *•••*

There has been compiled a volume covering  
the aspects of practical letter-writing, from  
the businessman's point of view. The title of  
the book is *Letters That Make Good*, and  
more than a hundred businessmen of wide  
experience have collaborated in the compila-  
tion. *•••*

This work is a notable exception to the old  
rule which says that "too many cooks spoil  
the broth."

The form letter is a highly popular style of  
advertisement these days, and so we find that  
the form letter is taken as a type, and dis-  
cussed from every conceivable angle of vision.

¶ There are chapters on the principles of  
letter-writing—the plan, the data, message,  
style, etc. These chapters are written by men  
who are recognized as experts in this line. *•••*  
Then there are facsimiles of more than three  
hundred genuine sales-letters that have been  
used with great success by some of the biggest  
and best-known commercial houses in the  
United States and England. These letters  
have built up business—they have made  
good, all of them.

Accompanying the letters are notes, analyses  
and comments on them, explaining the why  
and how of the success that resulted from  
their use.

Not the least important part of the volume  
is the vast amount of incidental information  
on such subjects as letterheads and type  
styles, to say nothing of the sales stories,  
facts, figures and ideas necessarily contained  
in each and every letter. These data alone are  
worth many times the price of the volume,  
which is only Five Dollars.

The book is sent, all charges fully prepaid,  
anywhere in the United States. Your money  
refunded without a murmur, if you can not  
scent full value from afar. Send now, today,  
for a copy of "the greatest work on letter-  
writing that the businessman has yet received."

Book Company  
STON, MASSACHUSETTS



## DUST & DISARMAMENT

**D**ISEASE occasioned by dust has filled more graves than have all the wars of the world. For most of the blighting contagious diseases,

and some that are not classed as contagious, can be traced to the agency of germs working with dust. Thus, the dust-particles that are everywhere in our midst are saturated with the elements that make for decay, dissolution and death.

¶ When dust is done away with, and when war is a forgotten thing, the Millennium may be said to have arrived. Just at this writing, the Millennium seems a good way off. But it will come.

¶ Sanitation is more essential than many armies. The Greek force about Troy suffered from a plentiful lack of right sanitary conditions. The scourge of the Plague attacked the Greeks, and "evermore the funeral-fires blazed thick and fast," as Homer puts it. Only Homer, being a Poet, and fired with a fine frenzy, does not ascribe this plague to its natural source. He tells us that Agamemnon, King of Men, offered insult to a Priest of Apollo, and the angry god, thirsting for r-r-revenge, let fly the poisoned arrows of his wrath,

smiting the mules and the swift dogs, and lastly the warriors themselves, and devastating their ranks.

¶ This is poetic license with a "vengeance." ¶ Anyway, the long and short of it is this: Dust did it.

¶ And so we come by an easy and quite natural transition to the subject of dust in the home.

¶ The danger of dust in the dwelling is now recognized as a problem to be dealt with—a very vital issue. And the TUEC Stationary Air-Cleaning System is recognized by men and women who are competent to decide, as the proper medium of attack.

¶ The TUEC stands guard over the well-being of the inmates of the home, warding off disease and precluding the possibility thereof.

¶ The air in the average house is either stale and stagnant as a frog-pond, or else fresh as a High-School Sophomore. Either of these extremes is detrimental to Health.

¶ The TUEC preserves the happy medium, keeping the balance nicely adjusted.

¶ The TUEC is a veritable health asset, making better, happier and more healthful the household adopting it.

¶ We have some literature that we would like to send you. May we? Address



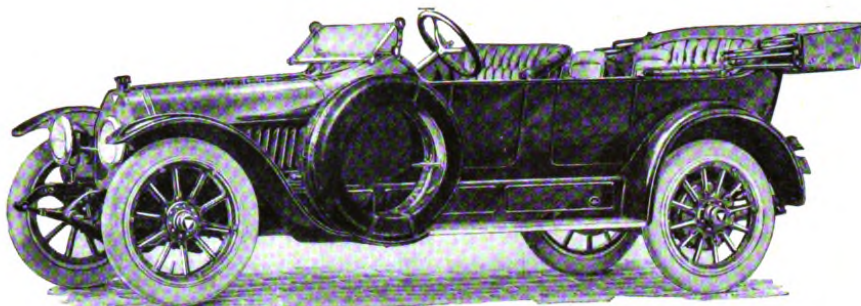
## THE UNITED ELECTRIC CO.

THIRTY-THREE HURFORD STREET, CANTON, OHIO



# HUDSON SIX 54--\$2250

SEVEN-PASSENGER



## *The New Ideal of a Distinguished Car*

**H**ERE now is a car which typifies the ideals of the time. This streamline body—this long, sloping hood—this absence of angle at the dash—this low-hung chassis—these crowned fenders—this placing of extra tires so the front doors are left clear—these things belong to the car of today.

¶ The consensus of the world's best opinion is that this type of body marks the coming ideal car. These are radical changes but they are coming as surely as foredoors came—and as suddenly.

¶ All the best foreign cars—English, French and German—will this year exhibit exclusively this new streamline body. And all men know that what they adopt in body design becomes the worldwide vogue.

¶ Our designers have added a hundred minor effects. They have Americanized—have Hudsonized—the type. So the car is distinctive. There will be no other just like it. But it embodies what we regard as the highest conception of the modern trend in bodies.

¶ And we believe that every connoisseur will consider this new HUDSON Six the handsomest car exhibited.

### Engineering Pauses

¶ We can claim in this car no great advance as regards fine engineering and no HUDSON owner expects it. Fine engineering has limits. For the past four years Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers have given their best to the HUDSON. Last year they brought Sixes pretty close to perfection. So close that the HUDSON Six jumped in one year into the foremost rank among Sixes.

¶ These men have worked out in this new-model car a vast number of minor engineering improvements. They have added scores of new mechanical features—some of them quite important. But we never expect to build a much better chassis than we built in our last year's Six.

¶ This year's advances lie mainly in beauty, in comfort, in conveniences, in room. We have combined the best in lines, finish and equipment with the best in engineering. We have succeeded in making the HUDSON Six the masterpiece it is.

### Now the Ideal Car

¶ We now feel that this HUDSON 54 offers the utmost in every wanted feature. It has the staunchness of steel Pullmans. It has the comfort of Turkish lounging chairs. It has the speed of express trains. It is free from all the troubles which annoy the inexpert.

¶ No man knows how to build a car more handsome and impressive. No conveniences are absent, no modern features lacking.

¶ And all these things are here included in a Six 54, with seven-passenger body at the record price of \$2250 (f. o. b. Detroit, Michigan).

### The New Features

¶ These are among the *new* features we bring out in this model. No mention is here made of the countless features in previous HUDSON models which we still retain.

Seven-passenger body.

135-inch wheelbase.

Left side drive. Right hand control.

36 x 4½-inch tires.

Extra tires carried—as never before—ahead of the front door. This leaves both front doors clear.

Four forward speeds.

Pure streamline body.

Low-hung body.

No angles at the dash.

Wide tonneau doors.

Gasoline tank in dash.

Electric self-cranking, with the rapid type of the Delco system built especially for this car.

Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment for city driving. They also act as ordinance lights.

Extra seats in tonneau fold into back of front seat, entirely out of the way.

Jeweled magnetic speedometer in dash, with new concealed noiseless gears.

Every operation and control placed within reach of the driver's hand. Gasoline and oil control, lights and starter.

Individual Yale lock on ignition control, prevents theft of car.

Rain-vision windshield built as part of the car.

Genuine Pantasote top. Curtains that are carried in the top can be instantly adjusted.

Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers—everything.

### Go See It—Go Today

¶ Go to the local HUDSON dealer and see this new achievement. It is not merely an improved car—it's a real innovation. It will display to you all the best thought of the day in automobile designing.

Go see it while it's new  
Our catalog on request

**Hudson Motor Car Company**

7688 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

257

**Go see this car today everywhere HUDSONS are sold**



*As a duck with its eyelids, so  
he with his nose  
Trim his belt and his buttons,  
and turns out his toes.*

— *Lewis Carroll.*

**C**“Every child,” says J. P. Crozer Griffith, the eminent authority, “every child naturally walks ‘pigeontoed,’ and the learning to turn the toes out is always a slow matter.” ¶ And so here is a new one on the subject of feet. This eminent authority declares that toeing in is merely Nature’s way of distributing the weight of the body where it will do the most good. ¶ Everybody knows that Indians are given to toeing in. Next time you see a noble red man, just take note of his gait—awkward, shambling, ingrowing, in-toeing. We, being “civilized,” have learned to turn out our toes. I recall the pains my parents took to make me toe out. Also, I have not forgotten the pains it caused me to do it. Whether it hurt them as much as it hurt me, I can not remember. I suppose it did. “Certainly, not in the same place,” as the boy said. ¶ A woman went to the doctor’s and complained that her little boy toed in. ¶ “What shall I do, Doctor,” she asked, “to prevent this growing tendency?” ¶ “Do?” queried Doc politely, “why, Ma’am, I would thank the Lord.” ¶ The obvious moral of all of which is: Write to James S. Coward, and let him prescribe for your feet! He can help you to select shoes that will afford a maximum of wear and service at a minimum of time, trouble and money. ¶ I know what Coward can do, because I know what he *has* done. ¶ Do this now, before you forget it.

## THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

### Some Coward “SPECIAL” Shoes

*The Coward Extension Heel Shoe* - - - - - (for weak arches)  
*Made in our custom dep’t for over 30 years*

*The Coward Good-Sense Shoe* - - - (made especially for tender feet)  
*The Coward Bunion Shoe* - - - - - *The Coward Arch-Support Shoe*  
*The Coward Combination Shoe* - - - *The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

**JAMES S. COWARD**  
**264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK**  
**(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) (SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)**







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